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A HISTORY

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EDITED BY

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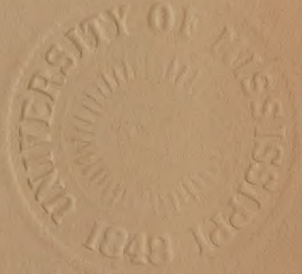

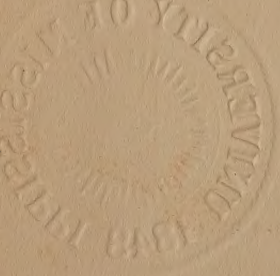

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A HISTORY

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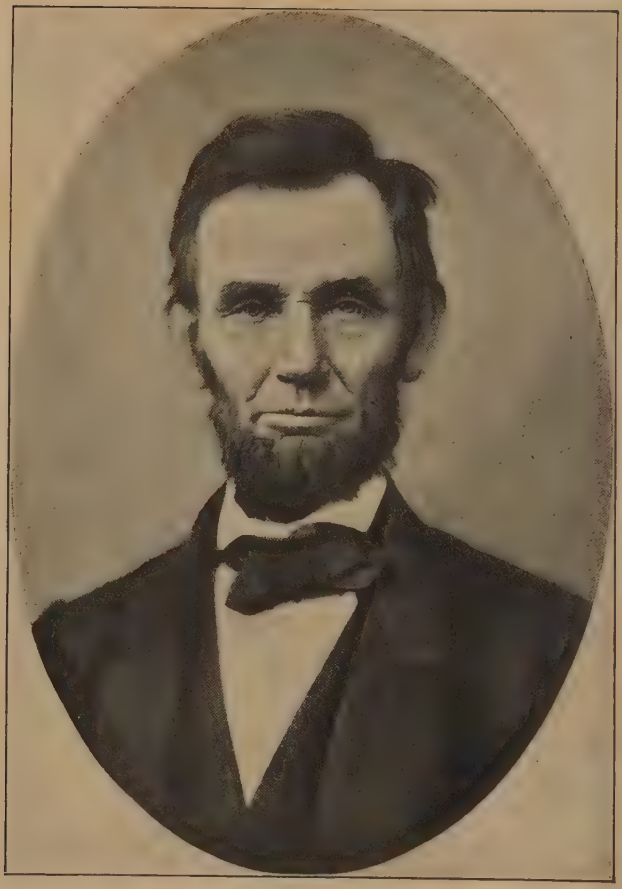

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a photograph taken by McNulty, in Indianapolis, in 1861

THE AMERICAN NATION: A HISTORY

VOLUME 20

THE APPEAL TO ARMS

1861–1863

BY

JAMES KENDALL HOSMER, LL.D.

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WITH MAPS

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

AN immense literature has grown up which bears on the American Civil War, including several profound and voluminous histories of the whole period; yet neither upon the military nor the civil side of the Civil War is there available a work at once brief, compact, and impartial. This volume and its successor in the series—*The Outcome of the Civil War*—aim to supply this lack. Admiral Chadwick's *Causes of the Civil War* (*American Nation*, XIX.), combines with the two volumes to tell the political and military story from the first threat of hostilities to the end of the war. Professor Dunning's *Reconstruction, Political and Economic* (*American Nation*, XXII.), shows the constitutional and social results of the struggle.

The point of view of the author of the two volumes distinctively on the Civil War is that of a participant in the campaigns, and a friend of many officers on both sides, who relates the story not as a victory of the United States over a national enemy, but as a part of the history of the whole people, both North and South. Impartiality in a struggle so recent, so fundamental, and so fierce is

hard to attain; but the book is intended to deal with events and results, rather than with constitutional issues; it is written by an American for Americans.

In describing a period so complicated as that of the war, it is necessary to combine civil, military, and social history, to pass from the forum to the camp, and then back to the southern and northern homes. In three preliminary chapters, the author discusses the political ideas of the time, the leaders on both sides, and the military capacity and training of North and South. Chapters iv. and v. describe the Bull Run campaign and the subsequent nerving of the contestants for their mighty task. Chapters vi. and vii. are on the western campaign down to Shiloh. Chapter viii. turns to the Atlantic coast and fresh-water navies. Chapters x. to xiii. are devoted to the eastern campaigns of 1862. Chapter xiv. is on emancipation, which followed hard after the battle of Antietam. Chapter xv. goes back to the West. Chapters xvi. and xvii. are on the Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville campaigns. In chapters xviii. and xix. the story rises to the double crisis of Vicksburg and Gettysburg. Then follows a chapter (xx.) on foreign relations to the end of 1862. The critical essay (chapter xxi.) deals chiefly with general material pertaining to both volumes.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE Appeal to Arms and its successor, the *Outcome of the Civil War*, being volumes XX. and XXI. of *The American Nation*, constitute together a record of the Civil War from 1861 to 1865. In preparing this work I have not depended upon books alone. The important battles and campaigns have been studied in the regions in which they occurred, and much has been gained from intercourse with participants, both North and South, occupying stations high and low. Having sustained as I could the cause of the Union, both as a citizen at home and as a soldier at the front, I may claim to know from my own experience some of the springs of action in that time of trial. The recollections of this experience have been constantly drawn upon to supplement what has been found in the documents. Whatever the imperfections of the work, I cannot escape responsibility by pleading that I am dealing with a period for knowledge of which I must rely solely upon the records.

Though the Civil War is now more than forty years behind us, the controversies which occasioned it and arose out of it are still alive. Of the ques-

tions at issue between North and South, other volumes of this series have treated: my purpose is to study not so much the motives of the contestants as their behavior on the field of war. As to the character and efficiency of the civil and military leaders within their respective spheres of action, it has been necessary to express upon many hotly debated questions judgments, all the bases for which cannot be set forth in these volumes: I have tried to criticise men in the light of their opportunities at the time.

The authorities on which I have relied are set forth in the foot-notes, and in the bibliographical chapters which conclude the volumes. First in importance are the *War Records*, characterized at the end of *The Outcome of the Civil War*, the later issues of which contain important material not until now made accessible to the historian.

This account of the Civil War has been written for the most part within the Library of Congress, at Washington. The head of that noble institution, Mr. Herbert Putnam, has put at the author's disposal its unequalled resources, while Mr. A. R. Spofford, and in general the accomplished staff of the reading-room, have courteously rendered all possible help. For all this warm acknowledgments are here returned. It is hoped that in the work evidence will be found of proper research in the extensive literature of the subject accumulated in the national repository.

JAMES K. HOSMER.

THE APPEAL TO ARMS

THE APPEAL TO ARMS

CHAPTER I

CONDITIONS OF THE CIVIL WAR
(1861)

THE humane have long hoped that war might be done away with and some milder arbitrament than that of weapons be applied in our contentions. As yet war persists, and, since it is so, history must take note of it, however reluctantly. In the United States, after a long peace, which it was too fondly hoped might be enduring, broke out, in 1861, a war determined and sanguinary almost beyond example. But the gloom of that time was not unrelieved: on either side was honest conviction of the justice of its cause; on either side great ability and manly endurance marked the struggle to the end. No preceding war had called forth higher devotedness or chivalry, and never before had charity so abounded in efforts to mitigate the vast distress. The tale, therefore, is by no means a mere recital of horrors. Athwart the shadows of those years

gleam constantly lights of heroism and beneficence. At the end comes a spectacle most pleasant — a clasping of hands between victors and vanquished in a restored Union which now, after forty years, is equally dear to both.

The theatre of the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865, was, on the sea, almost as wide as the ocean itself, the Confederate cruisers penetrating to remote regions, and by direct or indirect means sweeping the foreign commerce of the Union from the face of the deep. On land the theatre of the Civil War was comprised within an area bounded on the north by a line following closely the courses of the Missouri, Ohio, and Potomac rivers; on the east and south by the coasts of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico; and on the west by the frontiers of Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri. Antietam and Gettysburg took place a short distance north of the Potomac; there were inconsiderable operations in New Mexico, and brief raids into Kansas and Ohio. Otherwise the work of the soldiers lay within the limits described.

Studying the *terrain* thus bounded—perhaps one million square miles, to and fro on which moved armies—we find a region widely diversified. The Appalachians, parallel ranges running from northeast to southwest, and rising in their higher summits far towards the snow-line, divide the region between the coast and the Mississippi into two nearly equal portions. From these high ridges the declivities on

either hand slope gradually, on the east to the sands of the sea-shore, on the west to the bottom-lands of the great river. Both east and west of the mountains there are numerous navigable streams, and just before the period we are about to study a number of railroads had been built across the territory; the wagon-roads were few and poor. Within this area spread every variety of country—forests, prairies, swamps with their tangled growth. Such varying physical conditions compelled a varied warfare: there were battles above the clouds, battles in morasses below the level of the levee-protected streams, battles on treeless plains, in pathless woods, in rocky gorges. The soldier fought sometimes under fierce tropical heat, sometimes in the midst of ice and snow; now striking from the port-hole of a gun-boat, now from an earthwork, as convenience made road or river the better pathway to the foe. The armies were forced to cope with almost every possible physical obstacle; rarely in ancient or modern times has nature so put commanders to their resources as in the American Civil War.[1]

On this great arena the North and South, in the four years from 1861 to 1865, were to stand opposed in 2200 combats, 149 of which were important engagements.[2] The entire population of the United

[1] On the physical characteristics of the South, see Farrand, *Basis of Am. Hist.* (*Am. Nation*, II.), chap. i.

[2] Henderson, "The American Civil War," in *Science of War*, 235.

States in 1861 was about thirty-two millions, of whom some nine millions in the seceding states confronted twenty-three millions in those faithful to the Union.[1] Both North and South the people were of a mixed race, though mixed in a different way. Into the stock of the South, English in speech, in inherited polity and tradition, had come a few small foreign elements, in particular a Huguenot strain in the east, a strong Scotch-Irish infusion in the central mountain region, and Creole French and Spanish blood in the southwest—all elements received generations earlier, and for the most part well assimilated into a homogeneous population. At the North, on the other hand, the influx from the outside had been more abundant, more various, and more recent, including great numbers of Irish, Germans, and Scandinavians. Yet the English stock was by no means overwhelmed: in language, polity, and traditions the Anglo-Saxon remained dominant. His own vigor, so far from being impaired, was renewed through incorporating into itself the strength of the different immigrating streams. It was a process that required time; for the moment the northern population seemed unfortunately heterogeneous. Foreign observers saw weakness in the presence in the North of these unassimilated foreign masses, and strength in the better-compacted South, but the issue scarcely bore out the judgment. Irishman,

[1] Eighth Census of the U. S., *Population*, 597. The figures in 1860 were 31,443,321.

German, Swede, Frenchman, and many another new arrival, fought well in all positions, from the rank and file up to the leadership of divisions and corps, taking on the American character only the more rapidly through stern experience.

Upon the people of the two sections, so different in make-up, environment also worked powerfully. From its natural conditions the South was almost exclusively agricultural. With two or three exceptions the cities were small and commercially unimportant; there was little manufacturing; few followed the mechanical trades. The South gave itself to the raising of a little sugar and rice, some tobacco, besides the universal corn and some wheat, and, over a great area, solely to the production of cotton. Nearly four million slaves[1] labored to till and gather these crops. Their presence, causing labor to be held in disrepute, brought to pass a sharp cleavage in the white race. On the one hand stood the slaveholders, a class trained to control and direct, full of initiative and self-confidence, sometimes highly educated, who dominated in politics and society; and, on the other hand, the poor whites, a class cut off from opportunities, occupying chiefly barrens, forests, and mountains, illiterate, yet in some ways highly intelligent, getting a living by all sorts of backwoods shifts, and amid all their poverty exhibiting remarkably the hardy virtues of patience, devotion, and self-sacrifice.

[1] Eighth Census of the U. S., *Population*, 595.

At the North, in contrast with this, the whole population was accustomed to hard work; slavery here had long been extinct; great commercial cities abounded, whose ships whitened the seas; the streams were all in harness; mine and mill vied in activity; at every centre of population toiled mechanics by the thousand; at every cross-road stood a school; no state was well-ordered without an equipment of colleges; almost every child could read and write, excepting among the immigrants who poured in by ship-loads, an influx that was beginning to excite dismay. Nevertheless, greater wealth and population did not, in the earlier days of the war, make the North superior. In previous training, in natural aptitude for war, there were many advantages on the side of the South.

Of the nine millions in the South, three and a half millions were slaves.[1] As to the relative numbers of combatants on the two sides, a controversy prevails. While as regards the Federal armies statistics are reasonably complete, for the southern levies exact figures are lacking, the unsettled condition of the country rendering it impossible to keep perfect records; much, too, was destroyed. Colonel Thomas L. Livermore, who has made a most painstaking examination of the documents extant,[2] concludes as

[1] Eighth Census of the U. S., *Population*, 595. The exact figures for the slaves are 3,953,760, from which 430,000 living in the border states must be deducted.

[2] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses during the Am. Civil War, 1861–1865*, 76.

follows: that, reducing the numbers to a three years' standard, there were on the Union side 1,556,678 services, as against 1,082,119 services among the Confederates, the latter, therefore, being about two-thirds of the former. This estimate southern writers have not been willing to accept. Colonel Robert C. Wood puts the entire Confederate levies at no more than 600,000.[1] Livermore, however, after a careful review of his earlier estimate, is more than ever convinced of its accuracy, pointing out proofs.[2] How meagre a turnout would be 600,000 soldiers from 5,500,000 white people fighting for what they held to be dearer than life![3] It should always be remembered, in considering the Confederate situation, that the slaves generally remained at work in camp or on the plantations, leaving their masters free to fight, and, therefore, were an element of strength rather than of weakness. The Confederacy drew many men—125,000 at least—from the border states, which were retained within the Union. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri sent many regiments to the South, and West Virginia and Delaware were not untouched.

Making every abatement from southern claims,

[1] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses during the Am. Civil War, 1861–1865*, p. 62; *Confederate Hand-book*, 29; Cazenove G. Lee accepts the estimate of Wood, *N. Y. Evening Post*, March 17, 1905; cf. criticism by W. L. Fleming in *Pol. Sci. Quart.*, XX., 3 (September, 1905), 536 et seq.

[2] Mass. Hist. Soc., *Proceedings*, November, 1904, p. 432 et seq.

[3] C. F. Adams, *Some Phases of the Civil War*, 8.

the Federal levies were greatly superior in numbers, and yet more in resources. Since this abundance will be illustrated in every chapter of the present narrative, it is needless to dwell further upon it here. To offset this advantage in numbers and resources, the North suffered some disadvantages: its warfare was throughout prevailingly offensive in character against a foe often strongly intrenched; its armies usually operated in a hostile country; as its conquest progressed, large and ever larger detachments must be made to maintain communications and hold the area gained. To match fairly the southern general, who almost always could greatly increase the effectiveness of his force by establishing it in a formidable defensive position, the northern leader needed an army more numerous and better appointed.

It is proper to inquire here as to the stuff of the troops. Which men, Confederates or Federals, made the better soldiers? In Richmond society, in February, 1862, the following estimate of the soldiers of the two sides, by General Winfield Scott, was a subject of talk: "Southern soldiers have *élan*, courage, woodcraft, consummate horsemanship, endurance of pain equal to the Indian's, but they will not submit to discipline. They will not take care of things or husband their resources. Where they are there is waste and destruction. If it could be done by one wild desperate dash they would do it, but they cannot stand the waiting. . . . Men of the

North on the other hand can wait; they can bear discipline; they can endure forever. Losses in battle are nothing to them. They will fight to the bitter end."[1]

Let a concrete example illustrate. One day, in 1863, before a Confederate fortress under siege, a Massachusetts corporal and an Arkansas sharp-shooter came together during a truce of a few hours. The Yankee had been won, through an eloquent outburst of Governor John A. Andrew, to enlist in the ranks, a life for which he was almost ludicrously unprepared. Untrained by out-of-door sports, he had never so much as slept in the open air; he wore spectacles. Once only, up to his mustering-in, had he fired a gun. As he stood in his mud-stained, blue attire, in one pocket lay certain crumpled and scribbled sheets, which, as a college graduate and a writer for the press, he was cherishing as material for a book.[2] The Arkansas sharp-shooter, called by his comrades "Old Thousand Yards," stood tall, grim, and heavily bearded, with an eye like a bird of prey and a sinewy power of limb which his suit of butternut did not conceal. He had probably never seen a city; he could read and write only imperfectly. But, though untravelled and unlettered, his accomplishments were many: cradled in the forest, he was master of every backwoods art; from the "half-faced camp," perhaps the best home he had ever known, to a bed in the road or the for-

[1] Mrs. M. B. Chesnut, *A Diary from Dixie*, 182.
[2] A personal experience of the author.—Editor.

tress trench was no harsh transfer. His nerves had grown steady among the beasts and still wilder men of the border. "Old Thousand Yards" and his friends were doughtily resisting their besiegers, and had twice beaten back energetic assaults. Yet the Union troops were equally determined, and soon after came a day when the defenders, thinned by the Federal volleys and fairly starved out, laid down their arms and gave up the fight.

The two soldiers may be taken as not unfair types of their respective sides. To be sure, Union regiments contained soldiers to whom the rifle was as another limb and the earth the familiar pillow; and throughout the army, besides the sprinkling of students, teachers, and professional men, there were many shopkeepers, mechanics, clerks, and farmers. But for the art of war they had generally everything to learn. On the other hand, in the southern levies in general could be found either absolute readiness for the field, or experience which made easy the evolution of the cool and skilful veteran. The northern soldier was often slow, and he was long in finding his proper leaders; whereas those of the South were at the front from the first. Here was a fact of great importance. Both hosts were quite undisciplined; indeed, in an American army, discipline in, say, a Prussian sense, can never prevail. Its absence, however, is not fatal, provided the army is under a capable head. To such a man all due subordination will be shown; there will be no falter-

ing before the extremest dangers and hardships. Men like Lee and Sherman evoked from their troops utter devotedness, whence sprang entire efficiency. Says an able English military critic: "With intelligent men confidence in the ability of their leaders supplies the place of mechanical discipline with extraordinary effect." [1]

The northern soldier was under disadvantages, but he constantly improved. "What we have to do," said Albert Sidney Johnston," "must be done quickly. The longer we have them to fight the more difficult they will be to defeat." [2] The Army of Northern Virginia, with which Lee stood off for four years the capture of Richmond, was superb. Superb also was the Army of the Tennessee. After capturing Vicksburg, it was presently at Missionary Ridge; then, by way of Atlanta, at Savannah; then, by Bentonville, at Richmond and Washington—a march of two thousand miles, the line set with victories won over troops of the bravest, most ably led. When, at the review in May, 1865, Sherman rode along Pennsylvania Avenue at the head of his men, so trained and tried and seasoned to their work, the host, in the eyes of all beholders, as a warlike instrument, fell little short of the ideal.

Turning now to consider the question at issue in the Civil War, it is to be remarked that North and South had been tending for years towards

[1] Henderson, *Science of War*, 226.
[2] *Confederate Veteran*, III., 83.

serious estrangement. That these bodies of such material were set in motion against each other was due, before all other causes, to the institution of slavery. During the earlier years of the republic there was little difference between North and South as regards slavery,[1] and the consciences of men, in either section, were little troubled by the presence of involuntary servitude. When, after the beginning of the Revolution, conscience began to awake, it made itself felt at the South as much as at the North. But a change was at hand. In the North, slavery, of small economic importance, was legally dispossessed; while at the South, slave labor became suddenly profitable through the spread of the cotton culture. From being regarded with indifference, slavery came to be held as the very corner-stone of the social structure.[2] Then, in the thirties, arose a group, most fervid in spirit, who preached the doctrine that slavery was the sum of all villanies. Aggressive and eloquent, they exercised an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. The South flamed out in wrathful opposition; at the North, the sluggish masses, deterred by no consideration of self-interest, gradually grew into the conviction that slavery was inexpedient and wrong, and should be interfered with wherever it was planted.[3]

Long and bitter was the war of words. At last

[1] Cf. Bassett, *Federal System* (*Am. Nation*, XI.), chap. xii.
[2] Hart, *Slavery and Abolition* (*Am. Nation*, XVI.), chap. x.
[3] On the anti-slavery contest, see *ibid.*, chaps. xiv.–xvii.

came the election of 1860, resulting in the triumph of a party that pronounced freedom national and slavery sectional. The president-elect, indeed, a native of Kentucky and a man of conservative instincts, believed in non-interference with the domestic institutions of the South, and was quite ready to execute the fugitive-slave law as a plain constitutional enactment. He and his friends, however, were committed to the doctrine that in every territory slavery was to be prohibited; the Dred Scott decision of the supreme court, which, as Benton said, made slavery the rule and freedom the exception, was to be set aside. After John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry, the South felt that her cup was full, and resolved that the Union must come to an end.[1]

Within six weeks after the election, ordinances of secession were passed in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi; Louisiana followed in January, 1861; Texas, on February 1. How much further was the spirit of revolution to extend? Could a state, at its pleasure, withdraw from the Union? The position of the new administration, adopted presently by the weaponed North, was authoritatively declared in Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural address:[2] "No State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void;

[1] Cf. Chadwick, *Causes of the Civil War* (*Am. Nation*, XIX.), chap. v. [2] Lincoln, *Works* (ed. of 1894), II., 3.

and acts of violence within any State or States against the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances. . . . The Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability, I shall take care . . . that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States." To this position the loyal North clung through four most strenuous years, maintaining it successfully. It has become established as a doctrine, adhesion to which, at the present moment, is probably no more absolute in the North than in the South.

Yet justice must be done to the men who, in 1861, were the assailants of these ideas. The case was not clear, but complicated, and it was quite possible for men reasonable and well-purposed to stand in opposition. The fathers of the Constitution deliberately formed a bond of uncertain meaning;[1] a bond which their sons occasionally treated with slight respect. The South, in 1861, did what the West threatened to do in 1786, and New England in 1814—to withdraw from the Union because, in its judgment, the conditions of the "compact" had been violated. Any condemnation of the seceders of 1861 must, in justice, equally fall upon their predecessors.[2]

Most fortunately, in 1861 influences had long been at work in the North to deepen greatly the

[1] See, on this point, Goldwin Smith, in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXXXIX., 305 (March, 1902); Lodge, *Webster*, 172.

[2] Cf. C. F. Adams, *Shall Cromwell Have a Statue?*, 34.

sentiment for the Union, influences proceeding especially from two of our greatest men. The first was Andrew Jackson. "The Union must and shall be preserved," the terse utterance of a man of supreme power of will, who had broken a path to the highest place, sank into the deepest consciousness of the nation and became a rule not to be departed from.[1] More powerful even than the spell of Andrew Jackson was that of Daniel Webster. Probably the most eloquent of Americans, it was the cause of the Union which always stimulated him to the best exhibition of his powers. His impassioned words in the peroration of the "Reply to Hayne"—"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in the heavens, may I not see him shining upon the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union," rising to a climax in, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable" —became imbedded in the very souls of men as the first and most essential of principles. Through Jackson, and still more through Webster, the North became indoctrinated with Union sentiments. Without the determination and enthusiasm inspired by these great men, probably dissolution would have taken its course.[2]

As to the fundamental question whether or not

[1] *Cf.* MacDonald, *Jacksonian Democracy* (*Am. Nation*, XV.), chap. ix.

[2] On the controversy in 1861, see Chadwick, *Causes of the Civil War* (*Am. Nation*, XIX.), chaps. i., iii., viii.

a state had a right to withdraw from the Union at will, it cannot be claimed that the case was clear. Throughout our first half-century the sentiment for the Union was not strong, and the bond was repeatedly in danger of fracture. At the North, however, love for the Union grew, and its destruction came to be regarded as almost the greatest of calamities. "If the Union is not now indissoluble, it should most surely be made so," thought many a man, confused among the arguments with which on the eve of conflict the air was filled; and he was ready to fight for his conviction. The question needed to be fought out; it could not be settled otherwise than by arms. Settled it was; the acquiescence in the decision is complete and universal. It is now, we may hope, a Union forever.

CHAPTER II

THE LEADERS IN THE STRUGGLE

(1861)

HAVING reviewed thus the theatre, the combatants, and the question at issue, let us look at the leaders of South and North who now stood opposed to one another. On February 4, 1861, representatives from the states which up to that time had passed ordinances of secession met in Montgomery, Alabama. In great part they were men trained in legislative work, either in their states or at Washington, and their action was business-like. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, were provisionally elected president and vice-president, February 9, and were inaugurated on the 18th.[1] In good time a constitution was adopted, modelled generally on that of the United States; but in the preamble the sovereignty of states was distinctly recognized, and in the body of the instrument there was no reticence as to slavery.[2]

Of the civil group immediately surrounding Da-

[1] Davis, *Rise and Fall of Confed. Gov.*, I., 230 et seq.
[2] For text of constitution, see *ibid.*, Appendix K.

vis, all, together with Davis himself, were destined presently to be dwarfed by great military figures who almost at once came to the front. In the cabinet the only man of much significance was Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, attorney-general, a Hebrew, stanchly loyal to the South. Brilliant, versatile, resourceful, sanguine, his help was always ready and important. Later, as secretary of state, he showed especial keenness. Stephens, vice-president, was possessed of great independence and courage. He had long been a leader at Washington, and now, with protests, followed his state in a secession for which he saw no due cause: for ten years, he said, almost every measure of general legislation had been what the South favored; from the beginning the South had controlled the government in almost all important actions; the election of a sectional president was due to the fatuity of pro-slavery men. But Georgia withdrew, and Stephens followed her in her withdrawal, still with sorrow, fearing that she and her sister states were on the high-road to ruin.[1]

Less attractive than Stephens, but a man of power and thorough sincerity, was Jefferson Davis. He had played a great part for years: a West-Pointer who had won fame as a soldier in the Mexican War, he was later, as representative, senator, and secretary of war, in the foreground at Washington, quite dominating both Pierce and Buchanan, then feeble

[1] Johnston and Browne, *Stephens*, 375.

figure-heads, with his commanding personality. His antagonist, Seward, held in high respect his ability and character. W. H. Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*, paints him graphically as he saw him assuming at Montgomery the guidance of the Confederacy. Of tall, rather slender figure, in a neat slate-colored suit, not a tobacco-chewer, he offered in general a contrast in his ways to the plantation manners of many who surrounded him. His head was well-shaped, the forehead full, the chin square and well-defined, the eyes deep and full, though one was affected by a film. The features, pale and drawn, showed traces of neuralgic affection. The correspondent found him in conversation reserved and somewhat drastic, but plainly a leader. He was fifty-three years old, and, though in some ways infirm, bore his age well.[1] Such, in outer presence, was the man whom his foes held to be the chief of traitors, while to his friends he was the Moses of a new Exodus.

Turning now to the confronting group, we find Abraham Lincoln, March 4, 1861, with Buchanan at his side, a harassed figure, proceeding to the Capitol to take the oath of office. Over the acres of people gathered before the east front his voice rang out clear as he delivered the inaugural. Close at his side was a man of powerful aspect, who had often before been with him on the platform in fierce forensic wrestle. Now the antagonist sat attentive

[1] Russell, *My Diary North and South*, 173 (chap. xxiii.).

and friendly, holding Lincoln's hat. This rallying to his rival's side was the last service rendered the nation at the Capitol by Stephen A. Douglas, an act full of patriotism and magnanimity and of incalculable beneficent effect.

Lincoln preferred that his cabinet should be representative rather than harmonious. William H. Seward, of New York, secretary of state, had been a Whig and was now leader of the conservative Republicans. Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, secretary of the treasury, had been a Democrat and now represented the more radical Republicans. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, secretary of war, stood with Chase. Edward Bates, of Missouri, attorney-general, voiced the loyal sentiment of the border states; Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, secretary of the navy, the more conservative New England ideas; Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, secretary of the interior, a noted stump-speaker, those of the West. Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, postmaster-general — who, with his father and brother, Francis P. Blair, senior and junior, constituted the "Blair family," an able and widely influential trio—like Bates, stood for border-state ideas. A little later we shall see Lincoln taking into his cabinet a Democrat and outspoken personal calumniator. At the Chicago convention, Seward, Chase, Cameron, and Bates had been rivals of Lincoln for the nomination.

Of the group described, Seward and Chase far

surpassed in significance their associates. The former, in appearance slender and unimpressive, had been for years a great force in politics, and was now at the height of his strength. Personally he was genial, indeed convivial, in his habits. Sometimes at banquets his tongue, swayed by wine, wagged indiscreetly, and some feared for him a sad eclipse.[1] He was, however, enterprising, intellectual, chivalrous, as a statesman, and the services of few men to America have been greater. He naturally was disappointed by the choice of Lincoln at Chicago, when the honor, by right of long and good service, seemed to be due to himself. Once in, however, no statesman was ever more persistent and dauntless. His confidence seemed to his coworkers sometimes little short of infatuation, and his audacity betrayed him into blunders which came near bringing about national disaster. April 1, 1861, he was quite ready—setting aside Lincoln, as yet unrevealed in his greatness—to assume the direction of affairs and pilot the ship of state among the breakers into which it had come, and to involve the country in a general war with Europe as a means of reviving loyalty among the estranged states and bringing them back to their allegiance. These excesses of a courage too abounding were fortunately overruled. Really this quality in Seward brought about a foreign policy intrepid and successful, and made him, at the right hand of the president, a supporter always,

[1] Julian, *Political Recollections*, 195.

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even in the worst stresses, buoyant and resourceful.[1]

Chase, nurtured among the same New Hampshire granite hills that had surrounded the cradle of Webster, perhaps equalled Webster in majesty of presence. From the governorship of Ohio he had passed to a senatorship, thence into the cabinet, and before he died he was to be for nearly ten years chief-justice. With such a list of honors the ambition of any man ought to have been satisfied, but Chase was always disappointed. Though a man of high and pure character, he never forgot himself. He took life very seriously, lacking a sense of humor. He could never, as he said, make, like Lincoln, "a joke out of the war." Among the things that he took very seriously was himself; and while financiers found much fault with his management of the treasury,[2] and Lincoln bore, as only his patience could bear, much shortcoming in Chase's relations with him, yet the secretary felt aggrieved because the chief place had escaped him. He was, however, a noble and patriotically devoted man, whose mortal failings only served as a foil to his merits. "He was," said Lincoln, "about one and a half times bigger than any other man I ever knew."[3]

And what as to the man of the hour? The correspondent of the *London Times* has sketched for us

[1] Bancroft, *Seward*, II., 173.
[2] Bolles, *Financial Hist. of U. S.*, chap. iii.
[3] Hart, *Chase*, 435.

Jefferson Davis; the same impartial and graphic hand shall sketch Lincoln. Russell, at the White House, saw a figure enter with loose, shambling gait, tall, lank, with stooping shoulders and long, pendulous arms. The hands were of extraordinary size, the feet still larger. In his ill-fitting, wrinkled black suit he looked like a London undertaker's mute. A rope of black silk surrounded his neck, knotted in front into a bulb, with flying ends. The turned-down collar revealed a sinewy, yellow neck, surmounted by a strange, quaint face; this nestled in a mass of coarse, bristling black beard, stiff like mourning-pins. The head was thatched with wild-republican hair, which did not conceal large, widely projecting ears; the nose stood out prominent; the eyes, beneath shaggy brows, were deep-set, penetrating, almost tender; the mouth was stern but amiable, the features generally full of kindliness, sagacity, and awkward *bonhomie*. Russell goes on to describe an interview he now witnessed. To Lincoln, standing with head inclined, knees together, and feet wide apart, Seward presents the Italian minister, a well-barbered gentleman in profuse diplomatic millinery—a contrast picturesque indeed.[1]

The portrait is not caricatured. Sitting, Lincoln was no taller than ordinary; standing, he was six feet four inches, the abnormal length of limb always causing awkwardness. A common seat was perhaps uncomfortable for him; it suited him better, at any

[1] Russell, *My Diary North and South* (chap. v.), 37 et seq.

rate, according to much testimony, to have his feet on the table, or, indeed, over the mantel-piece, than on the floor. He could sink an axe deeper into a tree than any other man; nor could any other flat-boatman so conquer with his sweep the Mississippi current. In such labors the support must needs become broad and the hands massive. Uncouthness hung upon him, derived from his past; and he always bore a trace of the soil from the low places in which his youth had been involved. But he is our hero—how wise, kind, patient, and unwaveringly brave this record is to illustrate.[1]

The determination expressed by Lincoln in his inaugural, "to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the United States," precipitated the outbreak. The number of forts, arsenals, barracks, custom-houses, and post-offices in the South was large. No provision had been made for their defence, and in April, 1861, all had fallen to the Confederacy but Fort Sumter and Fort Pickens, the former guarding the mouth of the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, the latter of Pensacola, Florida—and some island posts of the coast of Florida. These posts were occupied by Federal garrisons. At Sumter the troops, less than one hundred, were commanded by Major Robert Anderson, who, the preceding December, had transferred his force from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter as being more defensible. Here they had passed a

[1] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, passim.

winter full of anxiety and privation. The forces of the state, collecting in large numbers, threatened them from every available point with batteries; their stores, of small amount at first, were fast diminishing.

The presence in the cabinet, during Buchanan's last months, of such spirits as Black, Holt, Stanton, and Dix had so far disturbed the administration's inertia that, in January, the *Star of the West* was despatched with supplies to the garrison's relief. The ship was driven away by hostile shots; the alternative of starvation or surrender lay before Anderson. "What shall be done about Sumter?" was a question that pressed at once at Washington. The new administration resolved to send a fleet with supplies. After careful debate at Montgomery, word was given to strike a blow. Anderson, having refused to surrender, Pierre G. T. Beauregard, the Confederate commander, on April 12 opened fire, and after a long bombardment the post was reduced to extremity. Though no man had been killed, the fort was in flames and no longer defensible. Anderson capitulated, saluting his flag with fifty guns before it was hauled down, and transferring his men to the provisioning fleet which just now arrived upon the scene. Fort Pickens maintained itself, and was not afterwards captured.[1]

The effect of the decisive stroke at Sumter was

[1] For details, see Chadwick, *Causes of the Civil War* (*Am. Nation*, XIX.), chaps. xiv., xix.

startling. The people of the states already withdrawn stood at once more firmly together and received most important reinforcement. Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, had told the Montgomery authorities that if they desired to win his state they must "Strike a blow." Virginia, which thus far had resisted the current, was now swept from her moorings, though the body of her northwestern counties remained sturdily Union. The withdrawal of Virginia precipitated that of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas. Could Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri be saved?

Though the cause of the Union suffered heavily when the states departed, the loss of one single man who at this time forfeited his allegiance was a parallel misfortune. Robert E. Lee, then fifty-four years old, colonel of the First Cavalry, reputed to be the ablest officer in the army, a man of moderate views on slavery and most reluctant to accept the idea of secession, refused the command of the Union army,[1] threw in his lot with his state, and, as head of her forces, set to work forthwith to organize her contingent.[2] Perhaps no other man in the land was bound to the Union by ties quite so strong. He was the son of "Light-Horse Harry" of the Revolution; his wife was the descendant of Martha Washington; numbers of his kindred in the past had helped to frame and to uphold the Constitution.

[1] Fitzhugh Lee, *Robert E. Lee*, 84.
[2] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, IV., 98.

He seemed to possess almost every possible manly gift and grace. His presence was superb, the powers of his mind conspicuous, his character noble. He was as free from foibles, apparently, as from faults. One may search in vain for any defect in him. Indeed, the perfection of Lee becomes somewhat oppressive. One would almost welcome the discovery of a shortcoming in him as redeeming him to humanity. No one can doubt that the sacrifice of his loyalty caused him great suffering, or that his motives in choosing as he did were pure and high. April 2, looking for the last time as possessor upon his fair estate of Arlington, from the majestic portico bidding farewell to the beautiful city and the Capitol upon its opposite height, he rode forth to what fate had in store for him.

Even more startling was the effect of the fall of Sumter upon the North. Until now all had been uncertain. The few abolitionists who, like Garrison, held the Constitution to be "a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell," at first professed joy at the prospect of a sundering of the league. In the immensely influential *New York Tribune*, Horace Greeley had for a time ejaculated, "Let the erring sisters go in peace." Fernando Wood, a man of very different ideas, proposed the secession from its state and from the Union of the city of New York, a plan apparently quite according with the spirit of the hour. But a change was preparing. The response at the North to the can-

non at Sumter was a universal cry and prayer for the preservation of the Union. In it joined for the moment all parties, all sects, the old and the young. The lately arrived immigrant was often scarcely less enthusiastic than the children of the soil. Women were tearfully earnest as they stood by husbands, brothers, and sons.

The multitude took no pains to argue out the question as to what the fathers had intended or what the Constitution allowed and what it forbade. A few burning phrases served as watchwords and war-cries, and were accepted as statements not to be gainsaid. The wraiths of Jackson and Webster hovered in the air. "The Union must and shall be preserved." "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." In January, 1861, General John A. Dix, secretary of the treasury, contributed another phrase, a sharp, soldierly command that rang through the land till each citizen felt himself, as it were, personally addressed: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."[1] A boast of Walker, Confederate secretary of war, that by May 1 the Confederates would be in Washington stimulated the general rage. Those till now lukewarm, those, indeed, who had opposed, now rallied to resist. Buchanan, Franklin Pierce, Everett, Archbishop Hughes, Fernando Wood, Wendell Phillips, Caleb Cushing were among the most zealous.

[1] Dix to W. Hemphill Jones, at New Orleans, January 29, 1861; Morgan Dix, *John A. Dix*, I., 371.

The administration was equal to the crisis. At once, on receiving news of the fall of Sumter, Lincoln issued a call for seventy-five thousand men for three months, the small number and short term not at all indicating that he failed to appreciate the gravity of the crisis, but following an old law by which he thought himself limited. Washington, beset by busy foes within and without, must first be made secure. The drums beat in every town and village, and the rush to arms of the young men was universal. Only Massachusetts, however, was ready on the instant. Governor John A. Andrew, "our Merry Andrew," had for some months been incurring ridicule by what was regarded as his absurd attention to the equipments and drill of the state militia. At Lincoln's call he had ready five thousand men, for three thousand of whom arms were at hand; and within a day of the receipt of the cry from Washington the Sixth regiment mustered on Boston Common and started to the rescue. Travelling with all speed, they reached Baltimore on April 19, a date again to be made memorable by the shedding of the first blood in a great war. Maryland was convulsed with opposing factions: the secessionist mob, the "Plug Uglies," was very formidable. The regiment, crossing the city between stations, suddenly faced an unknown danger. It was separated, four companies, with no regimental officers, being forced to fight their way through the streets. They were attacked with great

fury, but were supported faithfully by the mayor and the police. Volleys were fired and returned; lives were lost on both sides; the authorities burned the bridges that no more troops might come. The soldiers behaved well. An hour or so later the Sixth, compact and confident, reached Washington. Until now the city's garrison had been a small force of regulars and a few companies of District of Columbia volunteers. "You are the first real thing," said Lincoln, whose apprehensions of a sudden attack from the enemy had been great. The Sixth took up its quarters in the Senate chamber at the Capitol.

The Eighth Massachusetts at once followed, with Brigadier-General Benjamin F. Butler, a man long prominent as a lawyer of not altogether savory reputation and as an ultra-Democratic politician, who now came forward into national prominence. At a later day he was for long years the *bête noire* of respectable Massachusetts. During the war we shall find him very much in the foreground—adroit, unprincipled, unabashed, in embarrassing situations full of expedients, occasionally most helpful, sometimes blundering badly. A cast in his sinister eye curiously, almost amusingly, suggested a moral obliquity. But when he led the Eighth Massachusetts he did it valiantly and well. Finding Baltimore blocked, it made its way by steamer to Annapolis, meeting there the full and handsomely appointed Seventh regiment of New York. Thence

over a railroad whose track and machinery were largely destroyed, through hard work and ingenious shifts, the "dandies" of the Seventh and the "drudges" of the Eighth fraternizing cordially, they reached Washington within a day or two, putting an end to all apprehension. Soon a revulsion took place in the sentiment of Maryland. Under the lead of the loyal governor Hicks, sentiment for the Union manifested itself strongly. By a large majority Union congressmen were elected. The sober second thought was fatal to secession. Baltimore grew quiet, and, receiving a Federal garrison, submitted without a murmur to the passage of troops. These now poured forward in answer to Lincoln's call in great numbers, and Washington became a camp.

Early in May, Lincoln made a further call for 42,000 volunteers, now for a term of three years; the regular army also was increased by about 23,000 men, while 18,000 men were enlisted for the navy. The task of organizing and directing these levies rested with Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, a veteran far past his threescore years and ten. Scott stood stoutly to the Union, though Virginia-born, and showed great energy and sound military judgment in his plans and counsels. His bodily infirmities, however, were numerous, and he was forced to rely much on younger men. Of the hundreds of officers whom in his long career he had schooled and led, many, to his sorrow, had gone

with the South. The defection of Lee, in particular, was a sad blow to him, but good men remained. In those first days, Charles P. Stone and Irvin McDowell, made brigadier-generals, were especially useful. The old general was loath to sheathe his sword, but his inadequacy became manifest, and before long voluntary resignation ended his honorable career.[1]

[1] Winfield Scott, *Autobiography.*

CHAPTER III

PREPARATIONS AND PRELIMINARY CONTESTS

(April, 1861–July, 1861)

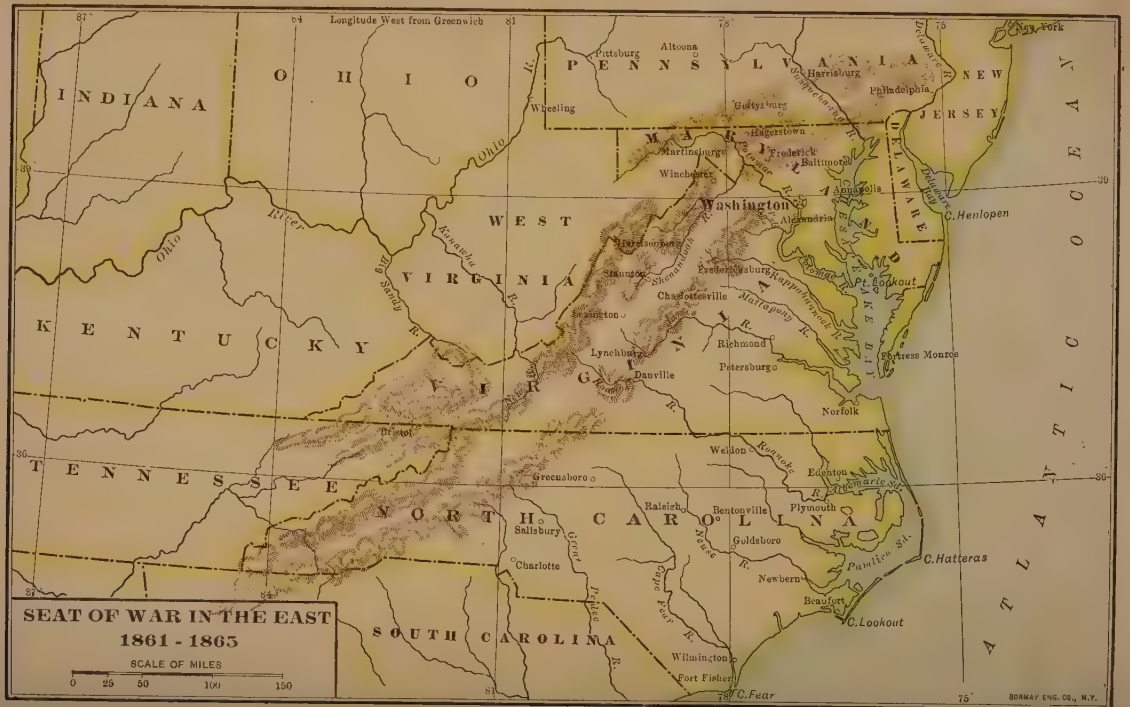
SOME have thought the navy, rather than the army, was the right arm of the government in crushing the Confederacy.[1] Its brilliant efficiency was felt from the first under the leadership especially of the assistant secretary, Captain Gustavus V. Fox. At the outbreak almost no proper ships were available. The list of vessels numbered ninety, but of these fifty were of the old pattern and only useful as supply or store ships. Of the forty ships in commission, some antiquated and some modern, by far the greater number were scattered widely.[2] Of the forty steamers which alone, as it soon appeared, could perform the duty demanded, nearly half were not ready. The home squadron comprised only twelve vessels, of which seven were steamers, and the three of these in northern waters practically constituted the only trustworthy force.[3] As to men, the unpreparedness was no less marked. The com-

[1] For a southern view, see Dabney, *Jackson*, II., 6.
[2] *Naval War Records*, I., p. 15.
[3] Soley, *Blockade and Cruisers*, chap. i.

plement for the navy had been 7000; in March, 1861, but 207 men were at hand in the depots at the disposal of the government for crews. Officers abounded, but they were in great part sailors of the old school, deep in the ruts of tradition and routine, their fire smouldering under their white hair. In 1845, George Bancroft, secretary of the navy, founded the academy at Annapolis, from which a stream of well-trained young men had poured into the service; but only about a dozen of the younger lieutenants were Annapolis men, who were kept down in lower grades. Three hundred and twenty-two naval officers from the South resigned, many taking service with the Confederacy. Fortunately for the Union, the unpreparedness of the North was set over against complete destitution in naval equipment on the side of the South—not only lack of ships and of crews to man them, but also of workshops, arsenals, and dock-yards for their construction; nor, if these could have been supplied, were there mechanics competent for such labors.

One of the earliest measures of the government was the declaration, April 19, of a blockade of the coast running from South Carolina to Florida, extended April 27 to include the coasts of North Carolina, Virginia, and the Gulf. To be valid, according to the law of nations, the blockade must be effective, and the rehabilitation of the navy was pressed forthwith.[1] In Lincoln's first call for forces,

[1] Soley, *Blockade and Cruisers*, chap. ii.


SEAT OF WAR IN THE EAST
1861 - 1865
SCALE OF MILES
0 25 50 100 150
Longitude West from Greenwich
INDIANA
OHIO
PENNSYLVANIA
NEW JERSEY
MARYLAND
DELAWARE
WEST VIRGINIA
VIRGINIA
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Pittsburg
Altoona
Harrisburg
Philadelphia
New York
Wheeling
Gettysburg
Hagerstown
Martinsburg
Frederick
Baltimore
Winchester
Annapolis
Washington
Alexandria
C. Henlopen
Harrisonburg
Stanton
Fredericksburg
Pt. Lookout
Charlottesville
Lexington
Richmond
Lynchburg
Danville
Petersburg
Fortress Monroe
Norfolk
Bristol
Weldon
Edenton
Greensboro
Raleigh
Bentonville
Plymouth
Salisbury
Goldsboro
Charlotte
Newbern
C. Hatteras
Beaufort
C. Lookout
Wilmington
Fort Fisher
C. Fear
Ohio River
Big Sandy R.
Kanawha R.
Shenandoah R.
Potomac R.
Rappahannock R.
Mattapony R.
Roanoke R.
Albemarle Sd.
Pamlico Sd.
Neuse R.
Cape Fear R.
Great Pedee R.
Delaware R.
Delaware Bay
Sunnyhanna R.
Ohio R.
Kanawha R.
Big Sandy R.
Roanoke R.
Cape Fear R.
BORMAY ENG. CO., N.Y.

eighteen thousand sailors were included. To supply the need for officers in the junior grade, the upper classes at Annapolis were assigned to active service. As soon as it could be managed, a system of promotions was arranged by which the aged and incapable in the upper grades were retired and the service vitalized by young blood. In the ears of the volunteers the boatswain's whistle sounded no less sharply than the drumbeat. Along shore and among the river-men recruits hurried to the waiting decks; to all competent for responsibility commissions came readily, for meantime the government was buying or chartering every craft that could be put to use, from a coal-barge to an ocean-liner; the navy-yards and private establishments were driven night and day in building, and forges and machine-shops were employed in the making of engines and armaments. It was early recognized that the naval warfare was certain to be various in character. Not only must ships be provided for the blockade, but craft suitable for the inland streams, cruisers also to pursue the commerce-destroyers, whose activity began early, and heavy ships to deal with fortresses.

The regular army, at the outbreak, numbered about sixteen thousand men, who were scattered in garrisons along the coast and on the Great Lakes, and in larger numbers on the Indian frontiers, in Texas, California, and the northwest. It was officered by twelve hundred men, most of them graduates of

West Point, of whom one-fifth forsook the Union for the Confederacy. About this little force, as a nucleus, were now to gather the immense levies which before the war ended numbered millions. The value of the services of the regular army in the Civil War is a debated question, and it is pertinent here to give it attention.

General Jacob D. Cox, a high authority, has discussed the matter at some length from the point of view of a volunteer officer.[1] As regards the rank and file, he claims that the material in the volunteer was far better than in the regular regiments, and that a little service under good officers made them more effective in the field. Turning to officers, he describes in detail the training at West Point in the years preceding 1861, asserting that, as to general attainments, the cadet at graduation was no further advanced than a sophomore in a university of good rank. There were whole companies the privates in which would have stood well in a competitive examination with West Point graduates. In special military science, also, the instruction at West Point was meagre. In out-door training, careful attention was given to the physique; the youths were well drilled in the manual of arms and in the evolutions of the platoon, company, and battalion. Beyond the battalion, however, there was no training. Movements in brigade, in division, in corps were in no way subjects of study. The cadet, at

[1] Cox, *Military Reminiscences*, I., 165 et seq.

graduation, was a finished soldier only in a most elementary sense.

As West Point was inadequate, so the experience to which, after graduation, the young officer was subjected poorly supplemented the academic course. The Mexican War, to be sure, did something; but, after that, the conditions only imperfectly completed the young officer's training. The entire army scarcely amounted to a single good division, and was, moreover, so dispersed that it was a rare thing for a detachment as large as two companies to be found together. On remote frontiers, usually the young officer had no chance for study, nor had he practice in any but the most rudimentary tactics in squad skirmishes with savages. He was sure, indeed, to become a good horseman and to be hardened physically in the atmosphere of the plains; the routine of official business, too, with the offices of adjutant, quartermaster, and commissary-general, the drawing-up of reports and keeping of company accounts —such details, undoubtedly important, might be thoroughly learned. General Richard S. Ewell used to say that in the old army he learned all things necessary to the management of fifty United States dragoons and forgot everything else.

As an offset to such advantages, the critic notes a certain detrimental conservatism which life in the regular army seemed to develop—a slowness in recognizing improvements in military methods and instruments. As to weapons, America was very

active in invention, but the old regular looked askance upon every new contrivance. Too often he adhered to the ancient breech-loader when repeating-arms were right at hand, and Cox himself was once made by a West Point chief to send his rifled cannon to the rear and fight only with arms of smooth bore and short range. Discipline is, of course, a prime requisite; but it may be carried so far as to cause in the soldier slavishness to routine and loss of self-reliance and initiative—a result often produced in the regular army. Cox makes out a rather meagre list of accomplishments for the average regular officer of 1861, and his conclusion is that any American citizen, sound in body, intelligent, patriotic, with "fair military aptitude," could, after the experience of a good campaign or two, become equally well equipped.

Though the authority of Cox is great and his presentation of the matter plausible, many will hold differently. The test as between regular and volunteer officers in our Civil War was reasonably fair. How shall we explain it that at the end all the soldiers of the first rank—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Thomas—were West-Pointers, while the best of the volunteers, men like John A Logan, Francis P. Blair, Jr., Alfred H. Terry, Nelson A. Miles, Cox himself, can only be assigned to a second rank, admirable leaders though they were? On the southern side the distinction of the regulars is perhaps still more marked, Nathan B. Forrest probably being

the only very conspicuous Confederate who came directly from civil life. No sifting of men for a purpose was ever more severe than that search for fit leaders in our time of trial. How can the result be explained except by conceiving that some influence came from the West Point training and the subsequent army service contributing powerfully to fine soldiership? The view of Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, of the British army, one of the fairest and ablest of our military critics, will seem to most nearer the truth—that West Point and the frontier laid a fine foundation for a military career; and though there may have been in some ways a risk of loss, the help to character and martial equipment was very marked.[1]

Cox's opinion as to the disposition made of the regular army in the war, however, will be generally accepted. By the advice of Scott, whose judgment, usually good, was certainly here at fault, the regular force was maintained as a separate organization instead of being distributed throughout the new levies. Such a distribution would have leavened the raw material by an infusion of veteranship which would have helped greatly in bringing the whole army into proper form. An opportunity was here neglected from which much good might have been derived.

The volunteers who poured in at Lincoln's call were usually without military training. While in

[1] Henderson, *Science of War*, 237.

all the states a militia organization nominally existed, for the most part it was little in evidence. The country had been in no peril since the War of 1812, and the need of a militia was not apparent to the people. Where musters took place, it was often merely to follow out the traditions of the fathers, and in the country-side they often degenerated into burlesque and occasions for dissipation. In cities sometimes well-drilled companies existed, for there was always a possibility of riots, and the American has a liking for parades. In the city of New York this sort of manifestation abounded, the Seventh Regiment, especially, being looked upon the country over as a model. A few months before the outbreak, E. E. Ellsworth, a Chicago youth with an aptitude for tactics, drilled a company of Zouaves in modern evolutions. They gave exhibitions in many towns, arousing enthusiasm and emulation. The forethought of no public man of those days was more remarkable than that of Governor John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts. He saw clearly the coming storm, and, as we have seen, took measures to have five thousand men ready for service on the instant.[1] Andrew was only one of a great company of loyal governors. Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, William Dennison, of Ohio, Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, Richard Yates, of Illinois, were men of especial power and fervid patriotism. In each state, constitution or

[1] Pearson, *Andrew*, I., 176 et seq.

statute empowered the chief magistrate to act in such a crisis, and he was ready to carry authority to its limit. Men of military education who had left their profession for civil life eagerly returned to it. Men prominent in politics turned now to a military career; and the heads of affairs, not impressed as they afterwards became with the need of training, allowed much inefficiency to slip into places great and small. In the South, through the fact that the president was himself a trained and experienced soldier, West Point was brought to the front more prominently than in the North. But here, too, there were "political generals," more or less conspicuous and useful, like John C. Breckinridge, Robert Toombs, Wade Hampton, Howell Cobb, and John B. Floyd.

Lincoln's announced determination "to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts," was practically the announcement of an offensive war. The Union armies were to advance southward into the revolutionized territory. At the East, Richmond, which soon after the secession of Virginia was selected to be the seat of the Confederate government, naturally became the Federal objective. At the West the great watercourses, traversing the heart of the Confederacy, were inevitably chosen as the pathway of advance. As to defensiveness, neither in East or West was the Confederacy strong. Between Washington and Richmond lay a hundred

miles, broken by no important obstacle in the way of mountain or river. At the West, if the rivers were once won, nothing remained to block approach. The land frontiers, many thousands of miles in extent, it was impossible to guard with fortresses; the coasts of the Atlantic and Gulf were hard to protect from a power that commanded the sea. There were, to be sure, dense forests that would serve as a screen, gorges that might be held by a handful, swamps in which heat and malaria became allies of the defenders. In the main, however, in holding back the invader, nature gave to the Confederates small help, except in the belt of mountains covering their second line of resistance; they had little to rely on but their own hearts and arms.

The activity of the Federal administration in meeting the peril that overhung it was beset by embarrassment arising from the indefiniteness of the Constitution. There were no precedents for dealing with a rebellion; the doctrine of the war-powers was a later development. How much would Congress justify? There were reasons for not summoning Congress in extra session at once, particularly the election struggle in Kentucky. Lincoln called an extra session for July 4, 1861, meantime pressing his prerogative to the utmost in the mustering of men and means.

On the side of the Confederacy, the blow struck at Sumter was followed up with decision. One hundred thousand men were called, at first for six

months; but the term was soon lengthened to three years, in some cases five years. Enthusiasm was not less intense and general than at the North. Four states, reluctant at first, were at length won—Virginia, April 17; Arkansas, May 6; North Carolina, May 20; and Tennessee, June 24. All show of Union feeling was suppressed in the seceded states, except in the mountain regions. The Confederate congress exerted itself to make its cause good by acts for the confiscation of the property of northern men and the cancellation of debts due them.[1] Letters of marque and reprisal we e offered to ships willing to undertake privateering. A chance to buy ten excellent vessels from the English East India Company, just then winding up its affairs, was unfortunately let slip. For the time being the fatal lack of workshops and mechanics was not felt; much material of war had come from the seizure of Federal arsenals and posts. Soon after Sumter, the Norfolk navy-yard and the great arsenal at Harper's Ferry were captured, and, although the retreating Federals had sought to burn them, the machinery and stores were in large measure saved. In particular, the hull of the powerful steam-frigate *Merrimac* was preserved at Norfolk, a stroke of luck through which the South eventually came very near gaining the mastery upon the sea.

Beauregard, the captor of Sumter, though as yet by no means tested, was the hero of the hour. He

[1] *Confederate Statutes at Large*, 3d Sess., 201.

was a good engineer officer, from Louisiana. "Our little creole friend is very popular," says Russell, who describes him as a man of refined appearance and ways, with vases of flowers on his office-desk and a bouquet for a letter-weight.[1] He was, however, prompt and business-like, and soon showed that he could plan well and also hit hard and skilfully. He was transferred to Virginia, where, with his gathering levies, he soon lay close before Washington. McDowell, meanwhile, Scott's capable second, held the city protected by well-drawn lines. The two generals had been classmates at West Point;[2] now, scarcely a league apart, the old chums stood opposed to each other. Often thus during the Civil War it was "My friend, the enemy."

Meanwhile the question of secession was rising and disappearing beyond the Appalachian Mountains. Kansas, the previous winter, had become a state, and, except as the scene now and then of guerilla violence, attracted no attention. The storm-centre beyond the Mississippi was Missouri, a state which hung in the balance and was anxiously watched by both sections. February 28, a state convention, called by the secession Governor Jackson, and presided over by ex-Governor Sterling Price, was in tone overwhelmingly Union; after the taking of Sumter, however, a multitude, including

[1] Russell, *My Diary North and South*, chap. xv.

[2] Of the year 1838; cf. Cullum, *Register of Mil. Acad.*, arts., Beauregard, McDowell.

Price himself, believing that no state could be rightfully coerced, favored separation. Fortunately for the Union, two men of especial strength upheld the cause in St. Louis—Francis P. Blair, Jr., and Nathaniel Lyon. The former, a brother of the postmaster-general, was a lawyer of ability, and soon exhibited capacity both as politician and soldier; the latter, a captain of infantry, showed during the three months which were given to him in which to play his part, such courage and conduct that few martyrs of the war were more lamented than he. The resolute front of these champions completely baffled Governor Jackson, and Sterling Price, whom he had made general. May 10, Camp Jackson, a state encampment at St. Louis which threatened the United States arsenal, was seized and its troops captured, an important blow in which the St. Louis Germans had an honorable share. Lyon, now brigadier-general, promptly ascended the Missouri, captured Jefferson City, the capital, and drove governor and general, to whom he gave no time for preparation, to the outskirts of the state. Relying upon support, which John C. Frémont, the new Union commander, did not furnish, Lyon pursued too intrepidly, falling at last in his enemy's front on the hard-fought field of Wilson's Creek. But the Federal allegiance of Missouri was henceforth assured.[1]

In Kentucky, Governor Beriah Magoffin, at first

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 3, pp. 55–130 (Camp Jackson, Wilson's Creek, etc.).

a Union man, answered Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers insultingly. The state desired to become neutral—an impossible status; its course was quickly determined for it. Robert Anderson, late from Sumter, now brigadier-general, placed in command at Cincinnati, was authorized to raise troops in Kentucky, his native state; and a little later William Nelson, in charge of arms sent by the administration, organized at a central point Camp Dick Robinson, where, presently, were collected several thousand men. In the summer election nine out of ten congressmen and three-fourths of the legislature were Union. Nevertheless, Kentucky furnished many men to the Confederate armies; among them such revered officers as Albert Sidney Johnston, Simon B. Buckner, John C. Breckinridge, and John B. Hood. They could not claim that they went with their state, and in the contest it was brother against brother, as Kentucky soil was again and again trampled by contending armies. But Kentucky formally stood with the Union throughout, a result due especially to the wisdom of the president.

Soon after the capture of Sumter there came to Columbus, Ohio, a man in civilian dress, rather below the ordinary stature, compactly built, of quiet but self-confident manner, just appointed by Governor Dennison to command the troops of the state. This was George B. McClellan,[1] a man only thirty-

[1] Cox, *Military Reminiscences*, I., 8.

five years old, but already distinguished. A good scholar at West Point, a good soldier in Mexico, and later sent to study the war in the Crimea, he had used his opportunities well; he had received training, also, in western expeditions. At the moment of the outbreak, after a short connection with the Illinois Central Railroad, he had become president, at a handsome salary, of the Ohio & Mississippi Railway.

Recruits of the finest quality were gathering fast, in response to Lincoln's call, at Camp Dennison, a short distance south of Columbus, where Gordon Granger, a smart captain of regulars, soon appeared on the scene as mustering-officer. Still another regular captain, W. S. Rosecrans, appeared at the same time from Cincinnati, with a train-load of lumber, and went to work, as quartermaster, to lay out the camp and floor the tents. General Cox tells the story with interesting touches of characterization.[1] Among the troops were several entire companies made up of college or school classes, who, under their teachers as officers, had started for the front. Other bodies, though less scholastic, were not less high-purposed, and perhaps were more effective for the work of war. "Good God," exclaimed Gordon Granger, "that such men should be food for powder!"

Active enemies were close at hand; and, crude as they were, troops and leaders took the field at once,

[1] Cox, *Military Reminiscences*, I., chap. ii.

McClellan and Cox crossing into West Virginia to succor a loyal population already in great distress. Between tide-water Virginia and the mountainous Virginia west of the Alleghanies, there was long and deep-seated estrangement. The mountaineers, prevailingly Scotch-Irish and Pennsylvania German, were of different stock from the pure English of the East. They owned few slaves; their crops were different; they looked down the Ohio for an outlet rather than to the eastern streams; their affiliations were strong with the West and North. They were furious at the system of Virginia law by which slave-holding counties had extra members in the legislature. When Virginia seceded, a loyal minority, mostly West-Virginians, organized a Union government, with F. H. Pierpont at the head, and chose two Federal senators, who demanded admission to Congress. A little later the whole region seceded from the seceders, and West Virginia became properly constituted and recognized as a state of the Union.

With all this development the troops now advancing from Ohio were much concerned. The Old Dominion, loath to take its own medicine, tried at once to quell the spirit of revolt. Troops were gathered to attack the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the important thoroughfare in the extreme north of the state. Before May ended, the Federal troops crossed the Ohio River. The operations in this campaign, though at the time loudly celebrated,

seem in the perspective only trifling.[1] The Federals were largely superior in numbers and acted also in a country generally friendly, so that they easily gained the upper-hand. The campaign had two important results: it made possible the state of West Virginia and it drew to the front General McClellan.

Meanwhile, at Washington, the difficult hour brought to Lincoln a heavy weight of embarrassment. It has been well said he was the most and the worst advised of men. Individuals, delegations, mass-meetings besought his ear, and the draughts upon the president's time, tact, and good-nature were beyond all computation. Another almost overwhelming evil was the solicitation from office-seekers. A change in the administration, according to the unfortunate doctrine then in vogue, made a complete change necessary in places large and small.[2] The "spoils system" ruled the hour, and the concourse was like that of hawks flocking to the prey. "The palace is in flames," said Lincoln, "but instead of being allowed to put out the fire, I must needs attend to applicants for apartments in the burning building." The slavery question, too, the prime cause of trouble, weighed no less than before the outbreak. Even among Union men there were opposing masses, pro-slavery and anti-slavery, each demanding a policy which to the other seemed sinful and ruinous. The border states — Missouri, Ken-

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 5, pp. 193–292 (campaign in West Virginia). [2] Fish, *Civil Service and Patronage*, 169.

tucky, Maryland, and Delaware—it was of the first importance to hold loyal; but they were slave states, and an absolute condition of their loyalty was that slavery should be respected. On the other hand, a strong element, in Congress and out, demanded radical measures of an opposite kind.

Lincoln wrestled as he could. He parried the advice that was thrust upon him, sometimes with a grave statement of objections, but very often and very effectively with a jocular *reductio ad absurdum*. He tried to be fair towards the place-hunters, making the best of a condition the cure for which was to begin only after long years. As to slavery, he kept the reins in his own hands, following steadily a firm and moderate line of action.

Just at this moment the proper course with fugitives was a most agitating subject. The commanders, as they stood at the front, were generally men not touched by the woes of the negro. Though war had come, they had no wish to set a back-fire by initiating a servile insurrection, and gave small hospitality to runaways, even though the masters were in rebellion. So felt McClellan; so, too, Patterson, a veteran of 1812 posted with an army at Harper's Ferry. Butler, also, while at Annapolis with the Massachusetts Eighth, in April, offered the services of his regiment to Governor Hicks to quell, if necessary, a rumored slave uprising, an act which brought upon him the sharp rebuke of the anti-

slavery governor Andrew.[1] A little later, Butler rendered the country an adroit and characteristic piece of service. Placed in command in May at Fortress Monroe, he showed at Big Bethel, as he usually did, small aptitude for fighting; but a little later, exerting his lawyer's cunning, he accomplished as much as he could have gained by a victory.[2] It soon appeared that negroes were of the utmost service to the Confederacy on the plantations, in the camps, and on the fortifications; whereat Butler, who knew little of international law, declared such property within his lines to be "contraband of war" and subject to confiscation. From that day throughout the war the negro in the camps was the "contraband." The happy word, at once understood, in itself explained and justified the whole policy. Word and policy were adopted everywhere: one problem at least of the difficult situation was on the way to solution.

[1] Pearson, *Andrew*, I., 284.

[2] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, IV., 385 et seq.; also *Butler's Book*, 256.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST BULL RUN CAMPAIGN

(JULY, 1861)

IN the North, by summer-time, a clamor for an advance arose—the men had been gathered and armed, and why should not the campaign be pushed? Before this urgency Scott was prudently reluctant; he felt that nothing could be safely undertaken with the three-months men but garrison duty; that the three-years men, who, by the beginning of the summer, poured in in masses, however willing and brave, were worthless without training. But the pressure could not be resisted: an advance at the earliest possible moment was ordered; the old general and his lieutenant, McDowell (whose fate it was ever to be involved in enterprises which his judgment condemned, but who always did his best), made plans for the expedition.

Beauregard lay at Manassas Junction, a strategic point where met the Orange & Alexandria and Manassas Gap railways, some thirty-five miles from Washington, with an army of a little more than 23,000 men and 35 guns. Within a short journey *via* Manassas Gap lay another force of about

9000,[1] at Winchester, in the valley of Virginia, under Joseph E. Johnston. A Virginian, Johnston was one of the ablest of the southern generals; he had been in the same class with Lee at West Point; then, in Mexican and Indian service, he had reached the post in the army of the United States of quartermaster-general. Of those who left the Union for the South his rank was highest. Much was expected of him, and much he was destined to perform. He had faults of character, which the narrative will in due time illustrate, but he was a commander honorable, sleepless, skilful — as near the stature of Lee, perhaps, as any soldier of the South.[2]

Against the Confederates, McDowell, who was to command in the field, could bring a force of rather more than 30,000 men and 49 guns, his marching-column containing about 28,000. Rarely in Virginia were the opposing hosts so nearly equal. The absence of cavalry on both sides is to be noted, a battalion or two serving for each army. McDowell's army was, indeed, motley and ill-ordered; many of the regiments had arrived within a day or two and had little idea of discipline; the uniforms were often inconvenient and fantastic. In those days Turcos and Zouaves were held to be warriors of especial prowess, and thousands of men, their legs in gaudy

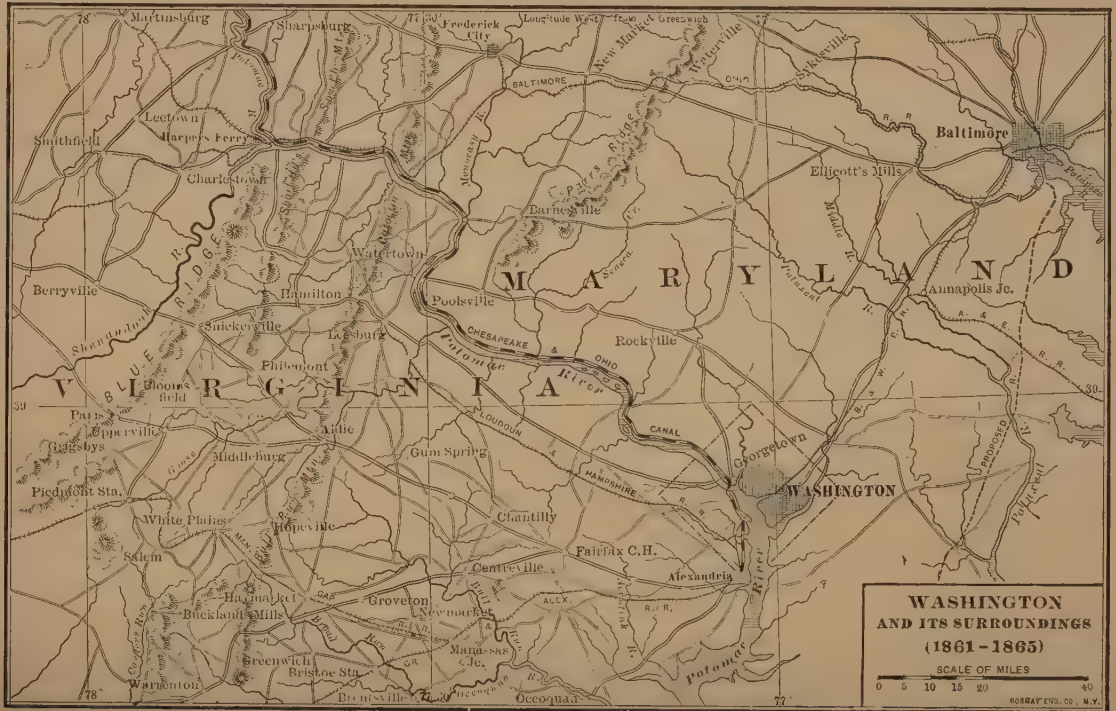
[1] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 77.

[2] Hughes, *Johnston* ("Great Commanders" series); B. T. Johnson, *Memoirs, etc., of Joseph E. Johnston*, passim.

red or yellow bags, and their heads in fez-caps or turbans, finery sure to be wrecked in the first hard shower, looked like crowds of Barbary pirates. Disorderly but confident, the troops began the march, a multitude of civilians following in the rear, prospective spectators of the victory about to be won.

To meet McDowell, Beauregard, with an army no better ordered, advanced from Manassas three miles to Bull Run, a torpid and tortuous stream, and occupied the approaches to five fords, the more elevated bank to the west giving him vantage. Among his brigadiers were Richard S. Ewell, Jubal A. Early, and James Longstreet; with Johnston, in the valley, were Thomas J. Jackson and E. Kirby Smith, names about to become familiar. The Federal generals planned well. Butler was to prevent help coming to Beauregard from the South, and Patterson was to hold Johnston fast in the valley. Scott's eye was vigilant and comprehensive. Patterson was repeatedly adjured to watch Johnston, and the old commander, whose force largely outnumbered Johnston's, promised with all earnestness that it should be done. On this McDowell relied; he outnumbered Beauregard, and although his troops entirely lacked experience, his foes were no less deficient. On the evening of July 20 he could reasonably expect a victory.

July 18, McDowell, in order to inform himself fully of the position of his enemy, had ordered an


WASHINGTON
AND ITS SURROUNDINGS
(1861-1865)
SCALE OF MILES
0 5 10 15 20 40
BORRAY ENG. CO., N.Y.
MARYLAND
VIRGINIA
WASHINGTON
Baltimore
Annapolis Jc.
Georgetown
Alexandria
Fairfax C.H.
Centreville
Chantilly
Gum Spring
Middleburg
Upperville
Paris
Bloomsfield
Philemont
Leesburg
Hamilton
Snickerville
Berryville
Charlestown
Harpers Ferry
Leetown
Smithfield
Martinsburg
Sharpsburg
Frederick City
Longitude West from Greenwich
New Market
Waterville
Sykesville
Ellicott's Mills
Barnesville
Poolsville
Rockville
Watertown
Shenandoah R.
Potomac R.
Shoal Mts.
Monocasy R.
Parrs Ridge
Middle R.
Patuxent R.
Seneca Cr.
Potomac River
Blue Ridge
Chesapeake & Ohio Canal
Loudoun & Hampshire R.R.
Baltimore Ohio R.R.
Alex. R.R.
Bull Run
Manassas Jc.
Bristoe Sta.
Brentsville
Occoquan
Warrenton
Greenwich
Buckland Mills
Haymarket
Groveton
Newmarket
Salem
White Plains
Hopeville
Piedmont Sta.
Gaigsbys
Paris
Bloomsfield
Potomac R.
Patuxent R.
Proposed R.R.
A. & E. R.R.
B. & W. R.R.
78
77
30
39

advance by the division of Tyler against Blackburn's Ford, on Bull Run, which was wide enough to present a serious obstacle.[1] There Tyler was met by Longstreet, tall, full-bearded, vigorous, an opponent always formidable, who showed his quality at once. Tyler, under strict orders not to bring on a battle, withdrew from the reconnaissance with loss—an unfortunate opening, for on both sides it was understood by the troops as a repulse, encouraging the Confederates and correspondingly depressing their foes. The 19th and early 20th passed without important incident. At noon of the 20th, Saturday, Johnston appeared, having eluded Patterson and brought the main body of his command to the point of danger. Scott, who at Washington received early information, telegraphed McDowell that he had now the two armies to cope with. The latter remained resolute and made excellent plans for the next day. His army was at Centreville, whence the Warrenton turnpike ran westward, after two or three miles passing Bull Run by a stone bridge. From the bridge the road, at the distance of half a mile, intersected, nearly at right angles, a road running from Sudley Springs south to Manassas. From Centreville the ground, for the most part cleared, sloped gradually to the Run, after passing which, going through woods in the bottom-land, it presently struck a deep valley. Well upon the hill to the left was the house of a family named Henry,

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 2, pp. 200–574 (Bull Run Campaign).

surrounded by upland fields closed about by woods of oak and pine.

McDowell, having satisfied himself that the stone bridge was well defended, planned a movement to the right, by which, having crossed the stream two or three miles farther up at an undefended point at Sudley Springs, a column might strike the hostile left and rear with good prospect of success. The divisions of Samuel P. Heintzelman and David Hunter, in pursuance of this plan, were ordered, leaving Centreville, to turn to the right by country roads leading up the river, while Tyler deceived the enemy by a feint of attack at the stone bridge on the Warrenton pike. The division of Miles was to hold on near Centreville in reserve, while the remaining division protected the communications towards Washington. To keep the operation as secret as possible, and also to avoid the midsummer sun, the march of the flanking column was ordered for 2.30 A.M. The plan could not have been better.

But there were delays; with troops so ill-regulated the start could not be prompt; though the moon was bright, the roads were obscure, and it was daylight before Ambrose E. Burnside, with the leading brigade, crossed the ford at Sudley Springs and approached the Confederate left. Meantime the attack of Tyler at the stone bridge, lacking in vigor, was soon recognized as a feint by Evans, the wary officer at that position, who straightway faced part of his line to meet the column which, as the morning

advanced, approached from the direction of Sudley Springs. Here the action was fierce, but, in spite of all, the Federal movement was successful. Another ford was found above the bridge, nearer at hand. Here crossed W. T. Sherman, with a brigade of Heintzelman's division and many more troops. The Federals were now in force beyond the stream, whence, beating down resistance, they gained the stone bridge and the country beyond and occupied the Warrenton turnpike as far as the point of junction with the road to Sudley Springs. Here was a base for an assault upon the Henry-house hill, to lose which meant for the Confederates defeat.

The struggle about the Henry house was furious and long continued. Beauregard and Johnston both galloped upon the field. The latter was the ranking officer; but, not knowing the ground, he yielded the command at the front to his fellow, while he held the general direction. The reserves were all thrown in and the troops brought over from the Confederate right. But the hill was barely held: its slope was climbed by a multitude of assailants, the regular batteries of Ricketts and Griffin in particular being most effectively managed. The Federal assaults came piecemeal, W. T. Sherman, even, doing some poor 'prentice-work;[1] and the hot sun of the afternoon beat upon men exhausted by heavy work maintained since daylight. A body of troops approaching Griffin's battery, that officer prepared to

[1] Henderson, *Science of War*, 264.

sweep them away with grape and canister, as he might easily have done. "They are friends," said Major Barry, chief of artillery, and the discharge was withheld. Indeed, they were foes: the battery was presently enveloped and destroyed.[1] "See where Jackson stands like a stone-wall!" exclaimed Colonel Bee, of Georgia, pointing out to flying men the brigade of Thomas J. Jackson standing fixed before the Federal onslaught, a rallying-point for fugitives.[2] It continued to stand on the edge of the slope, the levelled rifles never silent.

Soon after three o'clock there came upon the field from the southwest a reinforcement, fresh and well led; it was the delayed portion of the division of Johnston, which, conveyed close to the spot by the trains, marched without delay into action. Their arrival was the *coup de grâce*. The assailants fell back to the Warrenton pike; the Federal infantry supporting the guns retired in confusion. Seasoned troops might still have triumphed, but the untrained regiments yielded even while the hill seemed won. Nevertheless, the result was long doubtful. Jefferson Davis, arriving upon the field near four o'clock from Manassas, met on his way only signs of defeat. Galloping among fugitives, he proclaimed his rank, and bade them follow him back. He was soon undeceived. Jackson, to whose steadfastness victory was due, exclaiming, while his bleeding and useless

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 2, p. 394.
[2] Dabney, *Jackson*, I., 258.

hand hung disregarded, that with ten thousand fresh men he would capture Washington to-morrow.[1]

Jackson did not over-estimate the Federal discomfiture. The retreat became a rout, the rout a panic. All that had been gained was speedily abandoned; Bull Run was recrossed and forsaken; Centreville was repassed; and throughout the night a disorganized mob, mad over spectral dangers of "black horse cavalry" and "masked batteries," rushed back to the city. In truth, the Confederates were in no condition to follow, for their own demoralization was great. As an example, Imboden, then a captain, afterwards a general, nearly lost his life at the hands of a crazed fugitive whose headlong rush to the rear he tried to block.[2] The Federal loss in killed and wounded was about fifteen hundred; that of the Confederates somewhat larger in wounded; but the latter lost few prisoners, while their opponents lost twelve hundred.[3] After all, viewed at this distance, the Union rout at Bull Run has much to redeem it from disgrace. "One of the best planned battles during the war," Sherman declares, adding that under the circumstances the army could not have done better; and Johnston declared that if the Federal strategy had been equalled by the tactics, the day would have gone against him. The defeat came from lack of training, in which the Confederates

[1] South. Hist. Soc., *Papers*, XIX., 303 et seq.

[2] *Battles and Leaders*, I., 236.

[3] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses in the Civil War in America, 1861–1865*, p. 77.

were six months ahead.[1] The evolution of the veteran in the ranks is not a quick process; nor, as a rule, can we say that the general is born, not made.

The Thirty-seventh Congress met, responding to the president's call, in special session, July 4, 1861. Diminished by about one-third through the absence of members from the seceding states, it was strongly Republican in character; and the Democrats present were in great part heartily loyal. James G. Blaine, a capable judge, describes the Congress in both houses as being extremely able.[2] The Senate, presided over by the vice-president, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, presented among its foremost men Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine, Jacob Collamer, of Vermont; from the West, Benjamin F. Wade and John Sherman, of Ohio, Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, and Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois. John C. Breckinridge, late vice-president, represented Kentucky. In the House, which chose as speaker Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Thaddeus Stevens was the leader; but scarcely less able were Owen Lovejoy and Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois, Roscoe Conkling, of New York, and Samuel Shellabarger, of Ohio. There was perhaps in the House no more interesting figure than the venerable John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky. In either army, North and

[1] Sherman, *Memoirs*, I., 209; Johnston, *Narrative*, 57; Gordon Granger, quoted by Cox, *Military Reminiscences*, I., 33.

[2] Blaine, *Twenty Years*, I., chap. xv.

South, he had a son, a major-general; his own loyalty to the Union was unswerving. A marked feature in the Senate was the prominence of New England. Of twenty-two committees, eleven had New-Englanders for chairmen, including the important committees on foreign affairs, military and naval affairs, and finance, led respectively by Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, and William Pitt Fessenden, which in time of war must largely guide all business. The leader of the House, too, Thaddeus Stevens, chairman of the committee on ways and means, though representing a Pennsylvania district, was a New-Englander, as were many others of the foremost men, a fact which naturally excited jealousy. The sixteen non-slave-holding states lying east of the Rocky Mountains all had Republican governors, and in the fall California, by electing Leland Stanford, joined the column. This overwhelming preponderance Lincoln regretted, believing that a stronger element of loyal Democrats among the Union leaders would have strengthened the cause.

Naturally, a Congress so infused with an approach to unanimity accomplished, in the short session of twenty-nine working days, an amount of business which surpassed all previous records. The message of Lincoln, comparable in clear and calm wisdom with the inaugural, was listened to respectfully and its suggestions heeded.[1] Such of Lincoln's acts as had seemed to lack constitutional sanction were

[1] Lincoln, *Works* (ed. of 1894), II., 55.

all approved. Seventy-six bills were passed, all but four relating to the war. A resolution of prime importance was that offered by Crittenden, of Kentucky, to the effect that the war was waged simply "to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union," and not "for the purpose of overthrowing established institutions,"[1] which was passed, July 22, by large majorities in both Houses.[2] Strong anti-slavery men, however, were not content, Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, and Owen Lovejoy refraining from voting.

Before the meeting of Congress, Chase, secretary of the treasury, could do little. Though the treasury had never before been subject to such demands, no methods could be used excepting those specifically authorized by legislation—namely, taxes, time loans, and treasury notes, besides the delayed settlement of accounts.[3] The credit of the government was low, so much so that early in the year it had been obliged to pay twelve per cent. for money borrowed. The public debt had risen to $76,000,000. Chase, therefore, had great embarrassment to face when, April 2, he borrowed $8,000,000, and, on May 21, $7,000,000 —at six per cent. — the bonds soon falling in the market, sometimes as low as 85.

With the meeting of Congress, July 4, 1861, came the opportunity to better the situation. Chase

[1] *Annual Cyclopædia*, 1861, p. 244.
[2] Riddle, *Recollections of War Time*, 41.
[3] Hart, *Chase*, 220 et seq.

recommended increased taxation, that might add about $30,000,000 to the annual revenue, of which sum $20,000,000 was to be raised by a direct tax and an income tax of three per cent. He favored, too, an extensive scheme of confiscations, which Congress adopted, but during 1861 little money was realized from them. Congress at the same time authorized the secretary to contract loans to the amount of $250,000,000, the securities having the form of bonds and interest-bearing notes. Chase retained in office John J. Cisco, the assistant treasurer in New York, a man much respected in financial circles, and through him he sought to establish cordial relations with the banks of the great cities. These readily accepted, in July, a loan of $50,000,000 at seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, and a few weeks later a second loan of the same amount on the same terms; a later attempt was less successful, $50,000,000 being borrowed at six per cent., but the notes standing decidedly below par, in the neighborhood of 92. In placing the loan, 138 agents were employed, among whom one, Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, was especially efficient, rendering also at a later period valuable service.

It was felt afterwards that much more reliance should have been placed upon direct taxation; the people would have borne it willingly and easily, as the experience of after years proved.[1] But for such vast enterprises there were no precedents. No such

[1] Hart, *Chase*, 236 et seq.

sums had ever before been needed by the government. In hitting upon proper expedients the wisest could only grope, and errors were inevitable.

Meanwhile, Bull Run came in the midst of the session, and many congressmen saw it as spectators; though humiliating, it proved instructive in various ways. Especially was it borne home as never before that the slaves, so far from being an element of weakness, increased immensely the military power of the South. Though not fighters, for all other work of a campaign negroes were available. A bill was pending confiscating property used for insurrectionary purposes, which, after the battle, was amended by a clause referring specifically to slaves used in war.[1] This bill was opposed by the border-state men; they already recognized the help which slavery rendered to the foe, but, looking to what might happen to their own possessions in slaves, they were nervous about any action of this kind. The bill, when passed, Lincoln signed with reluctance. No object seemed to weigh more than to keep the border states loyal, and in all questions as to slavery he was determined to make the decision.[2] We shall see hereafter what he was willing to face in this determination.

The most picturesque incident of the special session was the denunciation by Senator Edward D. Baker, of Oregon, of John C. Breckinridge, of Ken-

[1] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 319.
[2] Morse, *Lincoln*, II., 8.

tucky. Baker, who was also a colonel in the army, made his speech dressed in full uniform. His presence was fine, his voice commanding, his eloquence of a high order.[1] Breckinridge had come back to his place a conspicuous though universally distrusted figure, then and afterwards, though Blaine speaks admiringly of his sincere and manly character. No one sacrificed more than he in forsaking the Union. That day the sympathy of the Senate was with Baker; and when, a few months later, his tragic death occurred at Ball's Bluff, the eclipse of so much power was deeply lamented. In the autumn Breckinridge went over to the Confederates.

August 6, Congress adjourned; it had held up the hands of the president in every way within its power—sometimes doing more than he asked. Instead of a levy of 400,000 men, it authorized 500,000. Heartened and equipped for the struggle as it had not been before, the administration faced its unusual duties.

The South was not behind the North in energy and devotedness. The Confederacy, greatly strengthened by the accession of Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee, states whose action had been delayed by the stubborn Union sentiment of portions of their population, presented a much more formidable front than at first. The government, on July 20, 1861, became fixed at Richmond. The enlarged congress supported zealously the plans of

[1] Blaine, *Twenty Years*, I., 344.

the administration. The levies poured into Richmond and Nashville relatively in as great numbers as into Washington and the western Federal camps. Nor was money withheld. A time came when it was seriously proposed that southern women universally should cut off and sell their hair, which in Europe might bring $40,000,000 in specie.[1] There was no thought as yet of any such expedient; but even now states, corporations, churches, individuals, made generous gifts. Donations, however liberal, could only go part way, and the Confederate government, like that of the North, had recourse to bonds and the issue of treasury notes. The bond issue of August 19, 1861, was notable, being largely a "produce loan." Instead of money, it was arranged that cotton should be taken by the treasury; and provisions, such as corn, bacon, sugar, by the commissariat. It was hoped in this way to raise $100,000,000, and the hope was not vain. Four hundred thousand bales of cotton came in, and large amounts of other crops.

A scheme from which much was hoped, but which turned out to be of little profit, was the confiscation of the debts owed in the South to northern creditors. These are believed to have amounted to $40,000,000, possibly much more. A law was passed forbidding the payment of these except to the Confederate government, which in return gave certificates to be cashed in specie at the end of the war, the

[1] Schwab, *Financial Hist. of C. S. A.*, 6.

interest being the same as that due the northern creditor. This act was passed May 21,[1] and was followed on August 30 by a more extreme act, confiscating in general the property of alien enemies and applying the proceeds to indemnify those who had suffered at the hands of Federals.[2] There was retaliation on the part of the Union, but no such lengths were reached. Schwab remarks that, though the confiscation of private debts has in the past been a common practice, it has of late in civilized countries been discredited; and the revival of the practice in the Civil War, on both sides, is not a thing to be proud of. At the South, individual states followed the general government in this kind of legislation, the gain being always small.[3] So stood South and North after the first great battle, the seriousness of the situation apparent to each as it had not been before.

[1] *Confederate Statutes at Large*, 3 Sess., 151. [2] *Ibid.*, 201.
[3] Schwab, *Financial Hist. of C. S. A.*, 118.

CHAPTER V

MILITARY PREPARATIONS

(JULY, 1861–DECEMBER, 1861)

AFTER the rout of July 21 a new military head was inevitable. Scott, indeed, might remain in a position purely honorary as lieutenant-general, but McDowell must give way, though ill-luck and not ill-conduct had brought the misfortune—the people's confidence in him was destroyed and he must step aside. The only possible successor to the active leadership was McClellan. His West Virginia achievements, such as they were, had been successful; his campaign loomed large in the popular eye, and acquiescence in his appointment was universal. He took his place promptly and became presently the idol of the hour. The *sobriquet* which soon attached itself to him, "the little Napoleon," was by no means absurd. He at once developed some of the best military qualities. Small in stature, magnetic in manner, possessed of enormous self-confidence, he certainly exhibited Napoleonic traits; and when, in a few weeks, it became plain that he possessed a fine executive and organizing power, an extraordinary faculty for winning the love of men, and the promise

of marked strategic ability, he recalled still more "the fateful Corsican."

These things being so, why should McClellan have failed? In estimating his character, it must always be remembered that his situation was unfortunate. At thirty-six he was set to command more than three hundred thousand men, having had previously little experience to fit him for such a responsibility and being opposed by able soldiers at the head of brave armies. His career as a commander of large forces in the field was comprised within six months, from the siege of Yorktown, in May, 1862, to Antietam, in September—a brief time, indeed, in which to learn the most difficult of arts. Had his opportunity been greater, he might have done better; for, as will be seen, he was improving towards the end.

Judging him with all charity, it must be admitted that he lacked initiative. Sheridan, in rough, direct speech, said: "The army was all right. The trouble was the commander never went out to lick anybody, but always thought first of keeping from getting licked"[1]—a sentiment like Grant's: "Don't be too anxious about what the other fellow is going to do to you, but make him anxious about what you are going to do to him." Not shot and shell, but phantom dangers paralyzed his nerve. Macbeth himself was never so daunted by unsubstantial visions. Whenever confronting an unseen foe he fancied

[1] Quoted by Henderson, *Science of War*, 256.

legions of superior forces before him, and it was never possible to undeceive him. Nor did he have here the excuse of an uneasy conscience, for no man was ever more serenely sure that his actions were of the best. This abnormal activity of the imagination beset him from first to last, and was fatal to entire efficiency.

McClellan's beginning inspired high hopes. Out of chaos came order; confidence succeeded depression. The raw regiments flocking in from every state were forthwith brigaded, divisioned, massed into corps, and with all energy schooled into soldiership. Arms and equipments were never lacking, and the soldiers fared sumptuously every day. As summer passed into fall the drill of the infantry became admirable; the artillery reached a high standard of effectiveness; the cavalry (the importance of which was then undervalued), though few in number, was after the best model. A little earlier a newspaper gravely announced that a boy throwing a stone at a dog in Pennsylvania Avenue had hit three brigadier-generals. Such squibs now lost all point; officers ceased to lounge at Washington or elsewhere, but were zealously on duty, and the rank and file felt the healthy rigors of discipline. McClellan was a superb horseman, mounted usually upon a handsome black. Of his boots, reaching to his hips, the recruits said that they "could collect more Virginia mud than those of any man in the army": that is, he rode in all weathers and roads, and fast

and far. Well-planned forts and lines soon stood out upon every point of vantage about Washington. As the active general dashed brilliantly from camp to camp with a quick eye for every detail, the troops soon came to follow him with enthusiasm and felt the contagion of his energy.

This splendid warlike instrument, elaborately polished and pointed, made due impression upon the North; and the question was soon pressed with earnestness that daily increased, when is it to be put to use? Summer passed into fall, and the fall began to wane, but there was no sign of movement from the Potomac; nor at the West, now under McClellan's general supervision, had there been any proper activity since the death of Lyon at Wilson's Creek. Beauregard had departed, but the Confederates under "Joe" Johnston, still near the battle-ground at Manassas, thirty-five miles distant, reinforced and carefully schooled, though greatly inferior in numbers to the Federals, threatened Washington as before. Johnston steadily preserved a bold front; and by simple artifices, such as placing in pretended intrenchments "quaker guns" —logs of the proper size painted black—baffled completely the enemy's scouts, until the imagination of McClellan saw thousands where there were scarcely hundreds. October 21 occurred an affair at Ball's Bluff, on the Potomac, a skirmish with unfortunate result to the Union, causing great discouragement. Very sad here was the death of Colonel Edward D.

Baker; and still sadder, perhaps, the unmerited disgrace of General Charles P. Stone, who, made a scape-goat for the occasion, endured long ignominy for which no reparation could be made.

While McClellan organized to admiration and procrastinated to exasperation, the navy, whose strength had been gathering, began to make itself felt. Buying right and left, building at every yard, chartering everything from harbor-tugs and ferry-boats to transatlantic liners, the department was fast getting into commission a formidable though motley fleet. If the blockade, so promptly announced, was to be maintained, ports of refuge and supply close at hand for the ships on duty must be provided. Hence it was that, August 29, Hatteras and Ocracoke inlets, on the North Carolina coast, were seized, an easy and nearly bloodless victory, which virtually put under Federal control Albemarle and Pamlico sounds.[1] November 7 came the more important capture of Port Royal, South Carolina, an excellent harbor midway between Charleston and Savannah, commanding the Sea Islands, the finest cotton district of the South.[2]

Just at this time, too, November 8, the navy struck another blow, which threatened catastrophe. Mason and Slidell, commissioners from the South to England and France, while on the high seas in West Indian waters, on board the British mail-steamer *Trent*, were by force taken off and made

[1] Ammen, *Atlantic Coast*, 163. [2] *Ibid.*, 13.

prisoners by Captain Wilkes of the Federal man-of-war *San Jacinto* and brought into Hampton Roads.[1]

The *Trent* incident suddenly brought North and South face to face with Europe in unexpected international relations. Both belligerents were anxious for support and sympathy abroad, and both had been disappointed as to the treatment they had received. The South, persuaded that their staple was king, had counted upon controlling the policy of Europe through her monopoly of cotton. The North, at war with slave-holders, expected a strong fellow-feeling, at least on the part of anti-slavery England. Both sides had taken pains at once to have their cases properly presented abroad: the South sent over a commission headed by William L. Yancey, one of the most plausible of her statesmen, to plead her cause at various courts; the North also sent capable men—Carl Schurz to Spain, George P. Marsh to Italy, Cassius M. Clay to Russia, William L. Dayton to France, and Charles Francis Adams to England. The representatives of neither section found a cordial reception. The powers were bewildered and doubtful, and no one of them would take decided ground. To secure favor in England was of course the especial desire of each section; for as England went it was quite certain the powers in general would go.

Adams, appointed at Seward's insistence, who

[1] *Naval War Records*, I., 129.

thereby rendered his country a noble service, in his only interview with Lincoln received an unfavorable impression: the president's uncouthness jarred upon the fastidious visitor; he seemed far more interested in filling offices than in a foreign policy of a proper kind, and Adams took his leave, as did many another, heartsick that the country's destinies were in such hands.[1] He arrived in England only to hear it announced that on the previous day, May 12, the British government had recognized the belligerency of the South. The contention of the North was that the South was in "insurrection," and therefore technically could not be a "belligerent." The act of the British government was a practical ignoring of this principle; but the slowness of the Washington government in sending a minister and its proclamation of a blockade took away the force of its objection.

As the months went on the prospects for the North grew always darker. The non-conforming middle class in England, from which what is best in America was originally derived, and with which has always resided the best strength and conscience of England, was anxious and silent: the position of the North as to slavery did not satisfy it. Aristocratic England, on the other hand, and all whom it could influence, were not sorry to see the great republic disrupted; and when Bull Run and, later, Ball's Bluff were announced, the success of the South was hailed

[1] C. F. Adams, *Charles Francis Adams*, 145.

with joy, and the feeling deepened that it had established its right to recognition. Adams was soon in pleasant personal relations with the government, especially with Lord John Russell, secretary for foreign affairs; but his principal, Seward, was disliked and distrusted, and Seward's mind was believed to rule the administration at Washington. When, in November, the *Trent* incident was announced, the situation was precarious indeed. The arsenals became busy, troops were despatched to Canada, war seemed at hand.[1]

In America the act of Wilkes was at first hailed in the North with acclamations. The South was scarcely less joyous, feeling that its enemy was now surely in for a quarrel with England. In Washington the Navy Department hastened to approve the act;[2] the House of Representatives gave to Wilkes a vote of thanks;[3] there is reason to believe that in the cabinet all rejoiced except Blair. In Boston, an enthusiastic meeting, addressed by Everett, Andrew, Chief-Justice Bigelow, and Caleb Cushing, gave its endorsement;[4] the popular demonstrations were general and fervid.

Fortunately for the North, there was wiser counsel and a sober second thought. In this moment of peril Charles Sumner rendered to his country per-

[1] Seward, *Dipl. Hist. of War for Union*, 45.
[2] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, V., 25 et seq.
[3] *Cong. Globe*, 37 Cong., 2 Sess., pt. i., 5.
[4] Pearson, *Andrew*, I., 313.

haps his most important service. As chairman of the Senate committee on foreign affairs his position was commanding. In Congress and out he made his counsel felt.[1] Lincoln appears to have been undecided, but easily allowed himself to be convinced. Seward, if not clear at first, was soon on the reasonable side. The administration reached its final decision at Christmas-time. Word was sent to England that the act of Wilkes was unauthorized, because he neglected the recognized principles of international law by not bringing in the *Trent* for adjudication by the prize court, and that Mason and Slidell would be returned forthwith. Thus the North made amends for the mistake which had been committed: the return of the envoys was accepted in England as satisfactory, and the great danger was averted.[2]

In Missouri the hopeful initiative of Lyon and Blair was blighted by an appointment from which the utmost had been expected. John Charles Frémont, the son-in-law of Benton, a presidential candidate in 1856, a standard-bearer of the Free-Soilers, a man credited with skill and daring as a pathfinder in the remote West, was put at the head of the department with high anticipations. Never was hope more cruelly deceived; a few weeks were enough to prove him vain, shallow, weak. Though

[1] Storey, *Sumner*, 208.

[2] See Seward, *Dipl. Hist. of War for Union*, 295–311, for the correspondence.

not personally dishonest, a corrupt throng surrounded him, among whom waste and theft ran riot. Lyon fell a victim to his military inefficiency.[1] As long as he remained prominent, in Missouri and later in Virginia, a tasselled and bewhiskered retinue of foreign vagabonds, some of whom had been circus-riders, and some of whom eventually became jail-birds,[2] were always close at hand, gay for parade but worthless before Confederate rifles. The grim Ewell said once, after having scattered Frémont's lines, that he felt as if he were again dealing with the feeble, semi-civilized Mexicans.[3]

Frémont's arrogance was equal to his folly. August 31, 1861, he issued a proclamation freeing the slaves of disloyal owners throughout his department—a manifesto that delighted the radicals; but it caused a reactionary panic in the border states which the administration was so solicitous to hold to the Union. Lincoln very courteously but firmly interfered: in his judgment the time was not ripe for such a measure, and he was determined to decide upon the moment himself. Frémont took the president's interposition ungraciously. On all accounts it now became plain that a change must be made, and on November 2 he was superseded by General David Hunter.[4]

[1] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, IV., 411 et seq. For a more favorable view, see *Report of Com. on Cond. of War*, IV., pt. iii. (1862–1863), 3. [2] *McClellan's Own Story*, 142.

[3] Dabney, *Jackson*, II., 152.

[4] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, IV., 416 et seq.

The tone of Congress, which met December 2, was depressed and anxious, the defeats in the field and the unsettled *Trent* affair weighing heavily. The message of the president veiled nothing; instead of a speedy settlement of troubles a long contest began to seem probable, and as yet there had been no substantial success; a policy of makeshifts must be discarded. However, both president and Congress faced the situation with resolution. At Richmond, on the other hand, the tone was cheerful: Davis and Stephens were unanimously sustained by the South, pride was quickened by the victories, and the action of Wilkes, it was thought, would bring upon the North a serious foreign quarrel.

At Washington, December 9, was constituted an important joint "Committee on the Conduct of the War,"[1] consisting of Wade, Chandler, and Andrew Johnson, from the Senate, and Julian, Covode, Gooch, and Odell from the House—a committee of radical tone headed by an impetuous man. It played a great part thenceforth throughout the war. Its zeal often outran its discretion, sometimes with unfortunate, even appalling, results; but it was laborious and well-purposed, and sometimes accomplished good.[2]

On January 11, 1862, occurred an event of mo-

[1] *Cong. Globe*, 37 Cong., 2 Sess., 40.

[2] For the activity of the committee, see its *Reports*, in eight volumes; criticised by Henderson, *Science of War*, 212, the soldier's view being that its influence was subversion of proper discipline.

mentous import: Cameron, secretary of war, was virtually removed from his place. Peculation and disorder were becoming rife in the immense business of the department. Though the secretary himself probably drew no personal advantage from it, his hand was quite too feeble for the control of armies and generals. Like Frémont, he committed at last an indiscretion, if not an act of insubordination, by a manifesto regarding the negroes, and his removal became a necessity. Lincoln showed no harshness in Cameron's case, persuaded no doubt that his secretary, though weak, was not culpable. He was made minister to Russia, and into his place stepped Edwin M. Stanton.

Stanton, born near Steubenville, Ohio, settled in Pittsburg, where he soon gained fame as a lawyer.[1] A faithful Democrat, he became attorney-general in the reorganized cabinet of Buchanan, in January, 1861, and co-operated with Black, Holt, and Dix in the more vigorous policy which marked the closing months of that administration. As a bundle of contrasting qualities Stanton was a stranger phenomenon than even McClellan. He was a very dynamo of energy, incorruptible, intensely patriotic, no respecter of persons, and of unflinching courage. He was at the same time capable of doing great injustice, and even when his eyes were opened was slow in reparation. In his vituperations, even of worthy men, he went beyond all bounds of decency.

[1] Gorham, *Stanton*, chap. i. et seq.

He was callous to the suffering of individuals, violent in his wrath. Even in his cooler moments he seemed intolerant, heartless, cynical. Strangely enough, no man had to such an extent been the victim of his diatribes as Lincoln himself. "Imbecile," "ape," "gorilla"—the English language has no words more contemptuous than those poured out by Stanton upon Lincoln in public and private; and equally supercilious had been his references to the Republican party — of all which Lincoln was well aware. That Lincoln should have recognized in such a porcupine the qualities of a great war minister, the very man for the difficult hour, and, magnanimously overlooking hatred and insults, should have put him into power and made him his most familiar companion and a mighty instrument of good, is one of the greatest things he ever did.

Stanton came at Lincoln's call, and came perhaps for the salvation of the country. Henceforth he was at the president's right hand, a broad-shouldered figure, with rough hair and beard, and a face into which easily came the flush of wrath, standing day after day at his high desk in the War Office. About him sat a company of hushed and half-frightened clerks and stenographers, and uncomfortable was the experience of any one, whether major-general, subaltern, or private citizen, who came to him for a favor. In hard, unsympathetic tones an inquisition was conducted; the why and wherefore must be given, whatever delicacy was violated. Each word

was taken down by scribbling pens, and all must be told in public. He had personal force to terrorize all but the strongest. The general-in-chief, even, McClellan—to whom at first he was friendly, found him at last a severe censor. He later took Sherman to task at the height of his career as if he were a man of small importance. Grant is said to have been the one army head with whom Stanton never meddled. Lincoln, though forbearing much, was always his master. "Mr. President, I refuse to execute this order." "Well, Mr. Secretary, I reckon it will have to be done." And done it always was.[1] Negligence and corruption disappeared under the domination of this harsh, almost ruthless, benefactor. After the advent of Stanton the armies were made to do their best. He pervaded them with his own force and fire, an infusion essential for the victory which came at last.

[1] McClure, *Lincoln and Men of War Times*, 155 et seq.

CHAPTER VI

WESTERN ADVANCE

(November, 1861–March, 1862)

IT has been said that the war in the West may be regarded as a flanking movement on a vast scale, by which, after four years, through operations involving many armies and covering a large area, the main military strength of the Confederacy, focussed in Virginia, was at last turned and its overthrow accomplished. At the opening of 1862, of course, no such project was entertained: McClellan commanded all the Federal armies, and it was impossible for him or any other man to foresee conditions and plan a scheme to suit them. For a time the management was disjointed. At the East, Richmond, as the Confederate headquarters, was the objective of the Army of the Potomac; at the West, to break the Confederate line of defence at the most advantageous point was the objective. Between East and West there was no co-operation; still more, at the West the troops were divided into two armies, under a commander quite independent and unconnected. The beginning was necessarily ineffective; but the operations of February, 1862, were the initiation of what

became eventually the great flanking movement, pushed, in the end, with harmony and decision. This must now engage us; and we must, first of all, become acquainted with the two men who were the principal agents in bringing about the result.

Ulysses Simpson Grant was born at Point Pleasant, on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, in 1822.[1] He grew into a man, short, compact, with a face marked by homely sense and strength, developing a certain artless overconfiding honesty in his character, to which in part may be ascribed his early failures and also some of the difficulties of his career after the war; yet it is a quality that endears him.[2] He had persistency, courage, and that complete common-sense which some one has called the highest genius. A West Point career without distinction preceded an experience in the Mexican War, in which it can only be said that he did his duty. Resigning from the army, he went for a time into eclipse, failing both as farmer and business man.

Not until the age of thirty-nine did the hour strike for him. The outbreak of the war found him at Galena, Illinois, in a small leather-and-hardware store, into which his perplexed father had taken his unthrifty and sometimes intemperate son, who, with his wife and children, must in some way be supported. He resumed military life, where he had to

[1] Grant, *Personal Memoirs*, I., 1 et seq.

[2] See Matthew Arnold's article on Grant, *Murray's Magazine*, I., 130–140, 150–166 (January and February, 1887).

climb: placed in command of a raw, refractory regiment, he showed that he could discipline and organize. From commanding the guard at a railroad station, he passed presently to the charge of a district, then to the management of the great depot at Cairo, Illinois. He was now a brigadier-general, and soon made himself known to the country as a leader cool and adroit in the field. November 7, 1861, at the head of a force of three thousand men, in order to effect a diversion in behalf of troops exposed to danger in southeast Missouri, he fought the battle of Belmont. The Confederates had seized Columbus, Kentucky, on the high bluff opposite, and Grant was met with vigor and skill. A drawn battle was the result, the rawness of the Federals snatching away the victory when it seemed gained. Grant retired on his transports to Cairo, where we find him at the opening of the memorable year 1862.

Together with Grant stood in that western arena at the outset of 1862 a companion champion hardly less noteworthy. Like Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman [1] was of ancient Puritan New England strain, of the family of the revolutionary Roger Sherman, brother of John Sherman, of Ohio, allied to the Hoars, of Massachusetts, and to William M. Evarts, of New York. His father early went out from Connecticut to the "fire-lands" of Ohio, where William was born while the region still retained its frontier conditions, the shadow of the power of the

[1] Sherman, *Memoirs*, I., 9 et seq.

mighty Indian chief whose name was given to the child having but recently passed away. He grew to manhood slender and sinewy, with prominent forehead over alert brown eyes, and energetic speech and manner—a man, like Grant, of direct and simple nature. After due military discipline at West Point, in Mexico, and on the border, and experience as a teacher and a man of business, we have seen him head a brigade in the charge up the Henry house hill at the first Bull Run. He then went West at the request of General Robert Anderson; and when presently that officer succumbed to ill-health, Sherman succeeded him for a brief time in command of the Department of the Ohio. It became known to the administration and the country that Sherman had said that two hundred thousand men would be needed for offensive operations in the West alone; a cry arose that he had gone crazy,[1] and he retired to St. Louis disheartened and discredited. Fortunately for the Union it was a short withdrawal.

In the opposing camp stood a soldier who, at the beginning of 1862, possessed perhaps the confidence of Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy more than any other. Albert Sidney Johnston was fifty-eight years old, a native of Kentucky, a man of character often tested and always well sustained. He had been colonel of the second cavalry, and in the old army rivalled Lee in the esteem of men. At the outbreak, while commander in California, he showed a fine

[1] Sherman, *Memoirs*, I., 233.

sense of honor by refusing to use his position in San Francisco to the advantage of the Confederacy.[1] It was felt that the cause of the Confederacy in the West could be in no better hands than his, for, as Jefferson Davis said, "If Johnston is not a soldier we have no soldiers."

As the conflict of 1862 opened, Johnston proposed for defence a line stretching from Columbus, Kentucky, which General Leonidas Polk had fortified, through Bowling Green, a strategic point near the junction of the Louisville & Nashville and the Memphis & Ohio railroads, and thence eastward. Confronting him were General Henry W. Halleck, at St. Louis, who had succeeded Frémont after the short régime of Hunter, and whose jurisdiction extended to central Kentucky; in eastern Kentucky, General Don Carlos Buell, admirable to organize and discipline, but slow to fight. The centre of the Confederate line of defence was crossed by the Cumberland and Tennessee, navigable rivers which were there only twelve miles apart; to cover that little line were built two forts — Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, which barred all passage. The Confederates had to deal with a military engine hitherto scarcely known in the history of warfare, the efficiency of which had not yet been tested—the river gun-boat. Seven of these formidable craft were already completed at St. Louis, armed with thirteen or more heavy

[1] W. P. Johnston, *A. S. Johnston*, 261.

cannon and covered with armor. Other gun-boats of lighter build were also at hand, a fleet which the North, abounding in mechanics and shops, as the South did not, could easily construct and maintain. But the South was wary, and Forts Donelson and Henry were prepared to offer to these assailants of unknown power a good resistance.

A lieutenant of Buell's was Brigadier-General George H. Thomas, a Virginian, who, however, like Scott, threw in his lot with the Union. As the two hostile lines clashed, Thomas was at the point of earliest impact, stepping out then into a prominence which grew more marked as time went on. He commanded in eastern Kentucky, at Buell's left, and in midwinter an enterprising Confederate column under Zollicoffer came down upon him through Cumberland Gap. A complete Confederate overthrow at Mill Springs was the result, and the date, January 18, 1862, is marked as that of the first real success of a Federal army.[1]

Whose eye it was which first detected in the narrow space of twelve miles, with Fort Henry to the west and Fort Donelson to the east, the place where a blow at the Confederacy could be most effectually struck, has been a matter much debated. Halleck claimed the credit, and Sherman seems willing to accord it to him,[2] but the idea has been claimed for several others, among them Buell and

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 7, pp. 75–115 (Mill Springs).
[2] Sherman, *Memoirs*, I., 248.

Grant. Perhaps to any good military man the strategic value of the place would have been obvious: the two rivers are pathways into the heart of the South; just here they approach each other most closely. The Confederates certainly had detected the key-point, and skilfully established there the two strongholds, back to back, either garrison being able to reinforce the other, as need might be, by a march of half a day.

Grant, by a prompt move from Cairo, had already anticipated Polk in occupying Paducah and Smithland, at the mouths respectively of the Tennessee and Cumberland; he now besought Halleck for permission to make the attempt on Forts Henry and Donelson, his petition being reinforced by that of Commodore A. H. Foote, who, as commander of the gun-boats, was eager for an opportunity. Shortly before, Lincoln had issued a peremptory order for a general advance, at least by February 22. The time was approaching, and at length Halleck gave the word. Next day Grant and Foote left Cairo with seventeen thousand men and the gun-boats, and, moving as fast as steam could drive, entered the Tennessee and were soon before Fort Henry.[1]

Tilghman, the experienced officer in command, did the best that could be done. He had but thirty-five hundred men; a swollen river had drowned out important water-batteries; the unexpectedness of the attack made succor from Johnston impossible.

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 7, pp. 119–152 (Fort Henry).

He saved his army by sending it overland to Fort Donelson; but, remaining himself with a few artillerymen, he made a stubborn fight. The gun-boats, moving fortresses, armed with cannon of the heaviest caliber, and impenetrable except as a well-aimed shot might enter a porthole, approaching to within a quarter of a mile, discharged their bolts. The army landing, meantime, swept unopposed about the flanks and rear. Tilghman disabled and nearly destroyed the *Essex*, which floated helpless out of action; but at last, his own guns being in great part disabled, he surrendered, himself with his little company of gunners.

All was accomplished at Fort Henry on February 6. Grant, sanguine as always, in telegraphing the news to Halleck declared he would capture Donelson on the 8th.[1] There was not a moment's delay. While three of the lighter gun-boats were despatched up the Tennessee as far as Alabama, Foote, with the heavier craft, circumnavigated *via* the Ohio to Donelson, while Grant pressed across country with the bulk of the troops. Bushrod Johnson, commanding at Donelson, had at first but six thousand men, including the thirty-five hundred sent from Fort Henry. Had Grant been able to bring his army to bear on the 8th, as he had hoped, victory would have been easy. But high water delayed him, and meantime Johnston poured in reinforcements. John B. Floyd, Gideon J. Pillow, and Simon

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 7, pp. 157–415 (Fort Donelson).

B. Buckner, marching in all haste, swelled the garrison to twenty-one thousand before Grant could attack. His own force was rapidly increased to twenty-seven thousand,[1] but the case was dubious for any but a most resolute commander. The Federal superiority in numbers was more than balanced by the Confederate superiority in position: the fort itself stood on a bluff one hundred feet above the river, dominating also the country to the rear, while well-planned intrenchments occupied the ridges, all approaches blocked with abatis. Unfortunately for the Confederates, the three generals were not in harmony; the best among them, Buckner, had small power because outranked.

Operations against Donelson began with a poor outlook for the Federals. The weather, so mild at first as to lead many of the inexperienced troops to throw away their coats and blankets, became cold and stormy. For a day or two Grant's force was distinctly inferior, and might have been attacked to advantage by an enterprising foe. But his front was bold, and his reinforcements arrived in time. The attacks by the gun-boats, February 13 and 14, were disastrous; nor at first were affairs on land any brighter. On the 15th the Confederates made an attack which, had it come a day before, might have been crushing. McClernand, who commanded the Federal right, at dawn was roughly handled by a heavy column which swept clear the road south-

[1] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 78.

ward and opened a path for escape, if not for victory.

Grant at the moment was absent, having been sent for by the wounded commodore for a consultation on the flag-ship, a few miles down-stream. Returning in all haste, he found great confusion and demoralization. One cannot forbear asking what would have been the probable conduct of a commander of the McClellan type in such a crisis: there was most excellent reason for retreating; the fleet had failed; McClernand had been driven; the weather was bad; the raw troops were largely beyond control; the enemy was greatly reinforced; to facilitate a Federal retreat, gun-boats and transports in large numbers were at hand. Grant's conclusion was thoroughly in character. He says in his report that, finding his ammunition exhausted and his men in great confusion, "and noticing that the enemy did not take advantage of my situation, I concluded that he probably was in a worse condition than I, and so at once ordered a new attack." [1] Fortunately for the Union, the left wing, under an excellent general, C. F. Smith, had been only slightly engaged. This now advanced, February 15, and charged with brilliant courage. The works on the Confederate right, commanded by Buckner, at the moment thinned of defenders, who had been drawn off for the attack to the southward, could make no effective resistance. Buckner rushed back at the

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 7, p. 159.

alarm, but too late. Smith, in the centre of the Fourth Iowa, led the charge, "the old man's white moustache" (he was sixty years old), seen over his shoulder as he looked back to encourage his men, serving like the plume of Navarre for an oriflamme. Success was complete. "Lew" Wallace led forward with equal gallantry the Federal centre, and the victory was soon decided. Grant's soldierly logic was completely justified.

The jarring trio of Confederate leaders met in council and agreed to capitulate, but who should surrender his sword? Floyd had been Buchanan's secretary of war, and, believing himself in especial disfavor at the North, was terrified at the idea of capture. Pillow, too, dreaded to be made a prisoner. The responsibility of surrender was therefore unloaded by the chiefs upon the shoulders of Buckner. A steamer reaching the fort with four hundred recruits, the poor fellows were at once landed to be transferred in a few hours to Federal prisons without striking a blow. Floyd hastily took their places with his personal following, and, leaving in the lurch the guards he had set to protect his embarkation, fled up-stream towards Nashville. His name henceforth disappears in the story of the Civil War, as does also that of Pillow, who, crossing the river, made his way into the country.

A fugitive that day, but of a different kind, was Nathan B. Forrest, a name which now first appears in our narrative. He was a man of humble birth

and little education, a trader in slaves and mules,[1] grave, silent, unobtrusive, but possessed of military genius of a high order. As a leader of cavalry he was unequalled and knew no fear. During his service he was destined to take part in one hundred and twenty-nine actions, and to have twenty-seven horses shot under him. In one terse sentence he summed up his art of war: "To git thar first with the most men." [2] On this day, having pointed out to his superiors a possible path of escape by a road partially overflowed along the river, which was judged impracticable, he rode away with his troop in the darkness to reappear later on more fortunate fields.

The terms granted Buckner were "Unconditional Surrender"; and on February 16 the victory was consummated. As on so many other fields, when all was over, the two generals, victor and vanquished, old West Point friends, came together familiarly with the former personal friendship. "Why did you not attack on Friday?" said Grant. "I was not in command," said Buckner. "If you had my reinforcements could not have reached here in time," said Grant.[3] A little more promptness on one side, a little less resolute decision on the other, and the tables would have been turned.

In this severe battle the Federal loss was, killed,

[1] Taylor, *Destruction and Reconstruction*, 200.
[2] *Confederate Veteran*, III., 226 (1895), and V., 277 (1897).
[3] *Southern Bivouac*, V., 696 (1886–1887).

500; wounded, 2108; missing, 224; to the Confederates, a total of 2000 killed and wounded; while the captures amounted to 14,000 men and 40 cannon, besides the strong position.

This great success was hailed throughout the North with extraordinary demonstrations, among which perhaps the most remarkable was that of Halleck, in St. Louis. His telegram, sent at once to Washington, ran: "Make Buell, Grant, and Pope major-generals of volunteers, and give me command in the West. I ask this in return for Donelson and Henry."[1] Why Halleck should be supreme commander was not obvious, but it soon became plain that some one should be. For the moment the Confederates seemed paralyzed. In view of their small resources, the loss was enormous, and there was a general withdrawal southward. Johnston had committed no fault; his reinforcement at Donelson had been abundant—bad management of subordinates had made it useless; but in that early period of the war neither Johnston nor any one else knew what lieutenants to select. He prudently retired from Nashville, which presently fell without a blow into the hands of Buell. For a time he was the object of popular execration, but was stoutly upheld by Jefferson Davis.

In the scattering and paralysis of the Confederates, Grant asserts that a good leader, with the Union armies united, might have marched anywhere

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 7, p. 628.

through the South.[1] Buell and Halleck, however, had each his independent command and his own ideas as to the campaign. The situation was further complicated by an outbreak of temper upon Halleck's part against Grant, whom he accused of slackness and insubordination in terms so unmeasured that Grant demanded to be relieved.[2] But Federal conditions soon grew better. Halleck received the supreme command he had sought, his authority extending from the Alleghanies westward; as McClellan was restricted at the same time to the Army of the Potomac, Halleck had now no superior but the president. The explanations of Grant at the same time availed; his service was not thrown away, his authority now becoming co-ordinate with that of Buell, under Halleck. Concentration and advance were the watchwords. An imposing procession of more than eighty steamers, loaded with exultant men, swept up the Tennessee towards the strategic points on the Mississippi and Alabama frontiers, and Buell set out from Nashville to connect his host with the river army.

But the crucial time had not yet come. The Confederacy, dazed but for the moment, sprang now to grapple the danger with all possible energy. Men and resources poured in. Johnston, with Beauregard for his second, stung by the undeserved abuse heaped upon him, pervaded with his impetuous spirit the whole arena. Meantime the fine military

[1] Grant, *Personal Memoirs*, I., 261. [2] *Ibid.*, 268 et seq.

promenade on the Tennessee came to a disappointing end. The river at flood made projected operations impossible, and at the end of March, Grant's force of about thirty-three thousand men lay at and near Pittsburg Landing. Johnston and Beauregard, their forces of forty thousand men now concentrated, occupied Corinth, Mississippi, twenty miles distant, where cross the Memphis & Charleston and Mobile & Ohio railroads. Buell, with about thirty thousand men, was marching to join Grant. Would Johnston seize the opportunity before the two Federal armies united?

CHAPTER VII

CHECK IN THE WEST

(April, 1862)

GRANT'S army, in April, 1862, was encamped at Pittsburg Landing, on the west bank of the Tennessee, then at flood and easily navigable for transports with supplies and their protecting gun-boats. The bluff, rising above the river some seventy feet, was cut through by two streams which flanked the camps above and below, on the north Snake Creek and its tributary, Owl Creek, and on the south Lick Creek—the mouths of which are about three miles apart. Since the general course of Owl and Snake creeks is northeast, while Lick Creek runs more nearly east, the beds of the streams about three miles back from the river approach each other, the stretch between, a mile in width, being crossed by a road running southwest to Corinth. April 6, 1862, back-water from the Tennessee was pushing up into the mouths of the creeks; the ravines around and in the roughly triangular area enclosed by the watercourses were boggy or flooded; the crests and depressions were covered partly with heavy forest, partly with thickets, a clearing now

and then intervening. Upon the roads which traversed the wild region in various directions the only notable structure was Shiloh church, a backwoods shrine of logs, about a mile and a half due west from the river.

Grant's famous dictum, "Don't be over-anxious about what your enemy is going to do to you; but make him anxious about what you are going to do to him," was here too literally followed. He was so intent upon the training and discipline of his willing but uninstructed volunteers, so as to pour them out at the earliest practicable moment upon the lines of Corinth, that he quite overlooked the possibility of a stroke in his direction delivered by Johnston. Hence the exposed stretch between the two creeks to the southwest was left without sign of redoubt or rifle-pit; moreover, the troops nearest at hand to the enemy were the rawest in the army.[1] The force was not arranged for defence, but for the time being was rather a group of camps for instruction, the divisions isolated by considerable intervals, busily preparing to strike, with no thought that they might have to parry.

Of Grant's five division commanders, Sherman, whose "insanity," somehow, was less obvious to the country than it had been the previous fall, and who was in favor again, occupied a position near Shiloh church, his line extending from Owl Creek, on the northwest. At a half-mile's distance from him was

[1] Force, *Fort Henry to Corinth*, 122.

posted B. M. Prentiss, some of whose regiments, just arrived, had barely received their arms, one being still without ammunition. After another considerable interval came the brigade of Stuart, of three regiments; this belonged to Sherman's command, but had been detached to guard the crossings of Lick Creek, on the south. Nearer the river, McClernand was posted behind Sherman, and Hurlbut still farther back. Near these was the division formerly commanded by C. F. Smith, a good soldier who had just met premature death; his division was now led by W. H. L. Wallace. Still another division, about six thousand strong, under Lew Wallace, was six miles below, at Crump's Landing, to guard against a possible raid of the enemy at that point. Grant himself had his headquarters at Savannah, nine miles down the river, a point which Buell was approaching from the east.

Early in the morning of Sunday, April 6, 1862, Grant sat at breakfast, when the rumble of cannon came up from the south. He set down his cup of coffee half emptied and hurried away.[1] Ordering Nelson, who had arrived at Savannah with Buell's advance, to march up the east bank of the Tennessee, he hastened by steamer to Pittsburg Landing, on the way warning Lew Wallace to be ready on the instant, if ordered, to cross Owl Creek and connect with the right. On his arriving at the landing, direful

[1] Account of Mrs. W. H. Cherry, in *Confederate Veteran*, I., 44 (1893).

were the sights and sounds which assailed him. Albert Sidney Johnston was impetuously advancing. Beauregard, second in command, had advised against attack, thinking a surprise an impossibility. Though overruled, he lent his aid zealously to his superior, remaining with the headquarters staff, but by no means out of the fight.

The night before, the Confederates had bivouacked within two miles of the Federal front, so baffling the scouts and reconnoitring-parties that they quite failed to detect the nearness of their foes. Johnston chose his place in the line of attack. As the divisions deployed in the gray mist of the dawn, Leonidas Polk led the left, Braxton Bragg the centre, and William J. Hardee the right, with John C. Breckinridge in reserve, champions of the Confederacy destined to render able and gallant service throughout the war.

The scanty Federal pickets and outposts were slain or dissipated in a moment, and a line of fire presently began to envelop the divisions of Sherman and Prentiss. The Federal resistance was stubborn; reinforcements came forward from the divisions behind, and efforts were made to maintain positions. But the Confederates swept around the flanks of the isolated Union masses, and it became a choice between retreat and destruction. The lines, both of attack and defence, soon lost continuity, so that the battle fell away into a conflict of regiments, indeed of squads, swaying back and forth over the

broken, tangled area, the combatants now in ravines and swamps, now on the crests of ridges, now for a moment emerging into clearings, now buried in forest. There was no point from which a broad view of the field could be gained, or supervision by a general properly exercised. The Federal line on the right was at last forced back a mile; the Confederates were striving hard to make their way to the south towards the river.

Grant was at hand, but in the blind confusion his efforts counted for but little. He was in great pain from a fall from his horse; nevertheless, where the battle-smoke was thickest he was present, sharp-eyed and imperturbable. His early orders to Lew Wallace to make all haste to the field were unfortunately made impossible of execution because the bridge across Owl Creek, held in the morning by Sherman, was found by Wallace commanded by overwhelming masses of the enemy. Counselled by John A. Rawlins and James B. McPherson (two fine officers who that day were winning their spurs), he countermarched, with the idea of crossing nearer the river; but this consumed the entire day.[1]

The afternoon brought critical moments to both sides. About half-past two the Confederates sustained an immeasurable loss in the fall of Johnston. His clothing had been torn by bullets; the sole of his boot had been rent away; and at last, while marshalling a charge, a ball from a fleeing foe struck

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 10, p. 169.

his leg, injuring an artery. The hurt might not have been fatal had surgical aid been close at hand; but he sank from his steed and soon bled to death. The South could better have spared an army.[1] A little later came marked disaster to the Federals. Prentiss, with his green levies, had maintained his ground with remarkable intrepidity, refusing to retire; but he found himself wrapped about by masses of the foe, who poured upon him, front, flank, and at last from the rear. W. H. L. Wallace also stood far forward in the danger, in a position named by the assailants the "Hornets' Nest." Wallace fell with a mortal wound; and Prentiss, his division reduced to twenty-two hundred men, was overpowered at last and captured.[2]

As sunset drew near, the Federals retained but one position among those held by them in the morning. Their camps in general were in the hands of their enemies, and were thronged by stragglers seeking for booty or tired of the conflict. On the Federal side a crowd more numerous and more demoralized, from ten to fifteen thousand in number, cowered under the bluff by the river's edge, all heart and order vanished. It must always be remembered how new to the work of war were both sides: a part had had the slender experience of Belmont and Donelson; but most of the troops on both sides that day for the first time heard the sound of guns fired

[1] W. P. Johnston, *A. S. Johnston*, 613.
[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 10, p. 277.

in action, and most of the officers were as untried as the rank and file.

Among the traditions of Shiloh is that of a just-arrived colonel, who, when the battle began, anxiously begged his men to take good care of themselves for the sake of their friends, himself setting the example. The lieutenant-colonel and adjutant contrived to rally the dissolving companies, and were again making front, when, lo, once more appeared the fatherly colonel, now braving the volleys that he might lead his charge to a place of safety. But contrasting with this is the tradition of another colonel, who, seeing his men begin to waver in a hot place, coolly halted them, and for some minutes drilled them sharply in the manual, until in the vigorous movement their nervousness wore off.[1]

The one position remaining to the Federals at the end of the day was the ridge running back from the landing, in front of which, on the south, lay low and partially flooded ground, swept by the fire of the gun-boats. Confederate authorities have often claimed that but for Johnston's death this position, too, would have been carried; and that since it commanded the river-front, the victory would have been consummated, the destruction of Grant accomplished, and Buell held fast on the east bank of the Tennessee without power to cross. Whether or not there was a disastrous slackening of energy after Johnston's fall is one of the many mooted points

[1] Force, *Fort Henry to Corinth*, 171.

as regards the Shiloh battle. The partisans of Beauregard will not admit that he was in any way wanting when at last the burden of direction fell upon him.[1] That last Federal position was very formidable, and probably it was sound military judgment which induced Beauregard at nightfall to make a pause.

Whitelaw Reid has pictured Grant at the moment of the last Confederate attack. "He sat his horse, quiet, thoughtful, almost stolid. Said one to him: 'Does not the prospect begin to look gloomy?' 'Not at all,' was the quiet reply. 'They can't force our lines around these batteries to-night; it is too late. Delay counts everything with us. To-morrow we shall attack them with fresh troops and drive them of course!'"[2] Shortly, Ammen's brigade, the forerunner of Buell, marched up from the transports which had ferried it over to the cannon-crowned ridge, and for the Federals all was secure. Before morning Buell's army had fully arrived—a force well organized, disciplined, and commanded. The result of the second day's battle was a foregone conclusion: no new troops came to fill up the thinned and fatigued battalions of Beauregard; they fought obstinately about Shiloh church; then withdrew, sullen and slow, with a loss of more than ten thousand in casualties and prisoners, to their own lines

[1] Chisholm, in *Confederate Veteran*, X., 212 (1902); Roman, *Beauregard*, I., 340 et seq.

[2] Reid, *Ohio in the War*, I., 375. Reid heard the conversation.

at Corinth. Their retreat was not disturbed, the Federals, whose loss was thirteen thousand, satisfying themselves with the repossession of their camps.

Seldom during the war was the fighting harder than at Shiloh, and never have the critics been more militant than in discussing the leaders. Some searching questions may be put. Why, with forty thousand enemies so near, were the Federal camps not on the east bank of the river? and why were they so open and ill-ordered? How could a large army approach unmarked? Why, when the assaulting army had been hurled back on the second day, defeated and broken, was there no effort made to pursue, though there were at hand fresh troops, well trained, and generals like George H. Thomas? The answer is simple: the general, like the ordinary man, must learn his trade. For Grant and Buell the battle was a piece of 'prentice-work. Fortunately for the Union, Grant was allowed to go on until he became past-master. For the moment he was in eclipse, Halleck appearing upon the scene and relegating him to inaction.

Halleck's assumption of field command had reason in it, for in his extensive Department of the West he had done well. Out of the disorganization left by Frémont in Missouri he brought order; affairs were managed with economy and honesty, and the resources lavishly furnished were promptly applied to the ends intended. Curtis, the capable officer now serving in Lyon's place, in southwest Missouri,

spurred on by Halleck, marched in midwinter in pursuit of Sterling Price, driving him into Arkansas. Van Dorn, a good soldier, joined Price and took command; but the joint Confederate force, in a high degree irregular and undisciplined, containing indeed a body of Indians, was defeated at Pea Ridge, March 7, 1862, and speedily disintegrated into an uncontrollable rabble. There was no more fighting of armies in Missouri, except near New Madrid, though on both sides guerilla bands long vexed the state.[1]

At once, upon the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, the Confederates abandoned Columbus, but they fortified the next point of vantage on the Mississippi, Island No. 10, near New Madrid, at the southern boundary of Missouri, where the river makes a remarkable bend. Batteries were built on lower ground than heretofore, that they might sweep the stream more effectively. An elaborate fortress was also provided, and a numerous army put in defence. Against New Madrid and Island No. 10 Halleck sent John Pope, who accomplished his work with speed and success. The navy put its hand to the task, soon demonstrating that to run a battery with gunboats was a feat picturesque but hardly perilous. On land the campaign was almost bloodless, but signalized by skilful engineering. By deepening and straightening a narrow bayou, cutting off great trunks four and a half feet below the water-level, binding lagoon to river with connecting channels,

[1] Force, *Fort Henry to Corinth*, 12 et seq.

and other such work, a practicable passage was established which made useless the preparations of the enemy and became a precedent for vaster undertakings. On April 7, the second day of the battle of Shiloh, Pope and his engineers were more fortunate than Grant, for they took the island, with seven thousand men, many guns, and abundant stores.[1]

In company with Foote and the gun-boats, Pope proceeded at once down-stream to Fort Pillow, not far from Memphis, the next Confederate stronghold; but before attacking he was summoned with his army to Corinth. The promising career of Commodore Foote now closes, his wound, received at Donelson, proving mortal.

Halleck assumed personal command of the main army at Pittsburg Landing, and began, "with pick and spade," a slow advance upon Corinth. Van Dorn brought to Beauregard what was left of his troops after Pea Ridge; but with every reinforcement Beauregard remained much inferior to his opponent, whose army rose to one hundred thousand. Beauregard long held him at bay with a bold front, and finally left him only the shell of his camp at Corinth. From this strategic point Halleck planned a new advance, but was summoned to Washington to stand at the side of Lincoln and Stanton, as an expert military adviser.

In this position Halleck was exposed to criticism

[1] Force, *Fort Henry to Corinth*, 66.

which has left him with a reputation for dulness and obstinacy quite undeserved. Sherman believed that Halleck first saw in the spot where the Cumberland and Tennessee so closely approach each other the key-point of Johnston's defensive line. Certainly, after he had authorized Grant to move on Forts Henry and Donelson he backed up the enterprise effectively with men and supplies. The telegram in which he seemed to arrogate to himself the credit of the victory at Forts Donelson and Henry was unfortunate; as was also his censure of Grant; but his idea was correct as to the concentration, and he was absolutely right in demanding supreme command in the West for some one person. It was he who ordered Buell to Shiloh; it was he who set on foot the campaigns of both Curtis and Pope. Putting these generals in motion, he stirred them up to their best efforts, and saw to it that they lacked nothing which could possibly be furnished.

There seemed to be an incredible delay at Corinth in the summer of 1862; but Sherman finds no fault with it, and declares that with the united army Halleck might have marched to the Gulf, or the sea, or anywhere; that he was on the eve of a great campaign when he obeyed, regretfully, the summons to go to Washington.[1] Possibly the great flanking movement by which the Virginia armies were event-

[1] Sherman, *Memoirs*, I., 282. For a high estimate of Halleck, see also Herman Haupt, *Reminiscences*, 301, confirmed by General Haupt in conversation with the author.

ually destroyed might have been accomplished in 1862 instead of 1864. Halleck had made great mistakes, and was destined to make more in the future, but he was not without merit.

CHAPTER VIII

WARFARE ON THE INTERIOR WATERS

(1861–1862)

WHILE the West was thus alive with marching armies and the sound of strife, the East had been experiencing its share of activity by land and sea, and the navy must first engage us. The blockade became steadily more effective as new ships, purchased, chartered, or built for the purpose, gathered at the various rendezvous. Hatteras Inlet and Port Royal, seized in the fall of 1861,[1] became bases for coast and inland expeditions which narrowed the Confederate hold on the shore of the Atlantic. In January, 1862, a fleet and army, braving the midwinter storms which were more formidable than human opposition, entered by Hatteras Inlet, in order to dominate more completely the North Carolina sounds. The fortifications on Roanoke Island, lying between Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, were easily captured, February 8. Newbern and other towns were soon after occupied, and the inlets and river-mouths so occupied and threatened that the outlets to the sea became for the Confederates few

[1] See p. 74 above.

and perilous. This successful course was interrupted during the Virginia campaign of the summer; the troops were to a large extent withdrawn to places where reinforcements were demanded. The Roanoke Island expedition is noteworthy, among other reasons, for bringing to the front Ambrose E. Burnside, its commander,[1] a brave and well-intentioned patriot, quite inadequate, however, for large responsibilities, which later came upon him.

During these same weeks forces farther south were equally busy in expeditions from Port Royal. Fort Pulaski, the strong work which commanded the approaches to Savannah, a post environed by swamps and watercourses, and therefore difficult of access, succumbed rather to the engineering skill than to the bravery of its assailants, April 11, 1862; therefore, most of the littoral of Georgia, in addition to that of North and South Carolina, was in Federal hands.[2] These conquests were presently supplemented by the occupation of the Atlantic ports of Florida. On the Gulf side, the retention of Fort Pickens by Union forces from the beginning had put Pensacola harbor under Federal control. The blockade, at first deemed impracticable, within a year of its establishment was throttling the foreign commerce which was vital to the Confederacy. On the Atlantic scarcely any important ports were left except Charleston and Wilmington; and before the

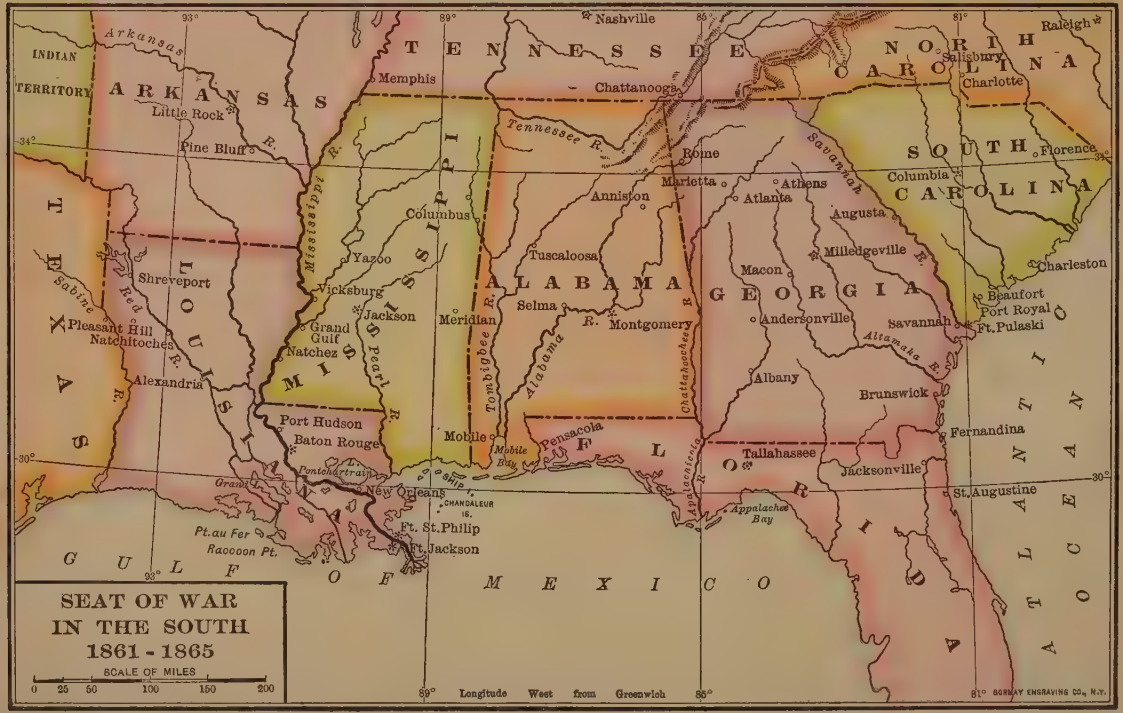
[1] Poore, *Burnside*, 132.
[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 6, pp. 133–167.

thresholds of these places lay, night and day, the fierce and watchful war-dogs of the Union.[1] Nevertheless, up to April, 1862, the Gulf ports of Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, and Matagorda still remained to the Confederacy. How long could these maintain themselves?

This swift and easy repossession of the southern coast-line by the Union, however important, lacked the wholesale excitement of great and bloody battles and was a game little appreciated. But in the midst of it came an incident dramatic and startling in the highest degree, its hero being a naval officer, David Glasgow Farragut, son of a Spaniard from the island of Minorca, who had married a girl of Scotch strain and settled in the Tennessee mountains. After the birth of David the family removed to Louisiana, the father receiving a naval command. David as a boy of thirteen was on the *Essex*, at Valparaiso, in 1814, in her famous fight against the *Phœbe* and *Cherub*. He had done good service on the seas and in port for almost fifty years, but his opportunity did not come until he was sixty years old.[2]

The need of seizing New Orleans, if practicable, was obvious: the place commanded the lower Mississippi, and was the most populous and important city of the Confederacy. The government, therefore, early gave thought to its capture, assigning for that end a land force of eighteen thousand men

[1] Soley, *Blockade and Cruisers*, 82 et seq.
[2] Farragut, *Farragut*, chaps. i., ii.


SEAT OF WAR
IN THE SOUTH
1861 - 1865
SCALE OF MILES
0 25 50 100 150 200
Longitude West from Greenwich
INDIAN TERRITORY
ARKANSAS
TENNESSEE
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA
ALABAMA
MISSISSIPPI
LOUISIANA
TEXAS
FLORIDA
GULF OF MEXICO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Arkansas R.
Little Rock
Fine Bluff
Red R.
Sabine R.
Shreveport
Pleasant Hill
Natchitoches
Alexandria
Memphis
Mississippi R.
Yazoo
Vicksburg
Jackson
Grand Gulf
Natchez
Pearl R.
Port Hudson
Baton Rouge
Pontchartrain
New Orleans
Grand R.
Pt. au Fer
Racoon Pt.
Ft. St. Philip
Ft. Jackson
Ship Is.
Chandaleur Is.
Nashville
Chattanooga
Tennessee R.
Columbus
Tuscaloosa
Selma
Meridian
Tombigbee R.
Alabama R.
Mobile
Mobile Bay
Pensacola
Rome
Marietta
Anniston
Atlanta
Athens
Columbus
Montgomery
Chattahoochee R.
Apalachicola R.
Appalachee Bay
Tallahassee
Savannah R.
Augusta
Milledgeville
Macon
Andersonville
Albany
Raleigh
Salisbury
Charlotte
Florence
Charleston
Beaufort
Port Royal
Savannah
Ft. Pulaski
Altamaha R.
Brunswick
Fernandina
Jacksonville
St. Augustine
93°
89°
85°
81°
34°
30°

under General Benjamin F. Butler, and a powerful fleet. It was recognized that the navy must play the larger part in the operations: eighty-two ships, therefore, were assigned to the West Gulf Squadron, ranging from tugs, mortar-schooners, and chartered ferry-boats to the most powerful man-of-war which the nation owned.[1] To command this great fleet was chosen Farragut, whose force and capacity had been recognized, especially by Welles, secretary of the navy.[2] He hoisted his flag on the *Hartford*, a wooden ship of nineteen hundred tons and twenty-four guns, and February 2, 1862, sailed southward from Hampton Roads to Ship Island, midway between the mouth of the Mississippi and Mobile, the rendezvous for the army and squadron.

Farragut's ships were all of wood; and, although steam in great part was the motive-power, sails were not superseded. Even as Farragut was concentrating in the Gulf, an event, to be described presently, took place in Hampton Roads which revolutionized naval warfare. But the enterprises in the Gulf were well started, and some triumphs still remained for the old-fashioned sailor and the old-fashioned ship.[3] In March the fleet managed to cross the bar and enter the Mississippi, a feat of no small difficulty in the case of the heavier vessels. The *Colorado* was

[1] *Naval War Records*, XVIII., pp. xv., xvi.

[2] Farragut, *Farragut*, 207.

[3] *Naval War Records*, XVIII. (West Gulf Blockading Squadron); Mahan, *Gulf and Inland Waters*, 52.

left outside, the *Pensacola* was dragged by her consorts through a foot of mud, and the *Mississippi* was scarcely less embarrassed. At last the squadron of attack was for the most part within the branches of the river; at the head of the passes they stripped like gladiators for a final struggle, and proceeded to attack the main obstructions twenty miles above. Farragut had seventeen ships for the attack, mounting one hundred and fifty guns; besides twenty mortar-schooners, with six attendant gun-boats, under Commodore David D. Porter.

Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, well manned and equipped, guarded the river on the west and east. An enormous chain, supported on anchored hulks, stretched across the half-mile of current to hold any approaching hostile vessels at a point where the fire of the forts could converge. Above the forts, a formidable flotilla of craft variously armed with rams and guns, some heaped with pitch-pine knots to serve as fire-ships, stood ready to take part.[1]

Unless this boom could be broken the ships could not ascend. Farragut ordered two gun-boats to this dangerous task. Stealing up at night, they accomplished it. On the night of April 23 the ships advanced, a column led by the *Cayuga* following the eastern bank; Farragut himself, in the *Hartford*, led

[1] Beverly Kennon, a southern officer, in *Battles and Leaders*, II., 76, criticises severely the management of the Confederate ships.

the column which was to pass close to Fort Jackson. Now came a rare blending of the splendid and the terrible. The night was calm, with starlight and a waning moon; but in the fiercer flashings of the combat the world seemed on fire. In arcs rising far towards the zenith the shells of the mortars mounted and fell; broadsides thundered; from barbette and casemate rolled an incessant reply. Suddenly above the flashes of guns came a steady glare: fire-ships, their pitch-pine cargoes all ablaze, swept into the midst of the struggling fleet. The attacking lines became confused in the volumes of smoke settling down upon the stream. In the blinding vapor friend could scarcely be told from foe. The captain of the Confederate *Governor Moore*, finding that the bow of his own ship interfered with the aim of his gun, coolly blew the bow to pieces with a discharge, then through the shattered opening renewed the battle. A Confederate tug pluckily pushed a fire-raft directly upon the *Hartford*. The tug and its crew disappeared and the *Hartford* ran aground; the sailors, undaunted, stuck to their work; the ship was pulled off by her own engines, while a deluge from the pumps put out the fire. For an hour and a half the roar and the flashings continued; as the dawn came, the battle was hushed. Three Federal gun-boats had been driven back and one sunk, but the main fleet was above the forts. The ships in general were scarred and battered in the night's encounter, but little harmed,

and Farragut made ready at once to go on his way.[1]

The passing of the forts made certain the fall of New Orleans. The small Confederate army under General Mansfield Lovell was at once withdrawn, and the city left to its fate. Farragut appeared before it, after passing rapidly up the intervening seventy miles, at noon, April 25. The population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, seething with natural mortification and passion, lay under the broadsides of the fleet, and after one outburst, in which a mob trampled on the United States flag, they sullenly submitted. With all possible expedition, the forts having given up, the land forces ascended the river and, on May 1, took possession.[2]

Butler, as military commander, ruled New Orleans nearly seven months, one of the remarkable passages of the Civil War. The city had promoted secession from the first, contributed abundantly men and means to the Confederate cause, and was thoroughly disaffected to the Union. Though powerless in Federal hands, its spirit was unchanged and dangerous. Outbreaks were at any moment possible, and Butler's small army was necessarily much scattered. Farragut soon ascended the river to Vicksburg with a large part of the fleet; the garrison of New Orleans numbered often not more than twenty-five hundred

[1] *Naval War Records*, XVIII., 134 et seq.; Mahan, *Gulf and Inland Waters*, 52 et seq.

[2] Parton, *Butler in New Orleans*, chap. xii.

men. Strict martial law prevailed, and the town had never before been so orderly, clean, and in general well-administered. Though murmuring was rife, there was no attempt at a rising. The city was of necessity isolated in the midst of its wide environment, and its commerce and industries suffered, but the people were free to order their lives as of old. Such fines as were imposed went to pay for street-cleaning and work that was of public advantage. Even yellow-fever was held at bay by a quarantine and policing strict and judicious.

Butler brought these results to pass by intrepidity, decision, and prompt directness in speech and action that did not stop short of rudeness. He was denounced in unmeasured terms throughout the South. Jefferson Davis proclaimed him an outlaw, and in Europe his fame was of the worst. A grave humor was revealed in his command that on the statue of Andrew Jackson should be engraved that president's declaration of 1830: "The Union, it must and shall be preserved." Since in repeated cases women, by gestures and language, had offered insults to the Federal garrison, Butler proclaimed, May 13, 1863, that such women would be "liable to be regarded as women of the town plying their vocation, and treated accordingly." [1] The usual treatment of such persons was confinement in the calaboose or lock-up; and neither Butler nor his soldiers had any other intention. Nevertheless, in Europe, this order was

[1] *Butler's Book*, 418.

distinctly supposed to contain a deliberate giving over of women "to the lusts of a licentious soldiery," and it was sought to make this an excuse for the recognition of Confederate independence.[1] The language was needlessly rude and offensive; but those who, like the author, saw the length to which the women of New Orleans did go to express their detestation of the blue uniform, felt that some remedy was called for.[2]

Whatever the effectiveness of Butler's rule, it was throughout tainted with suspicion of bribery and corruption, and branded by the undoubted complicity of the commanding general in commerce with the enemy and cotton frauds. Large amounts of cotton, by this time enormously advanced in price, were secured and sold under the protection of the Federal troops, the illicit profits accruing to private individuals.[3]

After the surrender, April 28, of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, a sequel of the fall of New Orleans, Porter, in command at the river's mouth, proceeded eastward, and on May 10 took possession of Pensacola, whence, until this moment, a Confederate force had threatened Fort Pickens, close at hand. Farragut, meantime, sent seven of his ships up the river to Vicksburg, following himself, in June, with Porter and a large reinforcement. The expedition

[1] Adams, *C. F. Adams*, 243 et seq. [2] *Butler's Book*, 414.
[3] See Rhodes, *United States*, V., 303–308; letters of Dennison in Am. Hist. Assoc., *Report*, 1902, II.

was scarcely prudent. The ships were more or less shaken and shattered by battles and collisions; the coal supply was precarious in a hostile country; and the river, shrinking under the summer heat, became scarcely navigable for the heavier vessels. The orders to Farragut were, however, to clear the river, following which, June 28, he ran the batteries at Vicksburg, which even then were formidable. This having been accomplished with slight loss, an interesting meeting took place in the reach above the city, to appreciate which attention must be turned for a moment to affairs on the upper river.

As the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson made Columbus, Kentucky, untenable, so, after Shiloh, the fall of Corinth decided the fate of Memphis; but before that important city was surrendered an engagement took place more spectacular than sanguinary. Captain Charles H. Davis succeeded Foote in command of the gun-boat fleet. Fort Pillow, now laid open by the operations behind it on the Tennessee, was abandoned; and on June 6, Davis appeared with his dreaded vessels just above Memphis. Besides the gun-boats, he had, under the command of Colonel Charles Ellet, several rams — swift, light-armed craft, their engines protected by cotton-bales and bulkheads of heavy timber. To meet these a Confederate flotilla of gun-boats was waiting. Crowds covered the bluffs. The rams tilted at each other like knights in the lists; gun-boats thundered heavily; hulls were penetrated by the swiftly driven beaks;

vessels crashed together; now and then a whizzing missile found its mark. It was an unequal contest, in which the Confederates soon succumbed; their river fleet then practically ceased to exist, and, before the day ended, Memphis surrendered. Pressing down the river, the commodore found all clear until, July 1, the bluffs of Vicksburg rose before him, and at anchor in the stream above lay the *Hartford* and her consorts.[1]

Up to this time Vicksburg, feebly garrisoned and fortified, might easily have been seized by Halleck from Corinth, and with the help of the conquering fleets securely held. Farragut had brought with him a detachment from the army of Butler, under General Thomas Williams, who vainly tried to cut a canal through the point of land opposite the town, hoping thereby to divert the river—a work prosecuted later with larger means but with no more success. No help coming, soldiers and sailors were forced to abandon the undertaking, being followed in their withdrawal down-stream by a Confederate force under the late vice-president Breckinridge. Against these, August 5, Williams fought bravely at Baton Rouge, falling in the moment of victory. Breckinridge, though foiled, occupied as he retreated the high bluff at Port Hudson, twenty-five miles north, an event of moment.

As the net result of the operations in which the navy had taken a leading part, both the upper and

[1] Mahan, *Gulf and Inland Waters*, 97.

lower Mississippi, at the end of the summer of 1862, were in Federal possession. A strip of two hundred and fifty miles, however, within which was situated the mouth of the Red River, the convenient waterway by which the products of Texas reached the East, was retained by the Confederates. At its northern and southern limits, their importance now fully appreciated, Vicksburg and Port Hudson became Gibraltars. The great river was not open.

North and South had made the appeal to arms, and no maxim is older than that when arms are clashing, laws are silent; it is no doubt a corollary from this that when soldiers are in the foreground law-makers must give place. But far-reaching measures both North and South were passed in these months. In Richmond, February 22, the "permanent" constitution went into effect, taking the place of the "provisional" instrument; and Davis and Stephens entered upon a regular six years' term destined not to be completed. The act of August 30, 1861, through which all persons with Union sentiments were driven out of the country and their property confiscated, while all debts due northern creditors were annulled,[1] continued to be enforced by Judah P. Benjamin, attorney-general, whose influence grew greater as time went on. The conduct of the war and state departments became dominated by his strong personality, and his advice in every way counted powerfully with the president. A

[1] *Confed. Statutes at Large*, 3 Sess., 201.

rigorously enforced conscription act took the place of volunteering.[1] The calamities of the Confederacy in the spring of 1862 were great, but the government faced them with resolution.

At Washington, December 2, 1861, the Thirty-seventh Congress convened for the second time, entering upon a session of the gravest importance, which was to continue more than seven months. The war so absorbed attention that little was done not related to it. Weighty measures regarding its sinews, regarding also slavery, the prime cause of the war, which grew more troublesome as time went on, were deliberated and acted upon from day to day. Of all this due account must be taken, but for the present attention must be fixed upon the campaigns.

[1] *Confed. Statutes at Large*, 1 Cong., 1 Sess., 29, April 16, 1862.

CHAPTER IX

THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN

(April, 1862–June, 1862)

OBVIOUSLY the capture of Richmond was the proper objective in the offensive campaign in the East for which McClellan had been so long preparing. The selection of that city by the Confederacy for the seat of government caused all its interests to centre there; the maintenance of its capital, moreover, was essential to the good standing of the Confederacy before Europe, recognition from which was so earnestly desired. If the North could capture Richmond, quite possibly nothing more would be necessary to crush the South. The protection of Washington, too, could not be left at all in doubt. Should that city be lost to the Union, England and France might justly feel that the cause of the North was hopeless, and no longer refrain from intervention.

Before Washington, McClellan and Johnston faced each other throughout the fall of 1861, the latter having, in October, a force of 41,000, which later grew to 57,337.[1] Under Johnston at the end of the

[1] J. E. Johnston, *Narrative*, 84.

year were three subordinates—Jackson, in the Valley of Virginia; Beauregard, about Leesburg, near the Potomac; and Holmes, below Washington, about Acquia Creek, where Confederate batteries closed the Potomac. McClellan had fully twice as many men, an army well disciplined and equipped, devoted to their leader, and of fine *morale*. Why could the army not be used? Because the general always imagined before him a host of enemies that greatly outnumbered his own, and insisted on more men and a more perfect training before setting out. Meantime he grew cavalier in his treatment of his superiors. The venerable Scott, who now retired at seventy-five, had his last days embittered by the scant courtesy of the new commander, and even the president was slighted. "I will hold McClellan's horse for him if he will only win us victories," said Lincoln, with good-natured patience. In December, McClellan fell ill, and all was in doubt. With the new year, 1862, prospects brightened for the Union. The great successes in the West and South, ending with the capture of New Orleans, brought cheer; at last the army of the Potomac was in motion.

In March, Johnston withdrew southward; and McClellan, his command now restricted to the "Army of the Potomac," as he had baptized his splendid creation, was ready for the long-delayed advance. Lincoln, whose good sense when applied to warfare often, though not always, struck true,

earnestly desired that Richmond should be approached by a direct southward movement, Washington being covered, while at the same time Richmond was threatened. But McClellan judged it better to proceed by the Chesapeake, landing at the end of the peninsula running up between the York and James rivers, and marching against Richmond from the east. Much could be said in favor of this route: troops and supplies could be carried by water to the neighborhood of Richmond without fatigue or danger. Yet the president yielded reluctantly, fearing danger to Washington, laying it down as fundamental that the capital must be protected by forty thousand men.

The Peninsula campaign had a dramatic prelude. A necessary condition was a command of the waters, which was secured in early March by an event that startled the world. Among the many disadvantages under which the South labored in her struggle with the North was a painful lack, as compared with her opponent, of factories, machine-shops, ship-yards, and skilled labor; yet determination and ingenuity brought about several wonderful fighting contrivances, of which the most remarkable was the *Virginia*. The hull of the *Merrimac*, a frigate of thirty-five hundred tons and forty guns, one of the most formidable vessels of the old navy, partly burned and afterwards sunk at the evacuation of Norfolk by the Federals in April, 1861, was raised, and found to be sound enough for further use. Good heads, among

whom John M. Brooke, manager of the Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond, was prominent, fitted to the hull a casemate, or box, pierced for cannon, and heavily plated with iron—the first effective armored ship. There was a frank farewell to masts, sails, and other former appliances for motion and management. The winds were superseded by steam, applied for the first time in naval warfare, not as auxiliary, but as the sole motive-power. One appliance of the *Virginia* was, however, not a new invention, but a revival of a fighting arm common in the days of Salamis and Actium—a ram, projecting from the prow like that of an ancient galley.[1] The craft was cumbrous, hard to steer, and provided with engines far too weak for her immense weight, but she had marvellous defensive power and was fast enough to approach and destroy any resisting sailing-ship.

On March 8, from the direction of Norfolk, the *Virginia*, a mass low-lying upon the water, suddenly appeared before the astonished eyes of the Federal on-lookers in Hampton Roads.[2] Five stately wooden frigates lay at anchor off Hampton, and they gallantly discharged their broadsides at this strange assailant, but the balls glanced harmless from her impenetrable back. She turned and pierced the *Cumberland* with her ram, sending the frigate to the bottom; then she

[1] Commander J. M. Brooke, in *Battles and Leaders*, I., 715; Scharf, *Navy of the Confederate States*, 145 et seq.

[2] *Battles and Leaders*, I., 692 et seq.

assailed the *Congress*, which presently went up in flames; the brave crews as helpless as if their means of defence were bows and arrows. Mistress of the situation, with three more frigates—*Minnesota*, *Roanoke*, and *St. Lawrence*—aground on the shoals or offering a futile defiance, the *Virginia* then withdrew for the day; she was certain of her prey and could afford to wait for a few hours, meanwhile making some changes which would render her more effective. Vivid terror overspread the North as the news was despatched in the evening; and it was nowhere greater than in the cabinet-room at the White House, where Lincoln anxiously studied upon means to meet the exigency; and Stanton, pacing the room "like a caged lion," predicted she would come up the Potomac and shell Washington.[1]

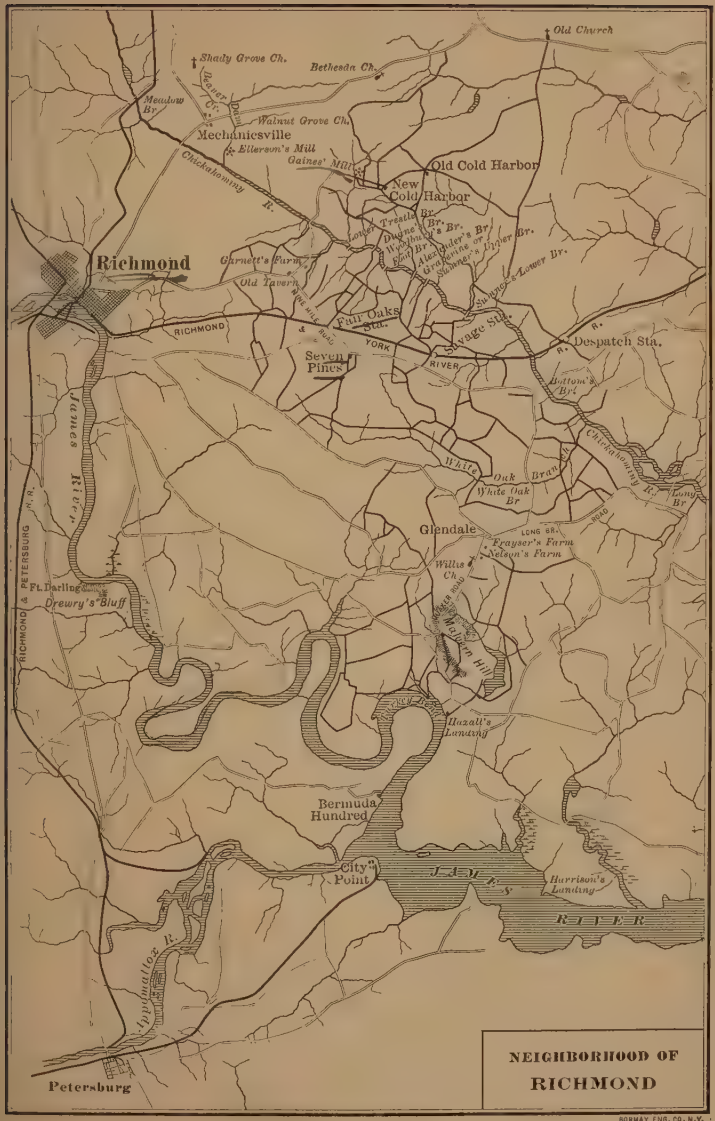
On the forenoon of March 9, doing all things deliberately, as one that has no reason to hasten, the *Virginia* again appeared and moved towards the *Minnesota*, aground and apparently certain to become a helpless victim. Suddenly in the path appeared a little craft scarcely one-fourth the size of the *Virginia*, "a cheese-box on a raft," as it will go down in history, the *Monitor*, an iron-clad of another pattern. This vessel, undertaken as an experiment, and completed in one hundred days, was due to the genius and indomitable zeal of John Ericsson, its designer. That it should have arrived from New York at this moment is one of

[1] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, V., 226.

the fateful accidents of history. A multitude beheld the encounter, from the ships close at hand, from the shores near and far. The superior size and armament of the *Virginia* were neutralized by her unwieldiness and depth of draught. The *Monitor*, more active, and passing everywhere over shoal or through channel, could elude or strike as she chose. Neither had much power to harm the other; each crew behind its shield manœuvred and fired for the most part uninjured. Worden, commander of the *Monitor*, in his pilot-house at the bow, built of iron bars log-cabin fashion, received in the face, as he peered through the interstice, the blinding fire and smoke from a shell that struck within a few inches, but he escaped death. The casualties on the *Virginia* were few. On the morning of that day both North and South believed that the Confederacy was about to control the sea. The anticipation, whether hope or fear, vanished in the smoke of that day's battle. With it, too, passed away the traditional beauty and romance of the old sea-service: the oak-ribbed and white-winged navies, whose dominion had been so long and picturesque, at last and forever gave way to steel and steam.[1]

McClellan's army, under four corps commanders[2] —Sumner, Keyes, Heintzelman, and McDowell (assignments disapproved by McClellan, who wished to take time in making these important appoint-

[1] Soley, *Blockade and Cruisers*, 54.
[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 12, pp. 1–1077.



NEIGHBORHOOD OF
RICHMOND

BORMAY ENG. CO., N.Y.

ments)[1] — was despatched down the Potomac in March, its speedy transfer, with artillery, horses, and supplies, to the Peninsula being managed by the navy department with great speed and good judgment. April 2, McClellan was with them, and the march from Hampton Roads began. Unfortunately, difficulties soon developed; McClellan counted upon the strong co-operation of the navy, but that branch of the service, at the moment, was absorbed by the *Virginia*, still undestroyed and capable of harm. The army marched to the neighborhood of Yorktown and against the Confederate lines, which the general found formidable; he supposed them to be occupied by a body of defenders in comparison with whom his own numbers were small.

At this point it was found that the president and the general had misunderstood each other: in the forty thousand men who were to cover Washington, McClellan counted the troops in the Shenandoah Valley. This Lincoln thought unsafe; no risks were to be taken as regards the capital. When it was seen that the defenders before Washington were less than twenty thousand, he detached from the army the corps of McDowell (excepting the division of Franklin), which McClellan had designed should be his right wing. The crippling was serious. Perhaps the general should have asked to be relieved of the command after so grave an interference with

[1] Webb, *Peninsula*, 16.

his plans.[1] No such crisis resulted, and McClellan continued to besiege Yorktown. His antagonist was J. B. Magruder, and the Confederacy could not have been better served than by him. As a very young man he had a reputation for assurance and confidence.[2] Now, with a force not much more than one-fifth of the Federal army, he so drew and manned his lines as to impose completely upon his adversary. A month was wasted in elaborate intrenching, done with engineering skill, but quite thrown away. Time having thus been gained for the desired concentration of forces at Richmond, the Confederates withdrew just as the Federal batteries were about to open. With an army not nearly large enough to occupy the works thrown across the Peninsula, the Confederates made a good show, and before Williamsburg, May 5, risked a battle which Johnston, just arrived on the ground in chief command, claims to have been only an affair of the rear-guard to gain time for the withdrawal of the trains.[3] Nevertheless, the Federals lost 456 killed and 1410 wounded, and the Confederates 1570 killed and wounded. The ancient revolutionary battle-ground, associated with memories of Washington, Cornwallis, and Lafayette, was now abandoned. McClellan, who appeared upon the field at Williamsburg when the fight was well over, and was received, as usual,

[1] Webb, *Peninsula*, 59.
[2] D. H. Hill, in *Battles and Leaders*, II., 362 *n.*
[3] J. E. Johnston, *Narrative*, 124.

with great enthusiasm, followed northward with deliberation.

On May 11 the navy, and the North in general, were relieved of all apprehension as to the *Virginia*. The Richmond government felt it necessary to concentrate every available man before their capital to meet the impending Federal onslaught, and withdrew the garrison of Norfolk; it seemed impossible to save the *Virginia*, and she was blown up.[1] Therefore the navy was free to pass up the James as far as Drury's Bluff, six miles below Richmond; and transports steamed unimpeded up the York, thence into the Pamunkey, its southern fork, to White House, a day's march from Richmond. Here was established a great depot of supplies for the Federal army, which, towards the end of May, was well placed almost within sight of the goal it desired to reach.

The city, indeed, lay in imminent peril. McClellan had not ceased to protest against the withdrawal of McDowell; and, now that his army was again between Washington and the enemy, it was possible for McDowell to approach and co-operate without uncovering what it was all-important to guard. As McDowell broke up from Fredericksburg for a southward march, McClellan, seeking to act with this much-desired reinforcement, and hearing of forces despatched by Johnston which might prove troublesome, sent Fitz-John Porter to Hanover Court

[1] *Naval War Records*, VII., 341.

House, fourteen miles north of Richmond. There, on May 27, Porter delivered a successful blow which first brought him into notice.[1] The junction of McClellan and McDowell now seemed inevitable, but the vigilant Johnston arranged to strike at his enemy before it could come to pass.

The hills upon which Richmond lies rise from the James sometimes steeply, but to no great height. A plateau stretches to the north and east, broken by dale and ridge, to the suburb of Seven Pines, some five miles out, in reaching which point one passes Fair Oaks. As on the battle-day, a grove of pines covers a plain everywhere scarred by lines of intrenchments which forty-five years have not effaced. The blood of thousands has drenched this earth; for miles about, the region is a wide-stretching battle-ground. To this day there are spots where, after a rain, the bullets may be gathered like acorns under an oak.

The battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, began with a strategic error by McClellan which the eye of Johnston at once discerned. The Union army, consisting on May 31 of 126,089 men and 280 cannon, was now divided into five corps, Porter and Franklin being advanced from divisions to the larger command.[2] The two corps of Keyes and Heintzelman, about two-fifths of the army, had a day or two before been thrown across to the right

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 12, pp. 733 et seq.
[2] Webb, *Peninsula*, 97.

bank of the Chickahominy, ordinarily little more than an extended line of swamps penetrating the Peninsula. As often happened during and after heavy rains, the river was now swollen into a morass-bordered flood that made a formidable military obstacle. Of the bridges, some had already been swept away, and others were on the point of yielding. Such as there were could scarcely be used by infantry, much less by artillery. McClellan was at Gaines's Mill, on the left bank, with the corps of Sumner, Porter, and Franklin, the main body. Might not Keyes and Heintzelman be destroyed before their comrades could cross to their rescue?[1]

Keyes had thrown Casey's division well in advance to Fair Oaks, his pickets being within four miles of Richmond; behind him, towards Seven Pines, lay the division of Couch; still farther back, the troops of Heintzelman, Hooker on his left. At noon of May 31 the order for attack was given. Johnston afterwards complained that Huger, one of his division generals, allowed himself to be stopped by trifling obstacles, and that Longstreet was thereby delayed.[2] Nevertheless, the onset was furious, and, through the afternoon, successful, the yielding Federal lines falling back upon Heintzelman, who, with the swamps and torrent in his rear, became as heavily engaged as Keyes before him.

[1] Comte de Paris, *Civil War in Am.*, II., 59 et seq.
[2] J. E. Johnston, *Narrative*, 134 et seq.

McClellan, far away, heard the cannon and ordered Sumner to the relief of the hard-pressed corps beyond the stream. Sumner, a gray-haired veteran, still full of fire, at once advanced by the two bridges nearest at hand; one of them gave way after the passing of a single brigade; the other, shaking on infirm foundations, its surface actually under water, also seemed on the point of going; but the tread of the marching columns acted like the impact of pile-drivers; the timbers were driven to a firmer hold, and the troops crossed in safety. More difficult was the handling of the guns; but with men bracing at the wheels with their shoulders, pushing behind, dragging at the tugs with the floundering horses, the water waist-deep and the mire sometimes swallowing the pieces to the hubs, some batteries were carried across. Before the afternoon was over Sumner's troops stood with their comrades, and the peril to the Federals was past.

Just at sunset the Confederates sustained a heavy loss in the wounding of General Joseph E. Johnston. Was the Confederacy to lose him as it had just lost Albert Sidney Johnston? The hurt, however, though severe, was not mortal.[1] The soldiers of the two armies bivouacked in the mud within half-musket-range of each other, the Federal leaders resolving at a council, in Sumner's tent, at two o'clock in the morning, to renew the battle the next day. This

[1] J. E. Johnston, *Narrative*, 138.

was done, with a good result for the Federals: the Confederates on the right and left were driven back, and to a large extent the old ground reoccupied. June 2, Robert Edward Lee succeeded Johnston in the command of the Confederate army.[1]

[1] Davis, *Rise and Fall of Conf. Govt.*, II., 129.

CHAPTER X

JACKSON'S DIVERSION IN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

(MARCH, 1862–MAY, 1862)

THE fortunes of the Confederacy were now, for a second time, upheld by the man whose steadfastness on the Henry house hill gave him the name of "Stonewall Jackson." The nickname is not felicitous: undoubtedly Jackson could be steadfast upon occasion; but the quality which above all others marked him was mobility—a swiftness in action which confounded, and which, when guided by good judgment, secured for him success. Stonewall Jackson is the most picturesque figure of this period, though he has a rival in "old John Brown of Harper's Ferry." They were, indeed, types of men very similar: had John Brown been born in a southern state, it has been said, and received a West Point education, he would have been Jackson's counterpart.[1] Both were audacious, with convictions absolutely fixed, and possessed of extraordinary power of holding and moving men. As John Brown was to some extent unbalanced, so those in close associa-

[1] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, V., 398.

tion with Jackson sometimes thought him out of his head. At one time he fancied one leg was growing longer than the other, and that he needed to exercise the leg and arm of the other side. Once, in a council of war before a charge, he is said to have urged that "we should strip ourselves perfectly naked," [1] as a means of promoting efficiency. Above all, in the case of both men, there existed a heat of religious zeal which, to calm observers, scarcely fell short of dementia.

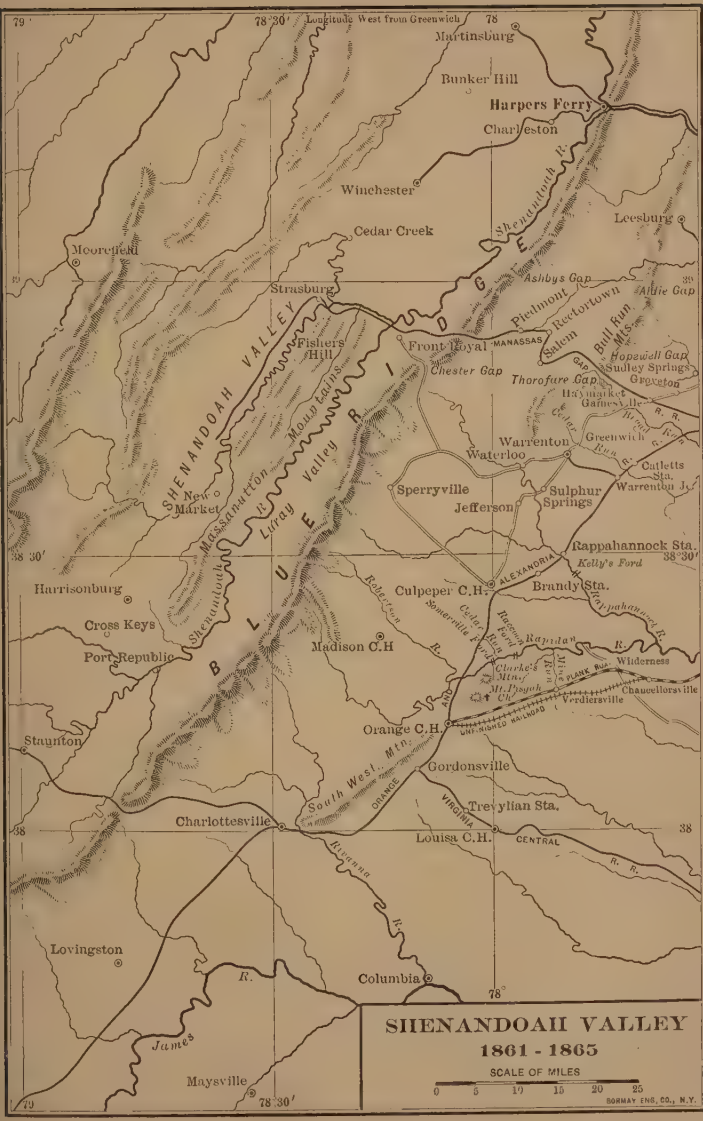
"The truth is, old Jack's crazy," exclaimed one of his soldiers. "I often meet him out in the woods, gesticulating wildly and talking to himself oblivious of anybody near." At such times he was known to be at prayer. His biographer, Dabney, a Presbyterian minister who became his chief of staff, who was with him constantly and sympathized with him fully, narrates that he interpreted literally the Scriptural injunction to pray without ceasing. He never ate or drank without uttering a prayer—nor, indeed, could he mail a letter, or break the seal of one just received, or perform any familiar act, without a petition. When riding he was constantly at prayer, and might be seen to throw his hands aloft and move his lips in ejaculations. After victories his bivouacs became camp-meetings, in which officers and soldiers caught the enthusiasm of the general. Though he did not scruple to fight on Sunday, feeling that it was the Lord's service, yet

[1] Fremantle, *Three Months in the Southern States*, 132.

for all ordinary actions he was rigidly sabbatarian: a letter received on Saturday night must remain unopened until Monday; nor would he mail a letter if he thought it must be conveyed on Sunday.[1] Convinced that the Lord was on his side and ever present with him, full of fanatical energy, with a constitution of iron, with eye and judgment quick and sure, he was an enemy to be dreaded. His spirit was that of the Puritan or of an ancient judge of Israel — a Jephthah or a Joshua. An officer once before Jackson expressed his admiration of the bravery of a Federal squad who had lost their lives in a charge they had made; he was sorry to see such gallant men destroyed. The general dryly remarked: "No, shoot them all. I do not wish them to be brave." He even put forward the dangerous doctrine that it was the true policy of the South to take no prisoners alive.[2] His likeness to John Brown is apparent in small ways as well as in main lines of character: when Lee once received from Stonewall Jackson a requisition for pikes, one wonders if the demand for the Cromwellian weapon recalled to him that other grim Ironsides whom, together with his pikes, he, only a little while before, had captured at Harper's Ferry.

Jackson's early career was no more promising than that of Grant, except that he never gave way to weakness.[3] A friendless boy, who by some

[1] Dabney, *Jackson*, I., 100.
[2] *Ibid.*, 224.
[3] Henderson, *Jackson*, I., 1 et seq.


SHENANDOAH VALLEY
1861 - 1865
SCALE OF MILES
0 5 10 15 20 25
BORMAY ENG. CO., N.Y.
Longitude West from Greenwich
Martinsburg
Bunker Hill
Harpers Ferry
Charleston
Winchester
Cedar Creek
Leesburg
Moorefield
Strasburg
Ashbys Gap
Piedmont
Rectortown
Aldie Gap
Fishers Hill
Front Royal
MANASSAS
Salem
Bull Run Mts.
Hopewell Gap
Sudley Springs
Chester Gap
Thorofare Gap
Groveton
Haymarket
Gainesville
Warrenton
Greenwich
Waterloo
Catletts Sta.
Warrenton Jc.
Sperryville
Sulphur Springs
Jefferson
New Market
Massanutton Mountains
Luray Valley
Rappahannock Sta.
Kelly's Ford
Harrisonburg
Culpeper C.H.
ALEXANDRIA
Brandy Sta.
Cross Keys
Port Republic
Madison C.H
Robertson R.
Somerville Ford
Cedar Run
Raccoon Ford
Rapidan R.
Wilderness
Clarke's Mtn.
Mt. Pisgah Ch.
Mine Run
PLANK RUN
Chancellorsville
Verdiersville
UNFINISHED RAILROAD
Orange C.H.
Staunton
South West Mtn.
ORANGE
Gordonsville
Trevylian Sta.
VIRGINIA
Charlottesville
Louisa C.H.
CENTRAL
R. R.
Rivanna R.
Lovingston
Columbia
James R.
Maysville
BLUE RIDGE
Shenandoah R.
Shenandoah Mts.
79°
78°30′
78°
38°30′
38
39

chance got into West Point, he was known there only as a youth dull, plodding, correct. Returning from Mexico, where he was little marked, he was for ten years at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, as a teacher of mathematics, in which position he gained no distinction. He was, in fact, a very poor teacher, and a movement was on foot to have "the fool Jackson removed for utter incompetency." [1] Though he did famous service at Bull Run, and was made a major-general, even as a soldier he narrowly escaped premature blight. In command in the lower Shenandoah Valley, in the fall and winter of 1861, he offended his soldiers and his chief subordinate, W. W. Loring, by his severe enforcement of duty.

From this apparently unbalanced and erratic man came, in the spring of 1862, a campaign in the Shenandoah Valley which surprised the world by its brilliancy and brought deep humiliation to the North. Did he strike out a new path in soldiership, or simply follow a beaten track? General Imboden, whose relations with him were close, says that Jackson used to tell him there were "two important things in war: 1st, to mystify and mislead your foe if possible, and when you strike him never let up so long as your men will hold out. 2nd, never to fight against heavy odds if by any manœuvering you can throw your whole force upon any part of your foe and crush that. Such tactics will win

[1] South. Hist. Soc., *Papers*, XIX., 146 (1891).

every time. A small army may thus destroy a large army in detail, and repeated victory will make it invincible." [1] So far from being new, these are but the familiar principles of the art of war. The merit of Jackson lay in his admirable application of them, and the valley campaign of 1862 is the best illustration of his method, since there he was detached and quite independent. In his later exploits he was "the right arm" of Lee. It must be said that he mystified not only his foes but his friends: his soldiers were as much in the dark as their enemies; and even Ewell, his second in command, complained that he knew nothing of what was projected. The battle-field once reached, and the weak place in the hostile line detected, the forces struck with all promptness and fury, the general never far away, with his hands perhaps uplifted in prayer as he sat in the saddle.

Twelve miles north of Staunton, a town on the Virginia Central Railroad, which the Confederates had made a great depot, the Shenandoah River is formed by the confluence of two streams. Along its valley, northward, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, called here the North Mountain, passes the valley turnpike to the Potomac, a highway much tramped by armies during our Civil War. Midway in the valley rises suddenly Massanutten, an isolated mountain mass, to the height of twenty-five hundred feet, giving scant room for the gorge-

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, II., 297.

like Luray Valley on the east, but affording a broader area on the west. West of the North Mountain, in a valley parallel to that of the Shenandoah, are the towns of Romney and Moorefield, and, farther south, Franklin and McDowell. It is a green and smiling land, the garden of Virginia, destined to be wasted by war beyond any other part of the South.

The beginning of the rough experience of the valley campaign, in March, 1862, was not auspicious for the Confederacy. Jackson had an army reported at five thousand, with which he was expected to occupy the attention of a much larger number of Federals; his enemies, however, were widely scattered, and, by good strategy and activity, Jackson might do what was required. His opponent, General Nathaniel P. Banks, a man who pushed his way from a low place in a cotton-mill to the governorship of Massachusetts and the speakership at Washington, though brave and able, was unfortunate in reaching high and responsible command with no previous military training. Could he have begun as a colonel, in such campaigns as this year was to witness, his fortunes as a soldier might have been far different.

Jackson, learning in March that Shields, with one of Banks's divisions, was at Winchester,[1] resolved to attack it, and, marching rapidly down the valley pike, appeared before Winchester with about three thousand five hundred men. Shields had posted

[1] Henderson, *Jackson*, I., 265.

himself with twice that number at Kernstown, a village near at hand. If Shiloh was 'prentice-work for Grant, Kernstown certainly was 'prentice-work for Jackson. He attacked, March 23, without knowing the number or position of his adversaries, and suffered a severe repulse. But he had accomplished an important end by showing that, in the presence of an enemy so active, troops could not be safely detached from the valley to the Federal armies of the East.

In April, 1862, McClellan was pressing up through the Peninsula with more than 100,000 men, against whom, as yet, Johnston could muster not half as many. In and near the valley also lay formidable armies: Banks, with 20,000 men, was now heavily fortified at Strasburg, his cavalry ranging far above in the upper valley; farther west, about Romney and Moorefield, lay Frémont, soon to be 20,000 strong; in advance of whom Milroy, with nearly 5000, at McDowell, threatened Staunton, scarcely a day's march distant; at Harper's Ferry was Rufus Saxton, with 7000. Against these forces the Confederates could oppose not half the number: Edward Johnson lay in front of Staunton with 2500; Ewell, east of the Blue Ridge, but close by, had 8000; Jackson himself was in the valley with 6000, having communication with Ewell and with Richmond, still farther away, through Swift Run Gap. Barely 17,000, in all, could be opposed to nearly 50,000.

An officer of Jackson's staff about this time writes: "As sure as you and I live, Jackson's cracked, and the sequel will show it." [1] The crazy commander's task was so to manœuvre that the Federal troops about Washington should be thrown upon him rather than into the Peninsula. McDowell's forty thousand were urgently demanded by McClellan, and, though for a time withheld, were likely to be sent in the end. This must be prevented by alarming as much as possible the Federal government as to the safety of the capital and the country north of the Potomac.

Of Jackson's own army the core and strength was his old Stonewall Brigade, now under Charles S. Winder, a young West-Pointer of fine capacity. His two thousand irregular cavalry, under Ashby, gave him much trouble from their want of discipline; but Ashby had many fine military qualities and was capable, with his too-lawless bands, of great service upon occasion.[2]

A good general, it has been said, must be able to do more than to avoid mistakes himself; he must do more even than profit by the mistakes of his adversary; he must have the skill to lead his adversary to make mistakes out of which he may profit.[3] This skill Jackson possessed eminently. Breaking camp with his six thousand men about May 1, he manœuvred as if he were forsaking the Shenandoah

[1] Henderson, *Jackson*, I., 347 *n.*
[2] *Ibid.*, 335.
[3] *Ibid.*, 332.

and marching to the east. Friends were mystified no less than foes, the good southerners of the region viewing with terror the apparent desertion. Staunton, in particular, which both Milroy and Banks now strongly threatened, seemed sure to fall. But Jackson's unlooked-for departure was followed by a speedy return, equally unexpected: without warning, trains loaded with his brigades rolled into Staunton, and forthwith his troops were on the road towards the Federals, scattered and unexpectant in their cantonments. Adding to his numbers as he marched the twenty-five hundred of Edward Johnson, he struck the Federals, May 7, near McDowell. Their general, Milroy, was a good soldier; as was also Robert C. Schenck, who marched to reinforce him as Jackson approached, making thirty-five miles in twenty-three hours; but the outnumbered Federals were defeated after sharp fighting, Jackson here illustrating his faculty for attacking detachments at a distance from their supports. The beaten Federals retired upon Frémont in good order, setting the forests on fire as they passed. Through the heat and smoke Jackson pushed to Franklin, much disconcerting Frémont, whose forces had had no time to collect.[1]

Having thus confused Frémont, Jackson turned eastward towards the Shenandoah once more, receiving, on May 16, orders from Lee, his superior though not yet in chief command, making more

[1] Henderson, *Jackson*, I., 322; Dabney, *Jackson*, II., 54.

definite and urgent his duties. At Richmond the peril was greater than ever. The *Virginia* had been destroyed, the Confederacy's sole dependence in that quarter against the Union navy; McClellan was advancing, and McDowell seemed likely to join him before long. To prevent this, Jackson was urged to his utmost energy. The next day he was joined on the march by Ewell, swelling his force now to seventeen thousand. A picturesque and efficient part of Ewell's command was "Dick" Taylor's brigade from Louisiana—Irishmen, Creoles, and Acadians from the Têche country, a light-hearted company, some of them knowing no English, who fiddled and danced in their bivouacs. The sober Presbyterians of the Stonewall Brigade looked askance at such levity and also at their Catholicism, but the new-comers soon showed they had the best qualities of soldiers—indeed, there were no better troops in Virginia.[1]

Jackson now had Banks in view, who, at Strasburg, with his force isolated and diminished to ten thousand by the transference of Shields's division to McDowell, did not suspect the coming danger.[2] First, all care was taken to block the passes through the "North Mountain," so that Frémont should not go eastward to join hands with his colleague; then, by a swift and stealthy march, Jackson, May 23, swept upon Front Royal, capturing the outpost

[1] Taylor, *Destruction and Reconstruction*, 48.
[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 15, pp. 518 et seq.

there, after which he was prepared to deal with Banks, unconscious and reduced to a single division, twelve miles away. Banks saw there was nothing to be done but make precipitate retreat. Jackson was already close upon his rear, and the peril was imminent.

The Federal commander, though inexperienced, was dauntless and had good lieutenants, especially George H. Gordon, Stonewall Jackson's West Point classmate. The Federals sped northward along the broad and smooth valley turnpike. Jackson's parties attacked them by flank and rear, while Ewell sought to anticipate them. It was a race for "Winchester twenty miles away," in which the Federals at last won, fighting, however, as they fled and having barely time to take position before the Confederate flood closed about them. In a vigorous battle the Federals, outnumbered nearly two to one, bore themselves well;[1] but further retreat became imperative, and Banks drew back to the Potomac, his escape from destruction due, according to Henderson, to the misconduct of Ashby's cavalry.[2] Jackson drew up before Harper's Ferry, where Saxton, with seven thousand men, barred the way into Maryland.

The dash of the Confederates down the valley answered its purpose perfectly. The government

[1] Gordon, *Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain*, 175 et seq.

[2] Henderson, *Jackson*, I., 420; Gordon, *Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain*, 250.

at Washington was thrown into the wildest alarm; the numbers of the invaders being quite unknown, fear magnified them, until an invasion of the North and an assault upon and possible capture of Washington were believed to impend. Lincoln felt compelled to abandon the idea of sending McDowell to the Peninsula, and ordered him towards the valley by forced marches. Telegrams flew fast and far also to Frémont, to Banks, to Saxton, and to whomsoever could possibly be reached, spurring all to the utmost exertions: the invasion must be stopped, and if the enemy retired his escape must be made impossible. Jackson's retreat soon did begin; and now the orders flew from the war office to concentrate before him. McDowell was to push for Front Royal and Strasburg from the east, and Frémont from the west, while from the Potomac the commanders were to drive in upon the rear of the retiring invaders by night and day.

Loud were the protests of McClellan, who at this juncture stood with his pickets in sight of Richmond and declared he only waited for McDowell's forty thousand to take the city. McDowell, too, protested; both he and his chief declared the so-called invasion was only a raid by a small force, undertaken with the express purpose of creating a scare; that the North and the capital could be in no danger, and Washington could best be defended by capturing Richmond. The administration could not be turned aside: the valley must be attended to at whatever

cost; the orders were peremptory. McDowell, good soldier that he was, reluctantly obeyed to the letter, forcing his march to the Blue Ridge, while the bow of McClellan was broken as the arrow was about to be sped. Meantime, Jackson had returned to Winchester; and now, with two thousand prisoners, with a double train of booty-laden wagons stretching seven miles, with his army still footsore from the advance, he was on the valley pike, making his way southward.[1] Could he possibly escape?

McDowell's advance, near ten thousand strong, under Shields, reached Front Royal by May 30, while Jackson was still at Winchester. Frémont, too, had ample time to come from the west; but finding the passes through the North Mountain barred (at Brock's Gap, it is said, there were but fifty men),[2] he made a long détour, being at Moorefield when expected at Strasburg. Peremptory orders came to him, and he pushed on as he could. It seemed as if the work might be done, and thirty thousand men be thrown across the path of the retreating Jackson, while another army poured down from behind. It was not to be: Shields held back until McDowell's panting divisions in the rear should arrive; the pathfinder could not find the path; and on June 1, a week from the time when Jackson had startled Banks out of his unconsciousness, his array stretching perhaps twelve miles in the rear,

[1] Henderson, *Jackson*, I., 429.
[2] Imboden, in *Battles and Leaders*, II., 290.

his matchless infantry trailed past the deserted fort of Banks at Strasburg, the point of danger. As the rear-guard ascended Fisher's Hill, on the mountain-side two miles behind appeared Frémont's advance. There was volleying and skirmishing, but the chance was lost.

The week that followed was full of action and destined to see, for Jackson, still narrower escapes. Frémont, receiving from McDowell's corps some fine cavalry, showed unwonted vigor. War raged around Massanutten, for, as Frémont pressed up the valley turnpike on the west, Shields, through the narrow Luray Valley on the east, kept pace.

Ashby, the cavalry leader, was the ideal and hero of the whole region; on his white charger he was the most familiar of figures. His dash was full of wild fascination, and every youth along the Shenandoah burned to be among his riders. It was, therefore, a hanging of the heavens with black when, June 6, Ashby was killed. To Jackson it was a heavy blow. The shortcomings of the irregulars had often brought upon their captain stern reprimand from him, but he felt the cause had now lost a sword that could ill be spared.

On June 8, at Port Republic, Jackson narrowly escaped capture. Leaving Ewell behind to oppose Frémont, he had marched on some miles ahead with a small force, and was surprised by the advance-guard of Shields, who, breaking through the Luray Valley, had sent a party into the plain beyond. For

a moment the Federals held a bridge which it was of the utmost moment to them to retain or destroy. But they were without capable guidance, while Jackson, on the instant, took effective measures. What followed Dabney regards as a special interposition of Providence. With all possible fire the general ordered a charge across the bridge by the small party at hand; then his countenance suddenly changing to deep reverence, he sat in prayer with hands uplifted until the charge had been made.[1] The bridge was saved; the unguided Federal troopers who had come in so aimlessly scattered right and left; the last opportunity to trap the prey was lost.

That day Ewell administered to Frémont a severe check at Cross Keys. For the only time during the valley campaign Jackson here neglected his principle of outnumbering his foe at the time and place where the blow fell; but he held Frémont in small respect. Next day, with his own men crossing the Port Republic bridge, he attacked on the level to the east two brigades of Shields's now hurrying up from the Luray Valley. The fight was long and doubtful. E. B. Tyler, who had done well at Kernstown, now even bettered his record. The Stonewall Brigade and its supports suffered heavily and were almost ready to yield. Ewell's men, marching up from Cross Keys, found serious obstruction in crossing the river. If the arm of the Lord had been made

[1] Dabney, *Jackson*, II., 144 et seq.

visibly bare the day before, on this day that arm seemed to be as visibly shortened. Not until rout was imminent and the field was heaped with dead did the aid from Ewell arrive. At last Tyler was driven back on his division and the battle was lost.

As the action closed, Frémont appeared on the opposite bank of the swollen Shenandoah now impassable through the destruction of the bridge. To unite with Shields was impossible. Men wept with wrath and mortification as they stood barred by the few yards of swirling torrent.[1] Jackson had balked the pursuing armies each in turn. Soon, with no pursuit to guard against and a free road before him, he crossed the Blue Ridge on the way to Lee. In forty-eight days he had marched 676 miles, fought five hard battles,[2] accomplishing in each his purpose, baffled three Federal armies, his seventeen thousand matched against fifty thousand, brought off his prisoners and booty unmeasured, ruined the campaign of McClellan, and stricken the North with terror. He now stood, with army diminished, indeed, but trained, seasoned, superb in *morale*, and eager for new efforts, while his own reputation was forever fixed as one of the world's great captains.

[1] Testimony of an eye-witness.
[2] Henderson, *Jackson*, II., 496.

CHAPTER XI

SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES

(JUNE, 1862–JULY, 1862)

THE disabling, at Fair Oaks, of Joseph E. Johnston brought to the front Robert E. Lee. From the first Lee enjoyed the confidence of Jefferson Davis; as head of the military organization of Virginia, he was concerned in the West Virginia campaign of 1861, and concerted, early in 1862, with Stonewall Jackson, the valley operations. Yet on coming into the general command, in June, his prestige was by no means fully established: the unsuccessful West Virginia campaign exposed Lee, with others, to criticism.[1]

After the battle of Fair Oaks, McClellan was not enterprising. For a time the weather was an excuse for inaction, at which Lincoln remarked that the general thought the rain fell only upon the just, and not upon the unjust. The withholding of most of McDowell's corps, which was despatched to the Shenandoah Valley to capture the retreating Jackson, was, in McClellan's eyes, the capsheaf of unwisdom and injustice. Meantime the course of Lee showed that even he had something yet to learn in

[1] Fitzhugh Lee, *R. E. Lee*, 125.

the art of war. The able Confederate lieutenant-general Richard Taylor, a devoted admirer of Lee and a participant in the events, describes the campaign that now occupies us as "a series of blunders one after another, and all huge."[1] The blundering, in Taylor's judgment, began in the entire neglect of Lee, and of Johnston before him, to properly reconnoitre and map the vicinity of Richmond; of this region the Confederates were quite ignorant, while McClellan had explored it minutely — ignorance which brought upon the South a series of calamities. It was, however, an admirable move of Lee that he ordered the valley army to march with all speed to Richmond, meantime blinding the Federals by sending towards the valley a strong body as if to reinforce Jackson for further operations there. The stratagem having succeeded, both the valley army and the reinforcement were back at Richmond in good time. Towards the end of June, Lee's numbers were increased to 79,491 men, while the Federal army, swelled by McCall's division of McDowell's corps, reached 91,169.[2] A cavalry raid around the Federal army, June 13, was an annoying defiance, but scarcely an injury.

The four Federal corps of Keyes, Heintzelman, Sumner, and Franklin lay south of the Chickahominy facing Richmond;[3] while on the north side

[1] Taylor, *Destruction and Reconstruction*, 86.
[2] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 86.
[3] *War Records*, Serial No. 13, pp. 19–994 (Seven Days).

lay the Fifth Corps, under Fitz-John Porter, strengthened by the division of McCall, which occupied a strong position along Beaver Dam Creek, a small tributary of the Chickahominy, near the village of Mechanicsville. Just behind McCall was another small stream on which was located Gaines's Mill; on ground rising into upland from this latter stream Porter stood arrayed, Sykes's division of regulars to the right and Morell's division to the left, good soldiers all. The Chickahominy, therefore, cut off rather less than a third of the Union army from the main body; but it was no longer such an obstacle as it had been on the day of Fair Oaks. The swamp had shrunk under the summer sun, and there was now no lack of bridges.

June 23, Lee held a council with his chief lieutenants—Longstreet, A. P. and D. H. Hill, and Jackson, the latter appearing dusty and travel-worn after an almost solitary ride from the valley, leaving his division, sixteen thousand strong, to push on behind him. Lee proposed an attack on the troops north of the Chickahominy by the larger part of his army, leaving only twenty-five thousand men under Magruder to hold the lines before Richmond. In this plan much was risked; while with the bulk of his forces Lee struck at Porter on the north side, two-thirds and more of the Federal army on the south side, overwhelming Magruder, might march straight into Richmond. Lee's audacious plan was based on good generalship, because he measured ac-

curately the character of his adversary; he felt sure that McClellan was not likely to give Magruder trouble while Lee himself was busy elsewhere, and his judgment was correct.

Nevertheless, the opening of Lee's enterprise proved inauspicious, strangely enough because of a slowness in Stonewall Jackson. At the council of May 23, according to D. H. Hill,[1] the division commanders were left by Lee to arrange the details of the attack upon Porter. Longstreet therefore suggested that Jackson should fix the time, since his troops, then on their way from the Shenandoah, had farthest to march; Jackson named the 26th, at daylight, as the time when he would be present with his men. On that day, accordingly, A. P. Hill crossed the Chickahominy prepared for action, expecting Jackson to advance as promised, to turn the Federal right, and thus to necessitate the retreat of McCall to the position of Porter, just behind, at Gaines's Mill. Hour after hour passed, but Jackson was absent.

Meantime, Longstreet, too, had crossed the river, and D. H. Hill was close at hand; Richmond was almost denuded of defenders without a movement to distract Federal attention from its weakness. At mid-afternoon the Confederates attacked near Mechanicsville, with results to them disastrous. McCall's three brigades, commanded by Meade, Reynolds, and Seymour, capital officers, held a strong

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, II., 347.

position; and as the Confederates charged from the direction of Mechanicsville the repulse was complete and sanguinary.[1] This calamity always weighed upon Lee, and it is handed down in his family that once, at the mention of Stonewall Jackson's name, he burst out: "He made me fight the battle of Mechanicsville when there was no need of it. I had to do it to keep McClellan from marching into Richmond. He didn't come up as he should have done."[2] This default, on the part of a general deservedly famous, is noted also by Longstreet and D. H. Hill,[3] and is said to have resulted from his unwillingness to march his men on Sunday—they were holding a camp-meeting when promptness was imperative.

Lee's misfortune was abundantly offset the next day by the discomfiture of his adversary. Jackson came up at last. Fitz-John Porter was assailed at Gaines's Mill, June 27; and, after an heroic struggle, his lines were broken and a retreat made necessary. The inertia of the commanding general lost here a great opportunity. It was obvious that Lee had massed his army north of the Chickahominy and that Richmond was exposed to attack. Porter offered, with proper reinforcements, to hold Lee while McClellan threw his main force into the almost undefended city.[4] The wisdom of that suggestion

[1] Longstreet, *From Manassas to Appomattox*, 120 et seq.; Comte de Paris, *Civil War in Am.*, II., 73 et seq.

[2] Communicated to the writer by a relative of Lee.

[3] *Battles and Leaders*, II., 347 et seq. and 396 et seq.

[4] Webb, *Peninsula*, 130 *n.*

McClellan could not see; his mind was full of the dangers which his imagination always presented in profusion. Porter, reinforced with but one division, tried to hold Lee; but meantime Magruder, the "prince of bluff," kept up "such a clatter,"[1] volleying, charging, manœuvring his handful in front of the four corps held fast by McClellan, that the Federals made no forward movement.

Indeed, McClellan had had it in mind to change his base from White House, on the Pamunkey, to some point on the James, where the gun-boats could better render aid and the army be more easily supplied. At this juncture the contrasts in his singular character, so strong and yet so weak, are curiously apparent. While refusing to grasp the opportunity of June 27, on the other hand the skill of the withdrawal of his army excites admiration. The roads and paths in the difficult and little-known country had all been reconnoitred and carefully mapped. Passing south from the Chickahominy, another morass, White Oak Swamp, equally obstructive, was encountered after an interval of a few miles, after which a tract of forest and thicket extended to the base of an elevation known as Malvern Hill, the military advantages of which had been recognized and utilized by Lafayette in 1781. Here the James was at hand, although Harrison's Landing, the point suggested by the navy for the base, was situated a few miles below.

[1] D. H. Hill, in *Battles and Leaders*, II., 362.

While Lee, after Gaines's Mill, feeling sure that McClellan would retire down the Peninsula along the line of his advance (he by no means "read McClellan like a book"), sent Ewell and Stuart eastward in such a direction as to embarrass this expected retreat, McClellan, destroying with enormous waste such stores as could not be conveyed, began to send southward his heavily laden trains. A herd of twenty-five hundred cattle were driven safely across to the James; then followed thousands of wagons, the immense procession unassaulted by any pursuing-party of the foe. A long start was attained before Lee penetrated his opponent's purpose. At last Lee caught the scent and dashed impetuously upon the trail. Jackson was to cross the Chickahominy and press the Federal rear; Longstreet and A. P. Hill were also to cross and make a rapid détour, so as to strike in flank the long line of their retreating and heavily encumbered enemy and, if possible, break it in two.

The pursuit was disastrous to the Confederates. At Savage's Station an attack was unsatisfactory; and a powerful blow delivered at Glendale by Longstreet and A. P. Hill was unsuccessful. Here, again, Jackson was not in the fighting; though close at hand, he was kept at bay at the crossing of White Oak Swamp. Magruder, Holmes, and Huger, too, partly from losing their way in a country which the Federals had come to know better than they, and partly through undue magnifying of obstacles, also

lent no aid. Severe Federal losses marked the day's fighting of the 30th; but behind the protection of a line stoutly maintained, McClellan's army moved southward, and by nightfall was gathering heavily, with *morale* undestroyed, in a new position.[1]

The Quaker Road, the main avenue of the Federal retreat, encountered at length the steep northern slope of Malvern Hill, which, rising to a height of some sixty feet, expands beyond the crest into a broad plateau, a mile and a quarter in one direction and three-quarters of a mile in another. In spite of feeble efforts made by Holmes on that day to embarrass the Federal occupation of this advantageous ground, Keyes and Porter seized it; and as the Union army arrived the troops were arranged in well-drawn formations from the base up to the crest, with the reserves and trains on the wide-stretching level at the summit. Here the James River was in full view, with gun-boats lying at anchor, their terrifying missiles reaching easily the ground which the Confederates must cross for an attack. This sight gave encouragement; confidence in the general was still unimpaired; the fighting and losses had been fearful, but, except at Gaines's Mill, there had been no real ill-luck.

The next day, July 1, was the test. The Federal corps took up their positions, the artillery in particular being disposed with consummate skill; fa-

[1] Longstreet, *Manassas to Appomattox*, 131 et seq.; Comte de Paris, *Civil War in Am.*, II., 107.

tigue was forgotten and the spirits of the troops revived. In the afternoon came the battle of Malvern Hill, one of the most terrible conflicts of the war. The Confederates, following hard on the retiring Federals, swarmed in the woods which bordered the clearings before the Union lines. D. H. Hill advised caution, at which Longstreet scoffed.[1] Lee, believing that his adversaries were demoralized, while his own men were inspirited by their pursuit of fugitives, ordered the hill to be stormed. The signal was to be the "rebel yell," uttered by the brigade of Armistead as it charged near the centre. In the noise of the cannon the cry was not heard; there was no proper concert; the splendid Federal artillery, cherished and trained by the commander-in-chief through long months of waiting, now broke forth, while the pitiless rifles of the infantry crashed from behind the intrenchments which the engineers skilfully contrived.

When the light of the long day faded, Lee's army, broken and dispirited, was huddled under the protection of the forests in front of the Federal lines; here, again, as at Gaines's Mill, a great chance was missed. Federal divisions, and even entire corps, had stood inactive on the hill throughout the fight. A word would have hurled upon the repulsed Confederates such an avalanche of columns as would have disintegrated every formation that could have been attempted, and brought ruin to Lee and speedy

[1] D. H. Hill, in *Battles and Leaders*, II., 391.

capture to Richmond. But the word was not uttered; the blue and the gray lay down under the stars almost side by side. The night was undisturbed, and on the morrow the Federal army sought the protection, at Harrison's Landing, of the broadsides of the navy.

The Peninsula campaign was at an end. In the frightful struggle of the seven days the Federal loss was, in killed, 1734; wounded, 8062; missing, 6053. For the Confederates the ghastly list records, of killed, 3478; wounded, 16,261; missing, 875.[1] On the side of the Confederacy, beyond the important result that Richmond was preserved from capture, there was little gained. The hard fighting at Fair Oaks had brought them nothing, and during the seven days they were defeated in every engagement but Gaines's Mill. At Savage's Station and Glendale the attempts to interrupt the Federal retreat were frustrated, while the failures at Mechanicsville and Malvern Hill were in a high degree disastrous. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was double that of the Federals. As to how the blame shall be assigned for the Federal shortcoming, able critics have differed. Whole campaigns would have been spared if, during the preceding fall, when McClellan had more than 100,000 men and Johnston not 30,000, the war had been fought out at Manassas.[2]

[1] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 86.

[2] For Confederate criticism, see Taylor, *Destruction and Reconstruction*, chap. vi.

While McClellan possessed great qualities as a general, power to plan and organize, engineering skill, a personal magnetism comparable only to that of the most eminent captains, he had, at the same time, small initiative, and, worst of all, a strange habit of exaggerating the enemy's forces and advantages. The administration at Washington, with whom he constantly wrangled, was also not without fault. In a difficult hour, under terrible political pressure, Lincoln grappled with his problems with good sense and patience; but he was without experience, and good advisers were few and hard to discover. Looking back upon those days, it can now be seen that the commanding general, if trusted at all, should have been trusted more. It was a mistake and an affront to him to divide his army into corps contrary to his judgment, putting at the head of each a commander as yet untried in high position. It was equally a mistake to retain him in command and confuse his plans by withdrawing from him McDowell's corps. Not numbers, but a head, was what was wanted in the Shenandoah Valley, and in despatching the right wing of the Army of the Potomac upon its impotent march the capture of Richmond was probably postponed for three years. All these men were struggling, without adequate preparation or experience, with tasks too great for them.

While Lincoln and Stanton eventually grew to support their burden, the career of McClellan was

soon to close, before he could develop a like growth.[1] At this time he showed a lack of appreciation of other people's difficulties and a persistent self-confidence which led to bitter and unbecoming outbursts. He wrote to Stanton, from Savage's Station, June 28, a letter which can only be excused by supposing that in a panic he had quite lost sight of what was proper. After detailing the disaster of Gaines's Mill, and lamenting the policy of the administration which had brought the army to a pass so critical, he breaks out: "The Government has not sustained this army. If I save this army now I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army."[2] Still more unbecoming was the tone of a letter written from Harrison's Landing, July 7, presenting to the president an uncalled-for summary of his ideas as to the general conduct of affairs.[3]

What his foes thought of McClellan during the seven days' operations may well close this chapter. Says Taylor: "Regarded as a change of base, carefully considered and provided for, it was most creditable; if suddenly and unexpectedly forced upon him, he exhibited a courage, vigor, and presence of

[1] Of the defenders of Lincoln's conduct through thick and thin, note Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*. For sharp criticism of the administration, see Ropes, "McClellan's Plans for the Campaign," in Mil. Hist. Soc. of Mass., *Papers*, I., 77.

[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 12, p. 61.

[3] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, V., 447.

mind worthy of the greatest commanders."[1] Lee, too, when asked who was the best commander to whom he had ever been opposed, replied, "McClellan by all odds."[2]

[1] Taylor, *Destruction and Reconstruction*, 94.

[2] R. E. Lee, Jr., *Records and Letters of Robert E. Lee*, 416; confirmed to the writer by a relative of Lee, who heard the remark.

CHAPTER XII

POPE AND THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA

(JULY, 1862–AUGUST, 1862)

THE second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress extended from December 2, 1861, to July 17, 1862; the body of legislators was able and patriotic, and coped creditably with immense difficulties, but, of course, it made mistakes. A proper ordering of the finances was of prime importance, and to this the secretary and the legislators at once addressed themselves. It lay with Chase to suggest a scheme. A debt of $267,000,000 in bonds and short-time notes had accumulated, besides a deficit of $143,000,000; funds must be provided to carry on the great war, the demands of which became heavier day by day. Chase, in his report, argued for an economy which he was never able to secure, as he had little control of expenditures. In his opinion there were five sources from which revenue in the exigency must be derived: (1) taxation, (2) loans, (3) confiscation of the property of insurgents, (4) treasury notes issued for brief periods on interest, (5) demand notes circulating as currency and bearing no interest. Out of these he intended soon to

get rid of the notes and to rely on taxation, long loans, and confiscation. But Chase's recommendations were thrust aside; he had little hold upon Congress, and at the end of December occurred a crisis which put a new face on the financial situation. December 30 the banks, with which Chase had disagreed on points of policy, suspended specie payment, a course which the government was forced at once to follow. The fundamental cause was the want of success in the government's efforts so far to suppress the rebellion, which affected seriously the confidence of the people. What should and what might have been done is much discussed in the financial histories, but only miraculous financiering in so difficult a matter could have averted calamity.[1]

Since Chase's estimates were proving entirely untrustworthy and his expedients for meeting the requirements inadequate, the House not unnaturally neglected what now he had to offer, and under the lead of Thaddeus Stevens instructed the committee on ways and means to lay taxes which should produce $150,000,000 a year. The matter was referred to a sub-committee, of which Elbridge G. Spaulding, of New York, was chairman, who presently reported a bill which resulted in the very memorable act of February 25, 1862, a landmark in the history of American finance.[2] The bill authorized (1) the is-

[1] Hart, *Chase*, 236.

[2] Dewey, *Financial Hist. of the U. S.*, 284; *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 345.

sue of $150,000,000 in legal-tender United States notes; (2) the issue of $500,000,000 in bonds redeemable after five years and payable after twenty years (hence known as "five-twenties"), at 6 per cent. interest, to be sold at market value for coin or treasury notes—with other provisions less noteworthy. The act makes no reference to a scheme for a system of national banks, which Chase had urged, and which, before long, was to become important, but provides for a vast amount of irredeemable paper money, to which Chase was strongly opposed; the banks, too, and the press everywhere, were almost universally against it; and the debate on the bill in Congress, which began January 28, 1862, developed much adverse opinion. Said Justin S. Morrill in the House, a man much deferred to on financial points: "It is a measure which will be of greater advantage to the enemy. I would as soon provide Chinese wooden guns for the Army as paper-money." On the other hand, John Sherman, of Ohio, in the Senate, advocated the measure: it could not be harmful; it was a mere temporary expedient; it was absolutely necessary.[1] With modifications the act passed the House by a vote of 93 to 59; while in the Senate, out of 37, but 7 opposed.

Chase reluctantly acquiesced, and, following further in the path which had been entered, demanded within three months another issue of $150,000,000, to meet the stress. This, too, Congress granted,

[1] John Sherman, *Recollections*, 223.

July 11, 1862;[1] and in the succeeding session, as we shall see, responded to similar demands of the secretary with equal readiness. Experts in finance must decide the controversy as to how far Chase did wrong in sacrificing his convictions to public exigency in the matter of the "greenbacks"—as the legal-tender notes were popularly called—and the wider controversy, whether the issue of irredeemable paper was justifiable during the Civil War, or, indeed, ever justifiable.[2] The sane opinion of to-day is that the greenback brought into American affairs a train of vexations from which we have hardly yet escaped.

A very weak element in the financiering of the Civil War was the delay in applying effective taxation; but that inefficiency may be condoned in view of the impossibility of knowing how the people would bear taxation. As a fact, they bore it easily and with perfect good-nature; and in the retrospect it is clear that if, through some inspired audacity it could have been vigorously applied at first, great perplexities might have been avoided. In 1862 a radical change of policy took place. During 1861 the revenue from direct taxation had been but $1,795,000. On July 1, 1862, was passed an act providing for internal revenue and an income tax, which produced great results.[3] The guiding prin-

[1] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 532.
[2] See Hart, *Chase*, 245 et seq.
[3] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 432.

ciple of the measure of July 1, 1862, which Congress took six months to mature, was to impose small duties on many objects rather than large duties on a few.[1] Luxuries were naturally made to pay a heavy rate, but licenses also must be bought for occupations and duties be rendered for manufactures. All formal papers, to be valid, required a government stamp; in fact, the effects of the measure were universal and searching. The motto of the framers of the law might have been, "Wherever you find an article, a product, a trade, a profession, or a source of income, tax it." Nearly at the same time with the internal-revenue act a new tariff act was passed, July 14.[2]

After the issue of $500,000,000 in five-twenties, other loans rapidly followed, bewildering in number and in their designations. But little was obtained at first from the issue of five-twenties, as Chase refused to sell them below par, and few were willing to take them at that. Heavy military reverses came in the summer, which made the situation uncertain; better opportunities for investment were numerous; the seven-thirties of the preceding year were more attractive.[3] In December, 1862, but $23,750,000 had been taken. The subscriptions to permanent loans of all kinds during 1862 amounted to but $175,000,000, while the taxes produced only $111,000,000.

[1] Dewey, *Financial Hist. of the U. S.*, 301.
[2] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 543.
[3] Dewey, *Financial Hist. of the U. S.*, 307.

The expenditures, meantime, were $704,000,000, leaving $418,000,000 to be met by temporary loans and paper money.[1] This was, indeed, the darkest period of our finances. Specie disappeared from circulation, causing an embarrassment which was only partly relieved by the notes and tokens of municipal corporations and mercantile firms and the postage and other stamps, the use of which as small change Congress authorized July 17, 1862. Looking back, it is easy to condemn; but legislators have never been placed in a situation of more difficulty. Much of this action was taken regretfully. No one in those days could bring himself to believe that the war could last beyond a few months; and a makeshift policy which before long could be bettered or thrown over might answer for a short time.

A second confiscation act, supplementing that of August 6, 1861, suggested rather by a spirit of retaliation than by well-based expectation of financial advantage, was passed July 17, 1862.[2] Congress had in view the sequestration policy of the Confederacy, so vigorously enforced by Benjamin. Some legislators were reluctant, and Lincoln looked askance at a clause relating to slave property.[3] The law was not vigorously enforced, though by no means a dead letter. The case of Arlington, the estate of the wife of Robert E. Lee, was interesting:

[1] Hart, *Chase*, 244. [2] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 589.
[3] Blaine, *Twenty Years*, I., 348.

after seizure by the government it was appropriated to military uses, its noble grounds at length becoming a soldiers' cemetery. After the war, however, compensation was made to the former owners.[1]

Since the military and naval organization was quite inadequate for a great war, a series of acts increased and systematized the service. In particular, July 16, 1862, the scope of the navy, the efficiency of which had brought it into the foreground, was much enlarged.[2] The new rank of admiral was created for officers in chief command, and in lower grades a more careful apportionment of rank to responsibility. In the flush of hope enkindled by the success of the spring, recruiting stopped; the war was supposed to be near its end. The reverses of later months made necessary acts for raising three hundred thousand three-years men and other levies for shorter terms. Now a relaxation of the first enthusiasm became apparent. Bounties were resorted to, to stimulate enlistment, the practice of the government being followed by states and towns. While many old regiments were recruited, so that the roster at the end of the war showed fifteen or sixteen hundred names, too often new regiments were unnecessarily organized, the rank and file being allowed, town-meeting fashion, to elect officers from their own numbers. This was to throw away the benefit that might have come to

[1] See bronze tablet at Arlington.
[2] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 583.

the recruits from association with veterans and commanders who had been "baptised in blood and fire." Regiments that had achieved honorable fame were suffered to dwindle almost to nothing; while raw companies, with small discipline in the ranks and small capacity in the higher grades, were sent into the field.[1] To some extent the harm was offset by the commission of the same folly at the South.[2]

Though the war was so absorbing, the year 1862 was marked by several legislative measures of lasting consequence in civil matters. The most important were the act to secure homesteads to actual settlers on the public domain; the congressional grants out of which were to come the Pacific Railroad; the land-grants to states, upon which later were based the Colleges of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, and the establishment of a department of agriculture.[3] From beginning to end the session was agitated over the slavery question. The Democrats and border-state men blocked abolition measures as they could, while the Republicans pushed them ever more energetically. Between the two opinions Lincoln sought a middle course, the outcome of which will be considered presently.

In the South, the conscription act, rigidly enforced,

[1] Ropes, *Story of the War*, II., 220; "War as We See It Now," in Mil. Hist. Soc. of Mass., *Papers*, X., 264.

[2] Stiles, *Four Years with Marse Robert*, 73.

[3] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 387, 392, 489, 503.

brought out men to confront the northern armies, but the financial strait was not so readily relieved. From the beginning of the war the hope of the Confederacy was that cotton would pay their way. The crop of 1860 was safely marketed, but by the fall of 1861 the blockade cut off almost all export. The expectation for a time was firm that the shortage of the staple would cause foreign powers to intervene; but King Cotton was proving an impotent potentate. Though Mason and Slidell were at large to negotiate as they pleased, recognition came from neither England nor France. Yet, in 1862 the South could hope for more from Europe than could the North. The *Florida*, built and equipped in England, started out early in the year on her career as a cruiser, followed later by the *Alabama;*[1] and though Mr. Adams was vigilance itself in warning the British government of what was doing in their ports, no effective measures were taken to prevent it. In France, the scheming Napoleon III. made it plain that out of the American misfortunes he designed aggrandizement for his own empire. To him the question of rendering aid depended upon which champion should prove the stronger and more persevering.

After the failure of McClellan to take Richmond, the Federal administration felt the need of a new military head: Scott had retired; McClellan was

[1] Bulloch, *Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe*, I., chaps. iv., v.

unsuccessful, and his disaffection to Stanton and Lincoln had become plain; McDowell was a good soldier, but, unfortunately, had lost credit with the country because of his defeat at Bull Run; Grant had risen brilliantly at Donelson, but seemed extinguished by Shiloh. To whom should the president turn? His recourse to Halleck and Pope appears, in the retrospect, strange, but at that time none promised better. To Halleck was ascribed probably much more than belonged to him of the credit for the successful strategy of the West. The record of Pope was good: he had shown vigor in Missouri; he had commanded at Island No. 10; and, though victory had been secured by skilful engineering and gun-boat work rather than by a fighting army, there was no evidence that the general had come short. Both men were called East, Halleck July 11, to be titular commander-in-chief at Washington, at the side of Lincoln and Stanton; Pope June 27, to command a new "Army of Virginia," to be made up of the combined armies of Frémont, Banks, and McDowell, a total of 49,500 men.[1] Frémont declined to serve under a junior, and was replaced by Franz Sigel, who had served in Europe, and was believed to have much influence among the Germans.

John Pope, one of the pathetic figures of the war, avers with earnestness that he received with the utmost regret a recall from the West, where his beginnings had been so hopeful, but he could only

[1] Cullum, *Register of Mil. Acad.*, arts., Halleck, Pope.

obey.[1] After a few weeks in Washington, in the environment of the war office, he made the bad blunder of issuing a proclamation which implied a disparaging comparison between the armies of the East and West: "I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies. . . . I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find so much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of 'taking strong positions' and 'holding them against the enemy,' of 'lines of retreat' and 'bases of supplies.' Let us discard such ideas. . . . Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and let our own take care of themselves. Let us look before us and not behind."[2] He is alleged to have declared at the same time that his "headquarters would be in the saddle," to which Lee is credited with the repartee that "his headquarters would then be where his hindquarters ought to be." Pope was guilty of other blunders, but this was probably the worst.

Why should a man really well-meaning and capable have been betrayed into such a lapse? This and other much-criticised orders of Pope he declared to Cox were "drafted under the dictation in substance of Mr. Stanton";[3] and one sees in the background the figure of Ben Wade, chairman of the committee on the conduct of the war, and other similar impetuous

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, II., 449.
[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 18, p. 473.
[3] Cox, *Military Reminiscences*, I., 222.

spirits, fuming over the catastrophes that had come to pass, and dinning into the ears of the new general their demands for an able and aggressive course in place of the ineptitude that had brought such shame. Whatever the reason, he called out towards himself the resentment and prejudice of the officers and men he was about to direct.

Halleck, the new commander-in-chief, determined to withdraw McClellan from the Peninsula, in spite of that general's protests; for McClellan was still sanguine as to capturing Richmond, and had a new plan of campaign, which might have succeeded. Since he was to be withdrawn, the obvious task for Pope and the Army of Virginia was to keep Lee from destroying him as he retreated. At the end of July, Pope concentrated his corps east of the Blue Ridge about the headwaters of the Rappahannock. As he took the field he received from Halleck, the man so slow before Corinth, the admonition "to fight like the Devil, and to expect reinforcements."

Lee now lay between the two Federal armies; he turned his attention at once to that of Pope, sending Stonewall Jackson to Gordonsville with twenty-one thousand men.[1] Quick though Jackson was, he came near being anticipated at that important point. Pope had five thousand admirable cavalry (as the war proceeds the value of that arm is more and more appreciated), which he handled with energy. At Culpeper several roads met, and Jackson pushed

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 17, pp. 241–755 (Pope's Campaign).

forward to seize it. On the march his reticence, as often, excited the discontent of his lieutenants, and came near causing serious misfortune.[1] As always, his plans were a mystery to friend as to foe. Eight miles from Culpeper he encountered the Federals, August 8, and next day came a famous battle.

Banks and Sigel had been ordered forward; and the former, gallant and zealous, was at once on hand, while the latter tarried. Banks had 8030 men; Jackson, at the moment, 16,848; but Pope had ordered (so Banks understood him) an instant attack, the verbal message of the commander receiving an unfortunate emphasis from the aides who brought it. At the end of the afternoon of August 9, at Cedar Mountain, Banks hurled himself upon his dangerous antagonist with a vehemence in which seems concentrated the wrath stored up from his many humiliations in the valley.[2] The valor was peerless; the tactical skill in some ways fell short. In Banks's little army two of his general officers were wounded and one captured. Crawford lost almost half his brigade, and Gordon one-third; and Jackson suffered scarcely less. As Jackson pressed on in the night after the retiring Federals, he encountered presently the troops of Sigel, who should have been on hand before, and he paused. His time was not yet.[3]

[1] Henderson, *Jackson*, II., 109.
[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 17, pp. 131–240 (Cedar Mountain).
[3] Gordon, *Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain*, 324.

Pope was successful in withdrawing the attention of Lee from McClellan. So much enterprise on the Rapidan could not be neglected, and Lee presently joined Jackson with his main body and began to manœuvre with fifty-five thousand men against the Federals, who for the moment were outnumbered. Pope, in these days, made no mistake. Capturing despatches of Lee, he became aware of his numbers and intentions, and fell back warily before Lee could turn his left, as he at first tried to do. There was marching and countermarching on the Rappahannock, during which the Confederates were perhaps as often in peril as the Federals.

As the month advanced, Pope was reinforced by the Ninth Corps from North Carolina and the Third and Fifth corps from the Peninsula, giving him a large superiority in numbers. The Second and Sixth corps from the Peninsula were also on their way. Lee saw he must act at once if at all, and resolved upon a daring plan.[1] August 24, an eye-witness relates, Lee and Jackson, in camp on the upper Rappahannock, were in earnest conversation. Jackson, in his old cap and dust-covered uniform, was full of excitement, drawing upon the ground with the toe of his boot a rude map, and gesticulating earnestly. Lee listened with face full of interest, at length nodding as if in assent.[2] This was the inception of a very famous movement, audacious

[1] Ropes, *Story of the War*, II., 227 et seq.
[2] Henderson, *Jackson*, II., 152.

to the last degree, involving risks which able critics declare could not be run with prudence;[1] a movement, however, completely successful, and which is counted as one of the chief titles of Lee and Jackson to great fame.

Lee resolved to divide his army, retaining with himself Longstreet, and sending Jackson with the rest about the Union right and rear. Between the two parts of his army thus split in half must lie the entire Federal army; should it fall upon either Longstreet or Jackson, during the time of separation, the blow could hardly fail to crush. Lee ran the risk; when Pope should become fully engaged with Jackson, he planned to slip from his old position, then, following hard on Jackson's track with Longstreet, to reunite his sundered army in a way unlooked for. Contemptuous of his adversary, and measuring accurately his embarrassments, he struck out with all energy.

Starting on the 25th, with the Stonewall division now under Taliaferro, since the death of Winder at Cedar Mountain, also with the troops of A. P. Hill and Ewell, and Stuart's cavalry, twenty-five thousand in all, Jackson proceeded almost literally upon the run, first northward to Thoroughfare Gap, through the Bull Run mountains. His march was no secret to friend or foe. In the dry August weather thick clouds of dust marked the rush of the column. But whither? Pope believed he was

[1] Ropes, *Story of the War*, II., 262.

bound for Front Royal and the valley. Jackson's own lieutenants knew no more than the rest of the world. "If silence is golden," said one of them, "then Jackson is a bonanza." [1] He sped, however, through Thoroughfare Gap; thence eastward by the hamlets Haymarket and Gainesville to Manassas Junction, which he reached on the 27th, fifty-six miles in two days. He was now fairly in the rear of the Federals, who were mostly scattered about in the neighborhood of Warrenton. He lay right upon their communications, and had in his grasp, quite undefended, Pope's main depot of supplies.

Jackson had come in the lightest order, with three days' provisions in the haversacks and no trains but the ammunition wagons and ambulances. The "foot-cavalry" were hungry and leg-weary, and the afternoon of the 27th was given them for rest and free plunder of the Federal stores. There were two miles of freight-cars, and whole streets of warehouses piled high with all an army could need—food, clothes, shoes, arms, ammunition, and a great profusion of luxuries for the sutlers. In the midst of the orgy there was perfect vigilance. Ewell was on guard at Bristoe Station, against a Federal advance from Warrenton; the road from Alexandria was watched—Stuart's eyes were everywhere; above all Jackson himself slept not. When all had been devoured that could be devoured, and all packed that could be taken away, the immense remainder

[1] Taylor, *Destruction and Reconstruction*, 50.

was given to the flames, the glare of the costly bonfire visible against the heavens in the wide-stretching Union camps and far towards Washington.[1]

Now came four days of confusion, in which faulty judgment in the general, sluggishness and disaffection among some of those who should have helped him, and, above all, ill-luck, conspired against Pope's strategy. Hooker fought a sharp battle at Bristoe Station, trying to march to the rescue from the direction of Warrenton. On the Alexandria side, Taylor, a brave New Jersey brigadier, flung himself upon the enemy at Manassas, to the destruction of his force and himself. Pope was slow to believe that Lee would so contemn him as to divide the Confederate army in his immediate presence. Thoughtless of further danger from the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, he ordered a concentration of his troops upon Manassas, in order to crush Jackson. McDowell, posted some miles farther north, had early news of the approach of Lee and Longstreet through Thoroughfare Gap,[2] and sought to guard it, trying at the same time to warn Pope. Could McDowell have managed the matter, Longstreet, it would seem, might have been intercepted; but in the heat and haste no opportunity came for an explanation of the case to Pope. Ill-starred McDowell had no choice but to hurry to Manassas, leaving the path of Longstreet practically open. While hastening southward

[1] Henderson, *Jackson* (ed. of 1898), II., 168.
[2] Longstreet, *Manassas to Appomattox*, 180 et seq.

one of his divisions encountered at Gainesville, Ewell and Taliaferro, with the result that both these leaders fell seriously wounded and their commands were roughly handled. Jackson was in the greatest danger; and though manœuvring with all skill on the 28th, it was as much good-luck as skill that saved him.[1] With his ear to the ground, he listened anxiously for the approaching tramp of Longstreet's men, nor did he listen in vain. Almost unopposed, Longstreet marched forward, and on the 29th, all unknown to Pope, Lee's divided forces once more struck hands.

Believing, even on August 29, that Longstreet was yet at a distance, and that Jackson might be crushed before his arrival, Pope attempted combinations with that end in view, sending a "joint order" for attack to McDowell and to Fitz-John Porter, who held the Federal left. This unfortunate order brought trouble at the time and for many years after. Porter knew that Lee had united his army, and that he stood opposed to Longstreet's entire corps. Using the discretion which the occasion appeared to necessitate, Porter did not follow Pope's directions, which would have brought destruction. His course was vindicated, after long controversy, though through temporary injustice a fine career was wrecked and the services of an able commander lost to the Union.[2] In this hour, so unhappy for the Union,

[1] Ropes, *Army under Pope*, chap. vii.

[2] *Ibid.*; *War Records*, Serial No. 17 (Fitz-John Porter Court-Martial).

the genius of Lee was at its best. The Federals were forced back to the Henry house hill, the centre of the fighting of the previous summer. The battle was terrible, charge after charge falling like trip-hammer blows upon the struggling Union ranks. There was no failure to Lee's men from lack of support; where the danger was greatest the massing was densest; the brigades were thrown in to the last man, and the onset was irresistible. As evening fell, some unbroken Federal lines were still opposed, drawn up on the Henry house hill; conspicuous among them were the regulars of Sykes, Fitz-John Porter's men. While they stood, the road was open for retreat across the stone bridge and on to Centreville; at last they, too, retired, the bridge was blown up, and darkness fell upon the concluded battle.

There was no rest for the combatants. Lee sent Jackson in hot haste towards Fairfax Court House to cut off the Union retreat. In a tempest of thunder and rain, on the night of September 1, occurred the gloomy battle of Chantilly: Jackson was baffled, but at a costly sacrifice, Philip Kearny and Isaac I. Stevens, among the best of the Federal division commanders, being among the fallen. The wreck of the army withdrew to Washington, and Pope's campaign was over. During the week from August 27 to September 2, the Federal losses in killed and wounded were about ten thousand; those of the Confederates were not much less. Six thousand missing, moreover, must be assigned to the Federal account.

CHAPTER XIII

ANTIETAM CAMPAIGN

(SEPTEMBER, 1862)

TO one reviewing at this distance that brief but stormy month when Pope was at the front, while his unwise speeches seem to show that he was affected by an environment where men of authority were giving unrestrained vent to passion and mortification, it is plain that in the field he was brave and vigorous. In his failures he was followed by ill-fortune and hampered by the errors of the administration; nor could he win the hearts of his subordinates so as to call out their best service. Yet he was undaunted to the last, and, as a closing service, left a piece of excellent counsel[1] in the following letter to Halleck, September 3: "We ought not to lose a moment in pushing forward fresh troops to confront the enemy. In three days we should be able to renew the offensive. We must strike again with fresh men while the enemy is weakened and broken down. I am ready to advance again to the front with the fresh troops now here. Those I

[1] Ropes, *Army under Pope*, 170.

brought in can remain two days. Let us not sit down quietly but push forward again." [1]

Where was the leader to be found for this vigorous movement? Pope himself was willing to undertake it, but he was now discredited with both army and country, and disappears from the history of the Civil War, being relegated to an obscure command in the Indian country.[2] Lincoln had no recourse but to appeal to McClellan: the man of the Peninsula was at hand to accept the responsibility of protecting Washington and to help once more the tottering cause.

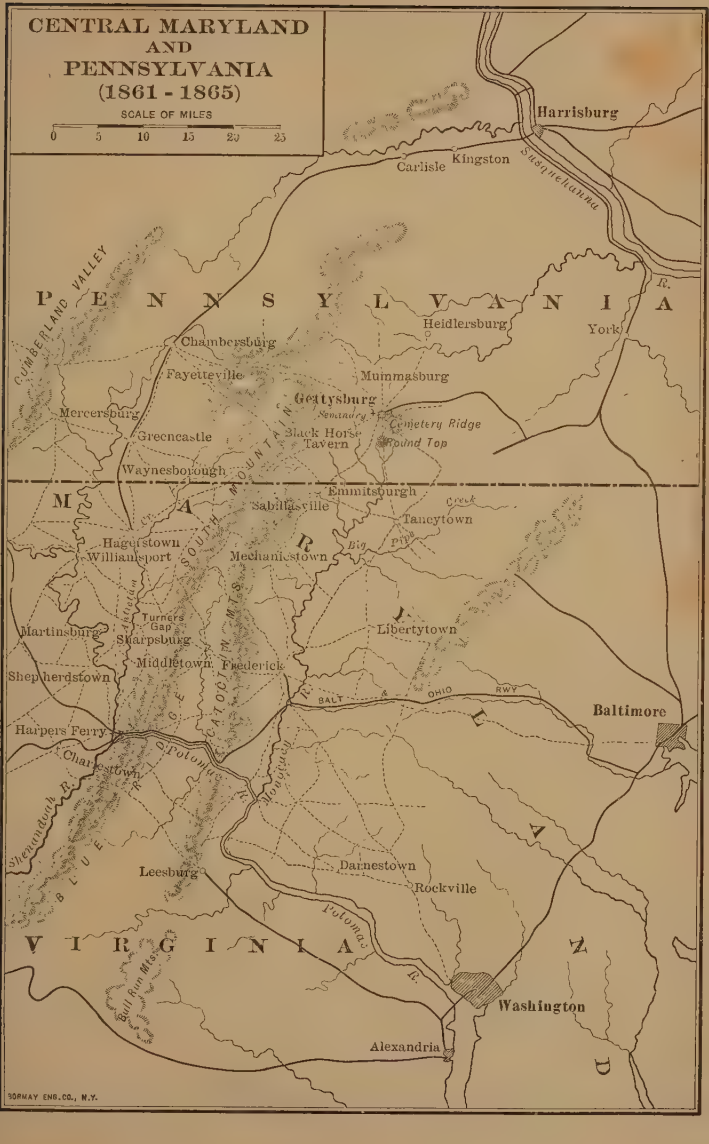
Such a stroke as that suggested by Pope would naturally not commend itself to McClellan: the army must pause to rest, reorganize, and refit. Lee, meanwhile, was on the alert for new conquests. Reinforced by D. H. Hill, Wade Hampton, and other commands that had defended Richmond and were now not needed there, he set out upon new and daring enterprises to carry the war across the Potomac into Maryland. The moral effect, it was felt, would be favorable—encouraging to the South, depressing to the North, impressive as regards Europe, recognition from which was so eagerly desired. Maryland, it was believed, was at heart loyal to the South and might be won to the Confederacy by a demonstration on her soil. At all events, Washington and Baltimore might be threatened, recruits

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 18, p. 808.
[2] Cullum, *Register of Mil. Acad.*, Pope.

were to be hoped for, and abundant supplies from fields thus far spared. The plan was at once acted upon:[1] equipped to some extent from the Manassas captures, but still shabby and sometimes shoeless, the Confederate army, with the division of D. H. Hill in the van, forded the Potomac at Leesburg, September 4 to 7, 1862, and immediately marched to Frederick.[2]

The Federal administration undertook the new campaign with resolution unbroken. The immediate defence of Washington was intrusted to Banks with the Third and Eleventh corps; while McClellan, with the First (now commanded by Hooker), the Second (Sumner), Couch's division of the Fourth Corps, the Fifth (Porter), the Sixth (Franklin), the Ninth (Burnside), and the Twelfth (Mansfield), was pushed into the field; there was also a body of cavalry under Pleasonton. One misses in the list the name of McDowell, who, unfortunately for his cause, appears henceforth no more at the front—"The most able, but most unfortunate and unpopular commander of the Army of the East."[3] To this total of 89,452 were opposed Lee's army of probably two-thirds as many, under the trusted lieutenants Jackson, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and Stuart. Both armies reorganized as they marched, and in spite of the arduous campaigns of the spring and summer

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 27, pp. 157–1056 (Maryland Campaign). [2] Palfrey, *Antietam and Fredericksburg*, chap. i.
[3] Haupt, *Reminiscences*, 303.


CENTRAL MARYLAND
AND
PENNSYLVANIA
(1861 - 1865)
SCALE OF MILES
0 5 10 15 20 25
Harrisburg
Carlisle
Kingston
Susquehanna R.
PENNSYLVANIA
CUMBERLAND VALLEY
Chambersburg
Fayetteville
Mercersburg
Greencastle
Waynesborough
Heidlersburg
York
Mummasburg
Gettysburg
Seminary
Cemetery Ridge
Black Horse Tavern
Round Top
MARYLAND
Emmitsburg
Sabillasville
Tancytown
Hagerstown
Williamsport
Mechanicstown
Big Pipe Creek
SOUTH MOUNTAIN
Turners Gap
Martinsburg
Sharpsburg
Middletown
Frederick
Libertytown
Shepherdstown
BALT & OHIO RWY
Baltimore
Harpers Ferry
Potomac R.
Monocacy R.
Shenandoah R.
BLUE RIDGE
Leesburg
Darnestown
Rockville
VIRGINIA
Bull Run Mts.
Potomac R.
Washington
Alexandria
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
NORWAY ENG. CO., N.Y.

were in a high degree efficient. Whatever the Federals may have lost in *morale* under Pope was fully restored under McClellan, who, on resuming command, was received by the troops with unbounded enthusiasm. Among the Confederates the spirit could not have been higher: their successes had been astonishing; their leaders were idolized; to a large extent their needs had been supplied from their captures. Though still lacking many things, they had come to regard the Federal generals as their commissaries, and expected to make good all lacks from new seizures.

McClellan marched towards Frederick in his old, leisurely fashion, reaching there September 13, and experiencing a piece of rare good-fortune. In the camp just vacated by D. H. Hill, a private soldier picked up a package wrapped in a written paper, which was found upon examination to be nothing more or less than a despatch from Lee, dated four days before, detailing for D. H. Hill his entire plan of campaign; it appears never to have been in the hands of Hill, but was first scanned by the eyes of the hostile commander-in-chief.[1] With a contemptuous recklessness before his opponent which ought to have exasperated McClellan, Lee announced his intention to divide his army once more: half of it, under Jackson, was to move on Harper's Ferry, where some twelve thousand Union troops had been left exposed by Halleck, contrary to McClellan's

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, II., 603.

protest, while the bulk of the remainder, under Longstreet, marched northward to Hagerstown, some thirty miles distant. The programme was at that moment in process of execution, and it was entirely feasible to prevent it. Twelve miles west of Frederick rose the South Mountain, a continuation northward of the Blue Ridge, across which Crampton's Gap and Turner's Gap, six miles apart, afforded pathways. Once over the South Mountain, in Pleasant Valley beyond, access was easy to the roads by which alone the two parts of Lee's divided army could unite. Scarcely more than one energetic march was necessary to place McClellan across the track in a position to deal with his adversary piecemeal.[1]

McClellan appreciated fully his good luck; but though the despatch was in his hands by six o'clock on the evening of the 13th, instead of marching for the gaps that night he allowed his troops to sleep comfortably until the following day. When in the morning they did advance, he found the gaps had been occupied in the night and that the enemy could not be dislodged without a battle. The Sixth Corps was sent against Crampton's Gap, the more southerly of the two, where they encountered a detachment greatly inferior in numbers sent back from Harper's Ferry. Against Turner's Gap, where was posted D. H. Hill, reinforced later from Longstreet, were sent the First and Ninth corps. At both passes there was

[1] Palfrey, *Antietam and Fredericksburg*, 22 et seq.

stout fighting. The strong positions gave good opportunity for defence to small numbers; but the weight and persistence of the Federal columns carried them, though with heavy loss, including Jesse L. Reno, now commander of the Ninth Corps, Burnside having received charge of the Federal left wing.[1]

Once over the South Mountain, McClellan was in Pleasant Valley; and the village of Sharpsburg lay in sight beyond Antietam Creek as the columns wound down the slope.

Notwithstanding McClellan's loss of time, his chance was not yet gone, for Harper's Ferry was still uncaptured. Jackson had placed McLaws and Walker, capable officers, on Maryland and Loudon heights, where their cannon commanded the town, and was himself pressing towards an assault. Twelve thousand men might be expected to make some trouble for Jackson; and a corps which the vast Union army could easily spare, moving at only a moderate pace, could bring relief to the beleaguered garrison. No adequate force was despatched towards Harper's Ferry; nor did McClellan attempt to interfere with Lee, who, presuming on McClellan's slowness, was establishing himself with his men in Sharpsburg, separated from the great Federal host only by the Antietam, twenty yards wide, bridged and in many places fordable. For the time, McClellan and his army had a spectacle. After the victory on South Mountain, they rested and refreshed them-

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 27, p. 423.

selves; the six superb army corps, the ranks full, well organized and in the best of spirits, covered the country far and near. Through this glorious array McClellan passed in triumph; enthusiasm beyond all bounds greeted him whenever he appeared before divisions or corps; thousands caught enthusiasm from thousands, and, as the commander-in-chief galloped with perfect horsemanship from point to point, he received from his soldiers vociferous expressions of love and devotion.[1] The flags were at last furled and the sound of the trumpets died away; as the evening of September 16 approached, the work of war was pressed, Hooker, with the First Corps, crossing the Antietam to make ready for attack.

The work of war should have been pressed sooner, or rather it should never have slackened. On the morning of September 15, Harper's Ferry, after a weak defence, surrendered, yielding to the victors, besides 12,000 prisoners, 13,000 small arms, 73 guns, and quantities of stores; while Lee, with only half his army, stood within his lines on the plateau of Sharpsburg keen-eyed and undisturbed.[2] With good reason the rebels felt that the Uncle Sam whom they had rejected followed them with a liberal hand—only there was sometimes grumbling because scoundrelly northern contractors put shoddy into the clothes and pasteboard instead of good leather into the shoes.

[1] Palfrey, *Antietam and Fredericksburg*, 56.

[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 27, pp. 216 et seq.; F. H. Lee, *Robert E. Lee*, 207 et seq.

As the hapless captives stood in line, about to be marched to prison, Stonewall Jackson came riding by, dust-covered and dishevelled as usual. Many uncovered to him, salutes which he good-naturedly returned. "Boys," said a rueful voice, "he isn't much to look at, but if we'd had him for a leader we should never have been caught in this trap." Without a moment's unnecessary pause Jackson was on the road which no Federal had tried to block. By the afternoon of the 16th, Jackson's men were well in place to meet the advancing Hooker.[1] By the morning of the 17th, McLaws, too, had arrived, after a moonlight march. Only A. P. Hill remained behind, to attend to the details of the capitulation; but he, too, arrived in time.

Livermore,[2] after careful calculation, puts the army of Lee, on the 17th once more concentrated fully, at 51,844; that of McClellan at 75,316, excluding Morell's division of the Fifth Corps, which was not at all engaged, and those of Humphreys and Couch, which had been detached. As always, McClellan's plan for the battle was excellent: the left of Lee was first to be assailed at dawn of the 17th; at some favorable moment in the morning the hostile right was to be attacked at the stone bridge, known since that day as Burnside's Bridge. As opportunity occurred, the centre was to be pressed. From the little church of the non-resistant Dunkers (about to be-

[1] Henderson, *Jackson*, II., 291; Dabney, *Jackson*, II., 313.
[2] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 92.

come the centre of fiercest battle), which marked the left of Lee, the line to the stone bridge at the right ran about three miles. Jackson was at the Dunker church; D. H. Hill at the left centre; then came the divisions of Longstreet as far as the bridge. On the Union side, Hooker, with the First Corps, as we have seen, crossed the Antietam on the evening of the 16th; he took position in woods well to the west, within a mile or two of the Potomac. He was followed across the creek by Mansfield, with the Twelfth Corps; connecting with him was Sumner, with the Second. The Sixth, under Franklin, and the Fifth, under Porter, were at the Union centre; and the Ninth, under Cox, formed the left. The cavalry lay in the creek-threaded hollow between the two armies, a strange disposition, where it seems to have been forgotten. The artillery, on the other hand, was most advantageously placed on the high ground of the left bank of the stream. These dispositions having been made, McClellan, as usual, withdrew; his headquarters this day were in the Fry house, a good distance northward, from which the battle could be seen only by the aid of a powerful glass.

At early dawn Hooker attacked with great energy, showing for the first time that day at the head of a corps the fine soldiership that had distinguished him in lower places. His divisions did splendid service, under Meade, Doubleday, and Ricketts. But the advance was met by Jackson with power no less; Hooker was presently struck down with a severe

wound; and, as the corps was in distress, the Twelfth was ordered in to its assistance, but not soon enough. These men had been in the Shenandoah Valley and had already dealt with the Stonewall division at Kernstown, Port Republic, and Cedar Mountain. Mansfield was killed, a gallant gray-haired veteran; Crawford lost a thousand men; Gordon carried his brigade far to the front; and Greene, getting a foothold among ledges and thickets not far from the Dunker church, stood fast. But Lee was watchful; observing that the attack on his right was delayed, and knowing that A. P. Hill was marching thither with speed from Harper's Ferry, he dared to take from the stone bridge a good part of its defenders and transfer them to his left.

This massing of Confederate troops put the Twelfth Corps, in its turn, into distress. Now Sumner engaged with the Second Corps, again not soon enough.[1] A participant describes vividly the tragic experiences of Sedgwick's division, to which he was attached.[2] The three brigades, advancing in column by the flank through the East Woods, between the Antietam and the Hagerstown pike, deployed in line in an open space; then, with the lines only thirty paces apart, swept through cornfields and over the pike into the West Woods. The valor was undeniable, but the tactics were fatal, for in this formation it was impossible for the division to meet a flank

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 27, pp. 275 et seq.
[2] Palfrey, *Antietam and Fredericksburg*, 83 et seq.

attack, there being no room to change front. The flank attack was made by a commander no less formidable than Jubal A. Early; with dreadful loss the division was thrown into a confused and helpless mob which, for the rest of the day, was good for little, the fragments fleeing to cover disheartened. The two other divisions of the Second Corps, under French and Richardson, followed in attacks brave but ill-timed or ill-placed; they gave no support to Sedgwick, but, arriving late, swerved towards the Confederate centre, away from the left, where the blows should have been redoubled. At the centre, indeed, their onslaught brought Longstreet close to destruction; as he himself says, the battle-line "swayed, back and forth like a rope in adverse currents." [1] Longstreet, riding along his front, discovered a position requiring for its security six brigades, but occupied by a single regiment only with ranks much thinned, their two guns without artillerymen. Longstreet inspirited the handful with his voice and presence, sending in his staff to work the guns, while he himself held their horses.[2] No effective breach was made in the Confederate line here or anywhere; the Federal strokes were neither concentrated nor simultaneous.

At the Union centre stood Fitz-John Porter, with perhaps the most distinguished divisions of the

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, II., 668.

[2] See the account by Sorrel, *Recollections of a Confederate Staff-Officer*, 112.

army, the famous Fifth Corps. The natural strength of the Confederate position immediately in Porter's front made a direct attack there perhaps inexpedient, but no demonstration was made either to the right or the left. At the stone bridge, too, things sadly miscarried.[1] Here Burnside, in nominal command, held aloof, deputing the Ninth Corps to the leadership of Cox. The order to advance was long in coming: Cox, just put in a high place, naturally lacked something of the confidence and vigor he was to develop later. Before any progress had been made, the fighting on the right was for the most part over, and the moment was fast slipping away during which it might be possible to embarrass Lee by distracting his attention. The enemy occupied high and strong ground on the opposing bank.

At last Rodman's division, finding a ford near by, turned the position, and the bridge was carried by Potter of the Fifty-First New York and Hartranft of the Fifty-First Pennsylvania, colonels with brilliant futures. A division followed, and the heights were presently seized; the Sharpsburg plateau, behind the Confederate centre, was close by and on the point of being attained. Just then, out of the dust and heat from the Harper's Ferry road, debouched upon the field the six brigades of A. P. Hill, their impetuosity undiminished by a march of eighteen miles under a blazing sun. Without pause, without waiting for orders, Hill threw his men into the

[1] Cox, *Military Reminiscences*, I., 332 et seq.

engagement: the hopeful progress of the Ninth Corps was stopped. When the day closed, it still held the approaches to the village, but Lee's centre was unbroken.

The battle of Antietam was over. Lee and Jackson had serious thoughts of striking out beyond the Federal right and trying to double up the army. Longstreet was more prudent: he had advised retiring after the affairs at the gaps; and before that it was against his counsel that Lee divided his army to attack Harper's Ferry.[1] On the other side, McClellan, though urged to renew the attack on the 18th, fancied, as always, that his adversary outnumbered him, and remained inactive. Lee, therefore, held the battle-field defiantly throughout the 18th, then withdrew his army unmolested across the Potomac. The Federal losses were 2108 killed and 9549 wounded; the Confederate losses are put at 2700 killed and 9024 wounded.[2] Though McClellan largely outnumbered his opponent, the Fifth and Sixth corps, close at hand, were for the most part unemployed, and the cavalry was left to spend the day idly in the valley between the two armies, the cannonade going on over their heads.[3] McClellan, on the high plateau to the north, caught through his glass fitfully the movements of the army. The

[1] Longstreet, *From Manassas to Appomattox*, 201.

[2] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 92.

[3] See C. F. Adams's account of his quiet sleep during the battle, in his *Historians and Historical Societies*, 27.

enthusiasm felt for him by the troops was not utilized as a factor towards gaining success. Had he ridden onto the ground with an animating word, and then thrown in the men of Franklin and Porter, perhaps every soldier of Lee might have been swept from Sharpsburg. Through strange hesitation and hallucination, what should have been a splendid victory was only barely a success. Yet, on September 18, McClellan could write, in an intimate letter: "Those in whose judgment I rely tell me that I fought the battle splendidly, and that it was a masterpiece of art"; and on the 20th he wrote: "I feel that I have done all that can be asked in twice saving the country." [1]

Longstreet declares that, after the capture of Lee's lost despatch, McClellan might have taken D. H. Hill at South Mountain and McLaws on Maryland Heights before succor could arrive from Hagerstown; that on the 17th Lee's army was most cruelly handled and ten thousand fresh men could have beaten it. Though disapproving his leader's plans, Longstreet fought to the uttermost, and possessed thoroughly Lee's love and confidence. Arriving at headquarters after the battle somewhat late, he found Lee anxious for fear he was among the fallen. "Ah, here is my old warhorse at last!" he exclaimed, throwing his hands affectionately on Longstreet's shoulders.[2]

[1] *McClellan's Own Story*, 612.
[2] Longstreet, *From Manassas to Appomattox*, 262.

After more than forty years Sharpsburg occupies its plateau, wrapped in the quiet from which it awoke on that one autumn day, and into which it again relapsed. The stone bridge at the southeast still rises into the parapets which compressed between them Cox's charging column. Three miles away, at the Dunker church, the little congregation of to-day, the women in pokes and kerchiefs, the men in quaint, broad-skirted garb, cherish non-resistance within walls pitted everywhere with bullet-marks and surrounded with battle-field memorials. Close by the village, among the graves of thousands of dead soldiers, lies the great bowlder at which Lee on that day kept watch over the combat. He risked enormously, and fortune favored him. A tithe of his temerity in McClellan, and Antietam might have been the finishing stroke of the war.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GOVERNMENT AND EMANCIPATION (1862)

LEE'S check at Antietam and return into Virginia gave occasion for a measure scarcely less momentous in our history than the Declaration of Independence, a measure to which Lincoln had been slow in coming. He had always disliked slavery, summing up his position in the words, "If slavery is not wrong then nothing is wrong"; but he could not satisfy the extreme abolitionists. He probably always felt that the negro is inferior to the white man, and doubted his capacity for American citizenship; he doubted, too, the peaceful living together in the same community of the two races, should the negroes be freed, and, therefore, was interested in colonization. While he felt that slavery was wrong, his conscience did not demand that it should be righted on the instant. It was of the utmost consequence to preserve the loyalty of the border states, which would disappear before a pronounced anti-slavery policy on the part of the government: only forbearance and tact could hold the Union men together.

In the constituency back of the administration in 1862, four elements may be distinguished: (1) the anti-slavery Republicans, of whom, in the cabinet, Chase was the type; (2) the moderate Republicans, for whom stood Seward; (3) the War Democrats, whose standard-bearer had been Douglas, and for whom Stanton stood; (4) the loyal border-state men, who expected that their slave-holding would be safeguarded, for whom stood Bates and Montgomery Blair. In Congress, too, each of these four elements was represented, and Lincoln's difficult task was so to steer that the elements should not fall apart, but combine their powers under his leadership for the saving of the country.

The earliest suggestion of a practicable emancipation policy for the administration occurs, perhaps, in a letter from a correspondent of Chase, in April, 1861, who recommends to the government John Quincy Adams's doctrine, that the slaves can be freed as a war measure, the freed race being utilized to restore order.[1] For this Lincoln, at the outset, was by no means ready, nor could he see his way clear to adopt any such scheme until after a year of experience.

The progress of Congress towards a radical policy was more rapid than that of the president. Though the most advanced utterance of the Republican party in 1860 was that there should be no new slave states and territories, coupled with a definite an-

[1] Hart, *Chase*, 255.

nouncement that slavery, where it existed, should not be interfered with, the battle of Bull Run led to an immediate step in advance of this declaration. To the confiscation act, then pending, was added a new clause, confiscating especially the slaves of those engaged in rebellion, if used for military purposes.[1] It was now more plain than ever that slavery was an important source of strength to the Confederacy: an anti-slavery policy would, no doubt, have been not displeasing to Lincoln under different conditions, but he was determined now not to allow it to go so fast as to defeat itself. Many of the generals in the field were not anti-slavery men. Butler's offer, in April, 1861, of the Eighth Massachusetts to help put down a rumored slave rising in Maryland would have had McClellan's approval, while at the West both Buell and Halleck refused to harbor fugitives within their lines. A large proportion of men throughout the Union felt the same way. The president, determined that the cause of freedom should not come to naught through any ill-considered haste of its supporters, disapproved the anti-slavery action of Frémont in Missouri, at the end of August, 1861, and later that of his secretary, Cameron, and of Hunter in South Carolina; he also held back Congress on this question.

The drift towards a radical policy grew constantly more marked. It became plain that the negroes had not thought of rising. While their

[1] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 319.

masters fought at the front, they cultivated the plantations at home, usually faithful and docile in their old relations; or, if transferred to the armies, enhanced their efficiency by relieving the combatants of most of the labor necessary in camps and forts. When Congress convened for its second session, December 2, 1861, public opinion had greatly changed, a change reflected in the legislative action which was forthwith taken. A bill to reaffirm the Crittenden resolution of the previous summer [1] was set aside by a vote of 71 to 65, a rift now opening widely between the Republicans and Democrats; and a few days later the second great step of Congress towards an anti-slavery policy was initiated by the introduction in the Senate, on December 16, by Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, of a bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. This was recognized, indeed proclaimed, to be the entering-wedge: slavery everywhere must go. The president's message, at the opening, had recommended the recognition of Hayti and Liberia, and stated the three cardinal points of his own theory of emancipation: (1) that it should be voluntary on the part of the loyal slave states; (2) that compensation should be made to the slave-owners; (3) that colonization of the freed negroes should take place.[2] Wilson's bill provided for a moderate compensation, and also for colonization, adopting the presi-

[1] *Cong. Globe*, 37 Cong., 1 Sess., 209.
[2] Lincoln, *Works* (ed. of 1894), II., 102.

dent's suggestions, and became the object of earnest though temperate debate during the ensuing months. Though much was said, slavery being a constant target, it was significant that no man ventured a word in its defence; the attempt was to save it on other grounds than its merits.[1] Senate and House were equally industrious. Prominent in the Senate were Morrill, Sumner, Wilson, Garrett Davis, John Sherman, and Hale; in the House, Thaddeus Stevens, Owen Lovejoy, and Riddle; and, on the opposing side, Clement L. Vallandingham and Crittenden. The bill passed April 16 was readily signed by the president, in harmony with those recommendations a million dollars was appropriated for compensation to owners, and one hundred thousand dollars to assist in colonization.[2]

Lincoln, in a message March 6,[3] asked for a joint resolution "that the United States ought to cooperate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to each State which may adopt gradual abolishment, pecuniary aid, etc." This, Lincoln urged at length,[4] would be a measure not only just, but economical. The cost of this war for less than eighty-seven days would pay for all the slaves in Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Kentucky, and Missouri. By its terms

[1] Riddle, *Recollections*, 129.

[2] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 376; also John Sherman, *Recollections*, 259.

[3] Lincoln, *Works* (ed. of 1894), II., 129.

[4] To Senator McDougal, *ibid.*, 137.

the offer was made of general application. Had the South, in that time of Union successes, succumbed and embraced the offer, each Confederate state might have received at least four hundred dollars apiece for all its slaves.

The message was not cordially received, being denounced by Thaddeus Stevens as "the most diluted milk and water-gruel proposition ever made to the American nation"; but the resolution asked for was passed. Thereupon Lincoln, March 10, convened at the White House the border-state delegates, and besought them to accept compensated emancipation. "I do not speak of emancipation at once, but of a decision at once to emancipate gradually." Thirty members of Congress listened to the appeal, but only a minority favored it.[1] Blaine declares that the border-state men were becoming doubtful of Union success, and preferred to keep their slaves, rather than part with them for bonds which would soon be valueless.[2]

Lincoln encountered here one of his greatest defeats, and probably it was well. Compensation on so vast a scale could hardly have been made, and colonization has never been found practicable. Lincoln, somehow, fixed upon Chiriqui, on the Isthmus of Panama; but the only attempt actually made was at the Isle à Vache, near Santo Domingo, which was a bad failure. Neither then nor ever

[1] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, VI., 109 et seq.
[2] Blaine, *Twenty Years*, I., 447.

has the negro shown a desire to leave this continent; nor has it ever been made to appear that colonization would be a wise or humane experiment. It has been the dream of many able men, studying for some solution of our most serious problem; the result of such a scheme would probably be misery for the participants and perhaps a deterioration to barbarism.

March 13, 1862, a statute was passed prohibiting officers from returning fugitive slaves who might seek refuge with the army, whether the masters were loyal or disloyal.[1] In March, also, Arnold, of Illinois, introduced a bill making "freedom national and slavery sectional," which resulted in an act, June 19, prohibiting slavery "in the present territories of the United States, and in any that shall hereafter be acquired."[2] This the president did not sign until its language had been modified to suit border-state sentiment.

A marked instance of Lincoln's conservatism in these days was his attitude as regards the employment of negro troops, an expedient now much talked about both North and South. Indeed, the South may be said to have set the example, for among the combatants at New Orleans, in April, 1862, Butler found a regiment of colored men organized by the rebel governor Moore. But the action of Phelps a brigadier of Butler's army, who in June, announced his purpose to organize negro troops, was

[1] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 354. [2] *Ibid.*, 432.

disapproved; as was also similar action of Senator Lane, of Kansas, in the far West. To Chase, as secretary of the treasury, the duty fell to carry out the confiscation act; and as an anti-slavery man he had taken pleasure in conducting the first experiment at civilizing the freedmen, which had been entered upon at Port Royal, South Carolina. General Rufus Saxton, a man of known humanity, son of a sturdy abolitionist, though himself not of extreme anti-slavery ideas, at Chase's instance was made military governor of the Sea Islands,[1] July, 1862, and assumed direction of the thousands of negroes who, deserted by, rather than fleeing from, their masters, were found within the Federal lines. This experiment was on the whole successful, in spite of many discouragements; Chase cherished it, while Lincoln showed little sympathy. "What is all this itching to get niggers into our lines?" he said to E. L. Pierce, a treasury agent.[2] The recruiting of negro troops in the Sea Islands began at once to be agitated. At such propositions both border-state men and northern Democrats were especially incensed. Some feared ferocious slave insurrections; others declared negroes inherently cowardly and incapable of fighting; while both sides urged that white troops would be disgraced by the comradeship of negroes. Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, declared in Congress that it would force out of the struggle

[1] Cullum, *Register of Mil. Acad.*, art., Saxton.
[2] Hart, *Chase*, 259.

for the Union all pro-slavery men. The president felt that such action was much in advance of public opinion.

The third great step taken by Congress in the direction of a radical anti-slavery policy was the passage of a bill, July 17, 1862, introduced by Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, relating to confiscation, which was much more sweeping and definite as regards the slave property of disloyal owners than the first one. Whereas, according to the act of August 6, 1861, only such slaves were confiscated as had been used for a military purpose against the United States,[1] in the new act all slaves of disloyal masters, however used, were declared free. All slaves "escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the Army; and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States; and all slaves found on or being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterward occupied by forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves." All officers were forbidden, "on any pretence whatever," to return slaves that had sought refuge within the Union lines, "on pain of being dismissed from the service"; and the president was definitely authorized "to employ as many persons of African descent as may seem necessary and proper for the

[1] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 319.

suppression of this rebellion," which was a practical committing of the nation to the employment of negro troops.[1]

Trumbull's confiscation act was, of course, strenuously opposed, but passed at last, the vote standing in the Senate 27 to 12, in the House 82 to 42. So far as Congress could do it, slavery was now undermined, the legislators having gone to the utmost constitutional length, and even beyond. It was consistent with Lincoln's previous course that he signed the bill with hesitation, doubting whether public opinion would sustain it, and fearing the estrangement of those whose help could not be spared.[2] He soon saw that the time was ripe for a change of his policy.

During the seven months of the session the North alternated between hope and despair. The early spring brought victory, followed by a summer of defeat. When the adjournment came there was much discouragement, roughly voiced by Ben Wade: "The country is going to Hell, and the scenes witnessed in the French Revolution are nothing in comparison with what we shall see here."[3] Of a more sane and resolute temper was Charles Sumner, perhaps the most masterful figure of the Thirty-seventh Congress, who led in the policy which finally triumphed. He was ever hopeful in

[1] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 591.
[2] Blaine, *Twenty Years*, 373 et seq.
[3] Julian, *Political Recollections*, 220.

the struggle, rehearsing with exultant eloquence at the last the great accomplishment of the preceding seven months: "Emancipation in the national capital; freedom in all the national territories; the offer of ransom to help emancipation in the states; the recognition of Hayti and Liberia; the treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade; the prohibition of the return of fugitive slaves by military officers; homesteads for the actual settlers on the public lands; a Pacific railroad; endowments of agricultural colleges out of the public lands—such are some of the achievements by which the present Congress is already historic. . . . Besides, it has created an immense Army and a considerable Navy, and has provided the means for all our gigantic expenditures by a tax which is in itself an epoch." [1]

Whether or not Lincoln knew of John Quincy Adams's suggestion of emancipation as a possible war measure in case of a crisis between North and South on the question of slavery does not appear. It is hard to determine when he decided to proclaim emancipation as a war measure. He is said to have written his first draught of a proclamation on the steamer on his way back from Harrison's Landing, where he went to visit McClellan, early in July, 1862. The recent acts of Congress gave him a basis on which he could act confidently. Tuesday, July 22, Lincoln laid the first draught of the Emancipation

[1] Storey, *Sumner*, 229.

Proclamation before the cabinet.[1] Most of the secretaries were startled, for there had hardly been a hint from the president that such a policy was meditated. He was now determined on the expediency of issuing a proclamation; regarding details, however, and the proper time for its promulgation, counsel was desired. Rather oddly, Bates, the conservative attorney-general, the representative in the cabinet of border-state sentiment, approved the proclamation; while the anti-slavery Chase, more nearly than any other the representative of radical sentiment, at this time disapproved. But the suggestion made by Seward was more important than any other offered.[2] While approving the document, he urged that it ought not to be given out in a day of disaster. "It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted Government, a cry for help;—the Government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, not Ethiopia stretching forth its hands to the Government;—a shriek on the retreat." This suggestion was adopted, and the document was laid aside until brighter days should dawn.

Meantime the president was between the upper and the nether mill-stones; on the one hand he was beset by loyal slave-holders claiming their rights, on the other hand by perfervids who denounced his conservatism and demanded a more radical policy.

[1] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, VI., 123 et seq.
[2] Bancroft, *Seward*, II., 334.

Complaints from both camps Lincoln met with firmness and courage,[1] especially evidenced in his reply to Horace Greeley's "Prayer of Twenty Million People," in the *New York Tribune* of August 20. In answer Lincoln delivered an utterance memorable in the contexts of the period, and deserving also to be treasured as a masterpiece of virile, sinewy English:

"My paramount purpose in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear, because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free." [2]

[1] For specimens of his dealing with slave-holders, see letters in Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, VI., 149, 150.

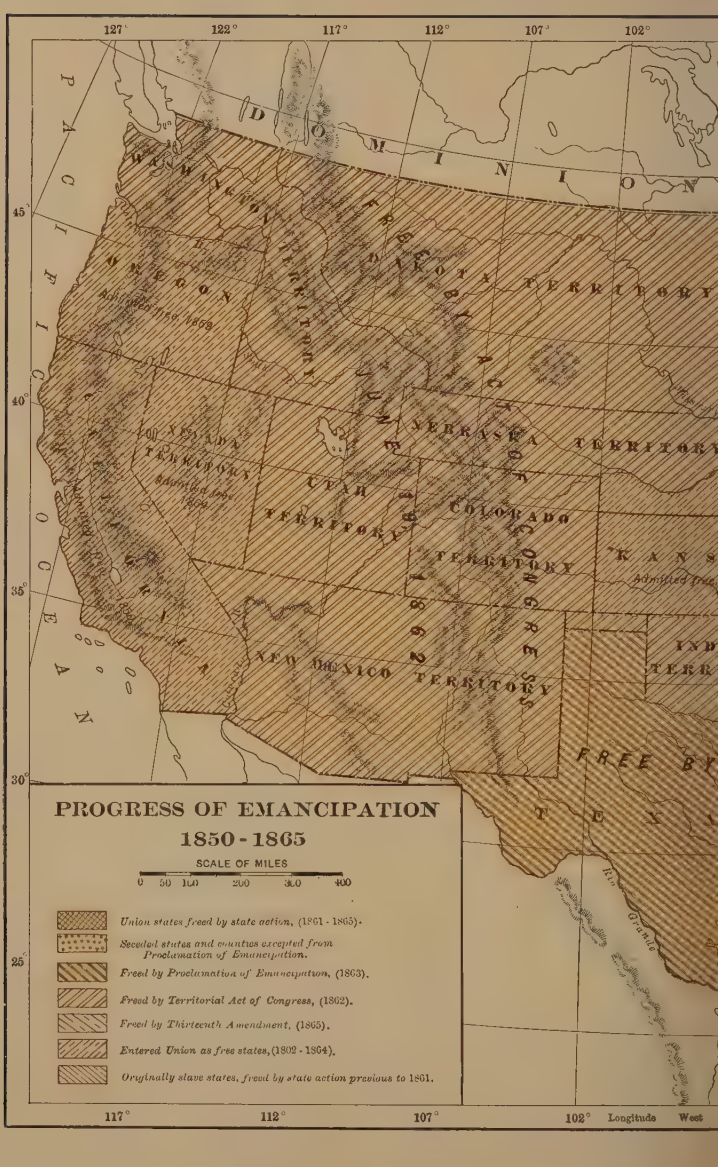
[2] Lincoln, *Works* (ed. of 1894), II., 227.

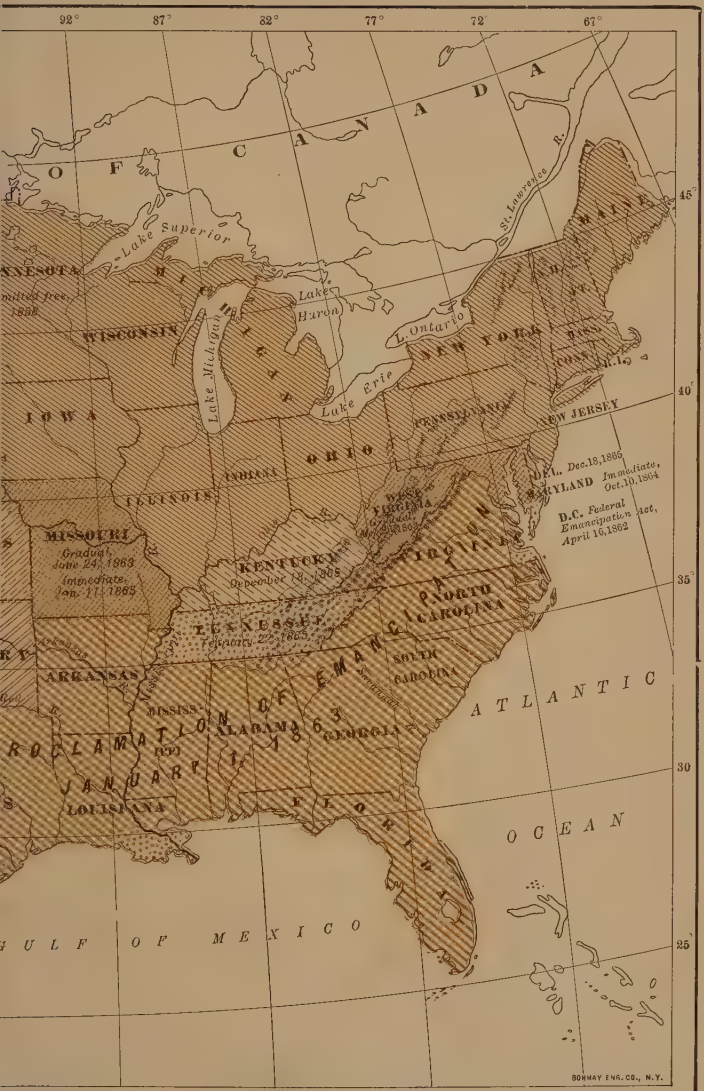
"I made a vow," said Lincoln, "that if McClellan drove Lee back across the Potomac I would send the Proclamation after him." Lee was driven back at Antietam, a doubtful victory, attended by circumstances scarcely less mortifying than those that attend defeat. For three days the president did not know as to whether it could be called a victory. But September 22 the cabinet was summoned, a few verbal changes were made in the document, and the next day it was given to the world with the declaration that unless the Confederates gave up before that date it would become effective on January 1, 1863.

It was, indeed, a critical time. Few recognized Lincoln's greatness; in the appeal to arms, the verdict seemed to be going against him; the popular majority in his favor was rapidly dwindling; foreign nations might be expected at any moment to interfere to stay his hand. Close by, a young Napoleon, with a vast army devoted to him, had been urged to seize upon the government and take affairs into his own hands.[1] "We have about played our last card," said Lincoln, "and must change our tactics or lose the game." Would the change in tactics better the desperate case?

Through the diaries of secretaries Chase and Welles we know the details attending the promulgation.[2] It was not preceded by prayer or solemn

[1] *McClellan's Own Story*, 152.
[2] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, VI., 160.


127°
122°
117°
112°
107°
102°
45°
40°
35°
30°
25°
PACIFIC OCEAN
DOMINION
WASHINGTON TERRITORY
OREGON
Admitted 1859
IDAHO TERRITORY
DAKOTA TERRITORY
NEBRASKA TERRITORY
NEVADA TERRITORY
Admitted 1864
UTAH TERRITORY
COLORADO TERRITORY
KANSAS
Admitted Jan.
NEW MEXICO TERRITORY
INDIAN TERR
FREE BY
TEXAS
Rio Grande
PROGRESS OF EMANCIPATION
1850 - 1865
SCALE OF MILES
0 50 100 200 300 400
Union states freed by state action, (1861 - 1865).
Secedel states and counties excepted from Proclamation of Emancipation.
Freed by Proclamation of Emancipation, (1863).
Freed by Territorial Act of Congress, (1862).
Freed by Thirteenth Amendment, (1865).
Entered Union as free states, (1802 - 1864).
Originally slave states, freed by state action previous to 1861.
117°
112°
107°
102°
Longitude West



92°
87°
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77°
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O F C A N A D A
Lake Superior
Lake Michigan
Lake Huron
Lake Erie
L. Ontario
St. Lawrence R.
MAINE
NEW YORK
NEW JERSEY
PENNSYLVANIA
OHIO
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
WISCONSIN
IOWA
MISSOURI
Gradual, June 24, 1863
Immediate, Jan. 11, 1865
KENTUCKY
December 18, 1865
TENNESSEE
February 22, 1865
WEST VIRGINIA
Gradual, March 1863
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA
ALABAMA
MISSISS.
(PP)
LOUISIANA
ARKANSAS
FLORIDA
MARYLAND
Immediate, Oct. 10, 1864
D.C. Federal Emancipation Act, April 16, 1862
D.E.L. Dec. 18, 1865
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
GULF OF MEXICO
ROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION
JANUARY 1, 1863
BOHMAY ENG. CO., N.Y.
Greenwich

meditation. Chase writes with disgust that, at the final consideration, "the president mentioned that 'Artemus Ward' had sent him 'His book.' Proposed to read a chapter which he thought very funny; the heads, also (except Stanton), of course. The chapter was 'High-handed Outrage at Utiky.'" [1] George Eliot has somewhere remarked that there is no greater trial of friendship than a different taste in jokes. Yet others than Chase have thought it unfortunate that, at such a moment, one of the solemn crises of American history, the great president should have enjoyed a piece of grotesque buffoonery. Perhaps a similar instinct caused Cromwell and the other signers of the death-warrant of Charles I. to do it with laughter, smearing one another's faces with ink.[2] Both Lincoln and Cromwell, men of rough antecedents, when wrought up, perhaps, to an agony in the anxiety of difficult hours, their hearts strained almost to bursting, could relieve the tension by a sudden falling back upon the humor, sometimes bordering on coarseness, which was so marked a feature in the nature of each.

The Emancipation Proclamation, which was sent broadcast through the press September 23, was monitory; on January 1, 1863, the president was to designate the states and portions of states where it was to go into effect. Aside from its declaration of freedom for all slaves held by rebels, it stated

[1] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, VI., 158.
[2] See J. K. Hosmer, *Young Sir Henry Vane*, 284, 315.

once more the schemes for compensation and colonization which Lincoln was so loath to surrender. In dignity and strength of style it does not fall below the usual high level of his state papers.[1]

In the cabinet discussion of the proclamation, Montgomery Blair declared that it would cost the government the fall elections—a prophecy which lacked little of being fulfilled. A wave of reaction, a reflux both from the proclamation and the reverses in the field, swept over the country. The favorable majorities were much diminished, and in important cases quite reversed. To see such states as New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania in the Democratic column was appalling to the administration; it was ominous that a man of the type of Horatio Seymour became governor of New York. When the counting was fairly over, the Democrats were found to have increased their former number of forty-four seats to seventy-five seats in the Thirty-eighth Congress, which would sit from 1863 to 1865, leaving to the Republicans a scanty majority of twenty. But for a solid Republican delegation from Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, secured by the presence of Federal troops, the Republican majority in the House would have been lost.[2]

But the peril was weathered: the people slowly but surely came round to the president's position,

[1] Lincoln, *Works* (ed. of 1894), II., 237, 287.
[2] Blaine, *Twenty Years*, chap. xx.

and the foreign response to the adoption of the new policy was most cheering. Even in the first dark days it was a harbinger of good that the governors of the loyal states, who had been in convention at Altoona, Pennsylvania, to concert resistance to Lee's invasion, heartily indorsed the Emancipation Proclamation, with but five dissenting voices.

In these days of trial, by no means the least of Lincoln's embarrassments came from his own household, the cabinet, which contained not one entire friend, but represented various phases of opinion. Four, as we have seen, had been his rivals; one, Stanton, his party foe and bitter accuser. In this group stand out three powerful figures—Seward, Chase, and Stanton. Lincoln towers above them all, and how he conjured them and utilized their great qualities for the public good is an interesting study. Seward, who at first wished to put Lincoln in the background, while he himself undertook the direction of the government, soon learned his mistake, recognizing the president's genius and acquiescing in his leadership. Chase ever felt that the president was his inferior, and, though working for the cause with perfect honesty and devotion, was always a severe critic and often a sullen coadjutor. The taming, for the country's welfare, of Stanton was one of Lincoln's memorable triumphs. But the time was yet far off when the master could bring order out of the whirlwind in which he was involved.

CHAPTER XV

CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE (1862)

WHILE at the East the summer of 1862 was full of the excitement of battle, at the West the heavy fighting of the early spring was followed by quieter times. A few days after Pittsburg Landing, Halleck appeared upon the scene from St. Louis, and presently, with a hundred thousand men concentrated, advanced on Corinth. Beauregard, with possibly half the number, for some time made a bold front against his overcautious foe. At length there were signs which the Federals interpreted as meaning the arrival of large reinforcements—clanging of locomotive-bells and whistling, with loud cheering amid the rumbling of trains, as if to welcome new comrades. It was only a stratagem; instead of arriving, the Confederate force was withdrawn under Halleck's eyes to Tupelo, Mississippi.

The western army had now gained an immense extent of territory: not only was Kentucky free from menace, but Tennessee, for the most part, was dominated by the Federal arms. Nashville was securely held; and, before the battle of Shiloh, General O. M.

Mitchel, moving southward from Nashville, occupied a line of a hundred miles or so, controlling the section of Alabama north of the Tennessee River. A little later a party of his troops cannonaded Chattanooga from across the Tennessee, and might easily have taken possession.[1] A foothold had also been gained in northern Mississippi; while in east Tennessee a great body of mountaineers, loyal to the Union, made the Confederate hold upon the region very precarious.

Halleck departed for his bed of thorns, leaving his army in charge of Buell and Grant. Sherman relates that Grant desired to resign and was deterred by the cheerful encouragement of his brother-in-arms. "Look at me. They said I was crazy; but my luck has changed and I'm in high feather. It will be just so with you."[2] By Halleck's withdrawal, Grant, who was second in command, and had occupied since Shiloh a dubiously honorable shelf, came to the front again; under his orders were the "Army of the Tennessee" and the "Army of the Mississippi," the latter taken over by Rosecrans from Pope; Sherman, too, then at Memphis with a division, was under his authority. Buell, however, with the "Army of the Ohio," was independent of him. On paper the Union forces in the West numbered 175,000, with about 105,000 "present for duty." The opposing forces numbered nominally

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 10, p. 919.
[2] Sherman, *Memoirs*, I., 283.

about 105,000, with 55,000 present for duty. The Confederate commanders had also changed. Beauregard, too ill to remain in the field, was replaced by Braxton Bragg, an able and eager soldier, much in favor with Jefferson Davis, but petulant and dyspeptic, and not beloved by his officers or men.[1] E. Kirby Smith, also a man of capacity, commanded a force in east Tennessee.

The very success of the Federals brought some grave embarrassments. They dominated a vast area; but the population was hostile; the lines of communication ran through long, unfriendly distances from Louisville, the far-away base on the Ohio River; and the government had not yet learned that cavalry was an arm absolutely indispensable. Grant had a hundred miles of railroad to guard, from Memphis eastward, on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad; and Mitchel, under Buell's orders, another hundred miles, stretching eastward towards Chattanooga. Buell's supplies came over the one hundred and fifty miles of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, which also must be carefully watched. The inhabitants showed their hostility by communicating misleading intelligence, by cutting off stragglers and small detachments, by swooping down in guerilla bands even upon heavy columns drawn out in a long march. By one such band, General R. L. McCook, ill and riding in an ambulance, with his division before and behind him,

[1] Taylor, *Destruction and Reconstruction*, 100.

was nevertheless pounced upon and killed, August 6, 1862.[1]

It was the rebel cavalry in particular which made trouble. Every southern boy was brought up a horseman; and at once, especially under two capable commanders, Morgan and Forrest, a body of highly effective troopers was developed. With no adequate cavalry at command, Grant and Buell were wellnigh paralyzed. The youth of the region flocked to the bugles, eager for adventure, for booty, and for revenge upon the invaders; and they got all they craved. Forrest, whose field at this time was south of Nashville, especially about Murfreesboro, was a man of higher type than Morgan, the raider, and possessed some of the qualities of a great commander.

The task set for Buell was the delivery of the Unionists of east Tennessee, who were numerous and aggressive, and brought upon themselves severe persecution from the southern armies, and also from their neighbors of different sentiments.[2] Lincoln pressed nothing more urgently than the rescue of these isolated and suffering people, and was slow in appreciating the military difficulties of affording succor. Buell started out June 10, 1862, with about 35,000 men, fully 10,000 of whom were at the moment detached. He felt it to be indispensable first to capture Chattanooga, the key-point of the whole

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 22, p. 839.
[2] Cist, *Army of the Cumberland*, 21 et seq.

district, and, while working towards that end, desired to rely for communications on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, as being more direct and more easily guarded. Halleck, however, insisted upon an advance along the line of the Memphis & Charleston road, in great part destroyed, which must be rebuilt as the army marched, and then must be protected behind from raiders like Morgan and Forrest. By the end of June, Buell had advanced to within one hundred and fifty miles of Chattanooga; then he was delayed a month by railroad building. When at last his difficulties seemed about to yield and Chattanooga was nearly in his grasp, Bragg unexpectedly seized the initiative and Buell was forced to loose his hold.

After two months spent at Tupelo, drilling, recruiting, and thoroughly reorganizing, Bragg, to save east Tennessee, and even with the hope of gaining Kentucky, struck out upon a bold and skilful enterprise. Sending his infantry by way of Mobile, as the easiest, because all rail, route, he appeared in Chattanooga early in August; from which point, eluding Buell, he marched rapidly northward, plainly making for Kentucky and the Ohio River. At the same time Kirby Smith, with another strong Confederate column from east Tennessee, evading a Union division at Cumberland Gap, appeared suddenly in central Kentucky. As Lee expected support in Maryland, so Bragg thought that the heart of Kentucky was with the South, and that the

presence of his army, while certain to bring to his cause many recruits, might perhaps avail also to swing the state over to the Confederacy.

At first Bragg's plan was successful.[1] Kirby Smith, arriving earlier in Kentucky, defeated a Union force at Richmond, August 30, and on September 2 occupied Lexington. He sent a detachment northward almost to the suburbs of Covington, setting Cincinnati in a panic. Buell saw that all his plans must yield to this new danger. Concentrating at Murfreesboro over thirty thousand for a marching column, he was reinforced by two divisions from Grant, September 5. At the same time he must protect Nashville and satisfy troublesome demands from Andrew Johnson, who had been appointed military governor. Meantime, John Morgan was industriously cutting his communications with the North. Without cavalry, Buell pressed on as he could, in a neck-and-neck race with Bragg, for Louisville. Bragg, on September 17, captured four thousand prisoners at Mumfordsville; and, being now between Buell and Louisville, offered the latter battle. But Buell preferred, if he could, to reach Louisville; whereupon Bragg, not feeling strong enough in his advanced position, swerved eastward to join Kirby Smith. Both Buell and Bragg were blamed, but the conduct of each admits of defence. On September 25, Buell reached Louisville, where he found plentiful supplies and reinforce-

[1] Ropes, *Story of the War*, II., 384 et seq.

ments. At this crisis Bragg hesitated because of an unfortunate division of command between himself and Kirby Smith, for which he was not responsible.[1] On the other side, Buell's failure to head off and defeat Bragg led to an order from Washington for his removal. George H. Thomas was designated as his successor, but refused promotion and pleaded earnestly for the retention of Buell; the latter, therefore, received another lease of authority. Indeed, justice required that he should be given another chance, for his hands had been tied.

Buell remained in Louisville but one week, just long enough to incorporate into his army many thousands of new men and to rest for a short time his veterans, worn with their long journey from southern Tennessee. The Confederate pickets were close up to both Louisville and Cincinnati, and it would seem that good management might have accomplished important results for the South. There were, however, two heads, and both of these, laying aside arms for a time, turned their thoughts now to installing at Frankfort, with great ceremony, a Confederate civil government. At the moment of the inaugural address came the sound of the cannon of Buell, who was advancing with fifty-eight thousand men, and the ceremonies were postponed for more serious work. A. M. McCook, commanding the Union left, was attacked at Perryville by Hardee and Polk; while the Union right and centre, hardly

[1] Ropes, *Story of the War*, II., 403.

three miles away, were not aware of it. Through some strange atmospheric condition the cannon were not heard; McCook was driven a mile; then the Federal centre advanced, but not until after serious loss in men and guns.[1] Through this engagement the world first heard of Philip H. Sheridan, that day commanding a brigade at the centre. As subaltern of infantry, and later engrossed in quartermaster's work, he came forward slowly. This day, at Perryville, he reached recognition as gifted with a power of leadership in which fire and discretion were united.[2] The losses at Perryville were, on the Union side, 845 killed, 2351 wounded; Confederate, 510 killed, 2635 wounded. Buell was prepared next day to renew the battle; but Bragg retiring through Cumberland Gap and thence to Chattanooga, Buell attempted no pursuit. Seeking his old cantonments in Tennessee, he looked forward to the campaign of the next year.

Both North and South were incensed at the results of the Kentucky operations; but Bragg retained his command, while Buell, at the end of October, was relieved by W. L. Rosecrans. The retirement of Buell was distinctly a loss to the northern cause; always a soldier, he was brave, able, and accomplished. In several points he resembled McClellan; as an organizer and disciplinarian his services were great; like McClellan, he

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 22, pp. 1021–1159.
[2] Sheridan, *Personal Memoirs*, I., 185 et seq.

disliked to strike until he was quite ready, not sufficiently considering that, however unprepared he might be, his enemy might be worse off. But he was entirely devoid of the magnetic attractiveness with which McClellan bound men to him. Like several others, it was his misfortune to be raised at once from a low position into a command of extraordinary difficulty and responsibility.

At the last, the president and the great war governors—Yates, of Illinois, Morton, of Indiana, Tod, of Ohio, and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee—agreed that he had been tried and found wanting. For his alleged shortcomings excuse can be made: to get at east Tennessee, as Lincoln wished, needed most careful preparation; to guard communications for hundreds of miles through a hostile country with no proper force of cavalry was not practicable; to see raw colonels and brigadiers, smarting under salutary discipline, appeal to and receive support from the governors of the states from which they came, upset all proper military order and deserved remonstrance. In such hard conditions, would the new man do any better? That Rosecrans came into a foremost place, while Thomas was ignored, though the command had been offered to him less than a month before, requires explanation.

Grant, in September, spared to Buell two divisions to follow Bragg northward; he still had forty-six thousand men in the two armies of the

Tennessee and Mississippi, but they were much scattered, guarding posts and communications in a hostile country. Bragg, on his rush northward, left behind him Sterling Price, with orders so to occupy Grant's attention that no more troops should be detached to Buell. By himself, Price was an inconsiderable quantity; but Van Dorn was also in the field, in and near Vicksburg, and their united force of twenty-two thousand Confederates was capable of causing an enemy trouble. On the Federal side, Memphis, an unfriendly city, must be strongly held, as the base to which transports brought Grant's supplies. Here, therefore, stood Sherman on guard. Other points occupied in force were Bolivar and Jackson; but the Army of the Mississippi lay for the most part at Corinth, twenty-three thousand strong, under Rosecrans.

The work of dealing with the two Confederates fell mainly to Rosecrans. After a fight at Iuka, September 19, where Price, attacked alone, made his escape by a road which had not been guarded, that general succeeded in striking hands with Van Dorn.[1] Both were trusty and competent men, the latter, in particular, a commander well endowed and active. With Van Dorn in command the united Confederates attacked Rosecrans at Corinth,[2] October 3, the forces being about equal. Van Dorn, feinting strongly against the Federal left, managed

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 24, pp. 62–137 (Iuka).
[2] *Ibid.*, 150–458 (Corinth).

to draw troops thither from their right, whereupon Price threw himself upon the right in a heavy attack. It was a close, bitter fight which only darkness ended; and on the following day the pressure was renewed. Rosecrans held his own. Feigning new attack, Van Dorn retreated, eluding, by good manœuvres, a force lying in wait for him southward, at the fords of the Hatchie. The losses were, Union, 355 killed, 1841 wounded; Confederate, 473 killed, 1997 wounded. On both sides it was a manly, stand-up encounter.

Widely different recompense awaited the commanders for the day's work. Van Dorn was soon replaced by John C. Pemberton, while Rosecrans received for his hard-won, indecisive victory the place left vacant by Buell. Thomas, for the time, was passed over, Rosecrans being esteemed the more strenuous and accomplished soldier. He was a man of fiery nature, the hot spirit sending a flush readily into his face and hurrying his utterance until it became almost a stammer. To some clergymen, shocked at an outburst of profanity from him, he apologized: "Gentlemen, I sometimes swear, but I never blaspheme." But his temper subsided as quickly as it rose. He was a warm friend, and won much love from others. Said James A. Garfield, who was at one time his chief of staff, "I loved every bone in his body." [1]

Though so good a judge as Grant found fault

[1] Cox, *Military Reminiscences*, I., 112.

with Rosecrans for letting Price escape at Iuka and for neglecting to pursue after Corinth,[1] great hopes were entertained for him in his new place. To the urgent appeal from Washington to be active at once, and, beyond all things, to do something for east Tennessee, he responded in dignified and manly terms. Rather than to invite ruin by rashness, he was quite prepared to lay down his new honors. East Tennessee, the difficulties of approaching which the Washington heads could never appreciate, must wait till Chattanooga had fallen, and no ill-considered step could be taken in that direction. Morgan and Forrest, and now Joseph Wheeler, another bold raider who had covered Bragg's rear in notable fashion as he fell back from Kentucky, were very formidable. With such foes burning depots, wrecking bridges, and ripping up railroads far northward, with a daring which could not be checked, nothing aggressive could be attempted without an accumulation of stores that would make the army to some extent independent of raids. Rosecrans would not move until he had at Nashville two million rations. By this time December was well advanced; but not daunted by the snowstorms, hearing that Bragg had come forward towards him from Chattanooga as far as Murfreesboro, thirty miles off, he marched out, looking for a decisive struggle before winter-quarters were taken up.[2]

[1] Grant, *Personal Memoirs*, I., 343, 347 et seq.
[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 29, pp. 166–979 (Murfreesboro).

The Army of the Cumberland, for so the force of Rosecrans was now designated, had present for duty 44,800 men, to whom Bragg stood opposed with 37,712.[1] Bragg's troops, not looking for battle, were somewhat scattered; but at the Federal advance he quickly concentrated, and, on December 30, was in line for action in front of Murfreesboro. His ever-active cavalry was at work on the vexed Union communications. Wheeler, in particular, as Rosecrans approached, rode boldly around his army, strewing miles of road with burning transport-wagons, taking prisoners, and appearing in Bragg's camp in full time for the coming encounter, with his men fresh mounted on Federal horses, and with captured arms enough to supply a brigade. Rosecrans, with his accumulations of supplies, was only annoyed and not stayed. As he now faced Bragg, the two opposed battle-lines ran from north to south, the railroad, the turnpike, and Stone's River, a stream often fordable, crossing the lines nearly at right angles and not far apart. On the right stood A. M. McCook; then Thomas in the centre; then Crittenden on the left. Facing them stood, from right to left, Breckinridge, Polk, and Hardee. Both armies were, for the most part, south of Stone's River, in a country roughly level, with forest and clearing intermingled. Both commanders were eager and determined to take the initiative, and both conceived one and the same

[1] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 97.

plan of attack—to strike, namely, by the left, in the early morning of the following day. McCook, sprung of a fighting family, in which two kinsmen, with their fourteen sons, were all out for the Union, nine of them general officers,[1] was a brave soldier, but that day not vigilant. Rosecrans, anxious for his right, while he struck with the corps of Crittenden, narrowly scanned McCook's dispositions as dusk fell on the 30th. Here the enemy, if assaulting, must be held at least three hours, and to the commander-in-chief it seemed that the line at the end should front south rather than east. This he left, perhaps carelessly, to his subordinate to arrange.

Next day the Union left was promptly on foot, Van Cleve's division from Crittenden crossing with alacrity the ford which separated them from Breckinridge; but just here came upon their ears the sound of battle from the southwest. Bragg, more prompt, had attacked at dawn of December 31—Hardee, with two splendid divisions, charging across the few hundred intervening paces. A woful unpreparedness prevailed on the Federal right; the division commander and brigade commander, at the end of the wing, were not immediately at hand,[2] and the horses of some of the batteries had been taken off to water. This negligence was unpardonable before a soldier like Hardee, whose principal

[1] Hanna, *The Scotch-Irish*, I., 138.
[2] Cist, *Army of the Cumberland*, 105.

lieutenant was Patrick Cleburne, an Irishman full of the best martial quality of his race. Charge could not be more impetuous; McCook's first division, that of Johnson, was crumpled up and consumed. Jefferson C. Davis, who stood next, having a little time to spring to arms, stood longer, but was soon in flight. Next came Philip H. Sheridan, and here was an Irishman tougher even than Pat Cleburne.[1] The Federal right, by mid-forenoon, was turned back "like a knife-blade half shut." But here, just at the hinge, stood Thomas, stayer of onslaughts on bloody fields before the present one. On this day he was wanting in no point of conduct, and the men that surrounded him were worthy of their chief. His two divisions stood immovable; behind them rallied the fugitives from the right, that had been driven but were not demoralized. Sheridan's three brigade commanders all fell, and hundreds of his men.[2]

Rosecrans, though surprised, was neither dazed nor disheartened. In haste recalling Van Cleve, whose troops ran back dripping from the ford, he postponed his own scheme, galloping back to his centre. He formed immediately a new line in front of the Nashville pike, a road which it was indispensable to hold and guard. Whatever help can come to hard-pressed ranks from the magnetism of a commander's presence was abundantly afforded that day. He rode from point to point of greatest

[1] Sheridan, *Personal Memoirs*, I., 219–245. [2] *Ibid.*

peril, the cannon-ball that slew his chief of staff grazing him. Hardee, and also Polk, who in good time had rushed in with the Confederate centre, were sternly held; and, when the darkness came of the short winter day, Bragg's victory was not complete.

The cold night fell, the winter heavens dimly lighting up the groups shivering by the camp-fires and the dreadful field with its burden of mutilation and death. On New-Year's Day, 1863, the fight was not renewed till late in the day, the Federals then seizing ground which threatened the Confederate right. January 2, for a time the combat raged with fury, Breckinridge striking desperately. His lines, nevertheless, were crushed by artillery, and with their recoil the battle was over—a battle in which neither side could claim to have won. Of the Union army there were 1677 killed, 7543 wounded; of the Confederates there were 1294 killed, 7945 wounded.[1] Bragg withdrew at once thirty-six miles south, to Tullahoma, while Rosecrans held the field.

[1] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 97.

CHAPTER XVI

THE GLOOM OF FREDERICKSBURG

(October, 1862–December, 1862)

FOR both North and South the month of December, 1862, was from first to last one of terrible experiences. The border contest joined at Wilson's Creek and Pea Ridge again came to a head at Prairie Grove, in northwestern Arkansas, December 7, 1862, a Union success. From this time hostilities in that part of the great field subsided into guerilla incursions which need not be chronicled here. The fighting strength on both sides was drawn away to the larger operations east of the Mississippi. Stone's River brought to the North more humiliation than encouragement, deepening, rather than relieving, the gloom of Fredericksburg, where, for the moment, the Union seemed brought to the verge of destruction.

After Antietam, Lee withdrew into Virginia, baffled and disappointed; Maryland had not risen to his call, nor did he carry back in his ranks any considerable number of recruits. He had gained no prestige, for, although he brought away the prisoners and spoils of Harper's Ferry, it was plain his

main design had been frustrated. His retreat brought upon the South the Emancipation Proclamation, which, although arousing ridicule rather than fear in the South, became a cogent force in bringing Europe over into sympathy with the North and in arraying the enemy in a sterner hostility. Yet Lee's retirement was no flight; his march was deliberate, and he offered battle anew to his pursuers if they chose to accept it. McClellan, with the army which had been little more than half employed at Antietam, followed leisurely. To the president's urgent call for action he responded with his usual demands for more troops. His active imagination convinced him that Lee largely outnumbered him. He found also a great dearth of supplies of every kind — food, clothing, ammunition, horses, mules. A blow could not be struck till these wants were made good—as though Lee were in all points well equipped and supplied.

October, the finest month in the year for campaigning in Virginia, wore away without a Federal attack, though Stuart's cavalry alarmed Maryland and southern Pennsylvania by a sudden raid northward. The armies had gradually fallen back among the scenes of the campaign of the previous August. McClellan was concentrated about Warrenton, while Lee, with his usual contemptuous recklessness, had again divided his army: Longstreet was in the neighborhood of Culpeper, and Jackson was in the valley between Winchester and Strasburg, with one

division to the east of the Blue Ridge. The situation invited the interposition of McClellan among these scattered bodies, and he was getting ready for such a movement, for his experience in the field had sharpened his generalship. At South Mountain, though quite too sluggish, he had shown enterprise; now he was planning well and preparing to execute; perhaps he was developing a quicker and more energetic initiative.[1] Whatever his promise, the opportunity was gone forever.—November 9 he was retired, and Ambrose E. Burnside took his place as commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac.

As McClellan passes from the stage, it should be emphasized that, with all his faults, he was a character gifted, well-intentioned, patriotic, religious. Many whom he commanded have felt, like General Palfrey, that he was the best leader the Army of the Potomac ever had, and Lee declared him to be the one among his opponents whom he judged most able.[2]

Burnside was a Rhode-Islander, of West Point education, with an excellent record both in military and civil life.[3] He was in character peculiarly engaging, with manly and amiable traits that made him many friends. His presence and bearing were in a high degree impressive. He was a perfect horse-

[1] Palfrey, *Antietam*, 135; Longstreet, *Manassas to Appomattox*, 291.

[2] See p. 166 above.

[3] Cullum, *Register of Mil. Acad.*, art., Burnside; Poore, *Burnside*, chaps. i.–xvii.

man, attentive to matters of dress and demeanor, always superbly mounted, a cavalier to admire. In the field he had done well, securing, with naval help, a good foothold on the coast of North Carolina, though his slowness at the bridge at Antietam was against him. Among his amiable qualities was modesty: he felt incompetent for the supreme command, accepting it only after it was urged upon him for the third time; he had a warm personal friendship for McClellan, and superseded him most reluctantly. It is pathetic, indeed, that this honorable and patriotic soldier and citizen should have become, in spite of himself, the medium for bringing upon his cause gloomiest disaster.

When news of the change of Federal commanders reached their foes, Lee, gravely jesting after his wont, remarked to Longstreet that he regretted to part with McClellan, "for we always understood each other so well! I fear they may continue to make these changes until they find some one I don't understand." [1] Longstreet declares that McClellan's plan, to throw his army between Longstreet's and Jackson's corps and deal with each separately, was a good one and occasioned the Confederates anxiety. Burnside, however, instead of following out this plan, resolved to make no movement in the neighborhood of Warrenton, except to occupy temporarily the attention of Lee, while with the main army he hastened to Fredericksburg. There, by rapidly crossing the

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, III., 70.

Rappahannock on pontoons, which he relied upon Halleck to send him promptly, he hoped to turn the enemy's left and march on to Richmond.

As he undertook the chief command unwillingly, so he undertook, doubtless against his judgment, a new campaign just as winter was beginning; the country demanded activity, and he threw himself into the work.[1] Dissipating his cavalry in operations which brought little to pass, with the artillery and infantry he reached Fredericksburg only to find that the pontoons were not ready. The Confederates were, for the most part, still at a distance, and Sumner offered to ford the Rappahannock with his corps and take possession of the town and the heights behind before the enemy's arrival; but Burnside judged this movement hazardous, and preferred to wait. The delay gave him time to rest and reorganize, but it also gave Lee time to arrive.

So approached the fatal December 13. As often happens in that region, pleasant fall weather continued, and the armies in the field as yet suffered little hardship. They lay separated by the Rappahannock, a river one hundred and forty yards wide, up which, as far as Fredericksburg, small craft came from the sea, but which was somewhat perilously fordable not far above the town. Along the left bank, the Federal position, ran Stafford Heights, a ridge of varying elevation, but always dominating the opposite shore for some distance back from

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 31, pp. 39–688 (Fredericksburg).

the river. Here was established in great part the effective Federal artillery, under the same skilful general, H. J. Hunt, who directed it to such purpose on the Peninsula and at Antietam. The guns, 143 in number, ranged in a long line on the brow of Stafford Heights, swept the town and the levels in front and to the south of it.

Lee made no attempt to hold the river-bank, but established himself upon a line of hills partially wooded that rose sometimes to one or two hundred feet in height; a range which behind the town approached the river within a mile and even less, and south of the town left between the hills and the stream an interval of low ground. This position Lee occupied with seventy-eight thousand men, who lay intrenched along the crest for about six miles. Longstreet held the left, Stonewall Jackson the right, while D. H. Hill, with a detached force, farther down-stream, kept watch against an attempt to cross there, and also to prevent an ascent of gunboats from the Chesapeake, which seemed possible. It would be hard to conceive of a front more formidable: the ground was most favorable for defence; the troops, inherently of the best quality, now veterans through hard experience, were of the highest *morale* and absolutely confident in their generals; the heads of corps and divisions had risen to their places through successes gained in the most difficult fields; while Lee, above all, with prestige hardly diminished by the disappointment

of the Maryland campaign, was becoming each month more clearly revealed as a great military genius.

As one now looks back, the situation of the Army of the Potomac was really forlorn. It numbered more than one hundred and twenty thousand men, and these were brave and capable soldiers;[1] from generals to subalterns it was well officered; for severe campaigning had weeded out the poltroons and the incapables, and pluck and hardihood had had time to make their way to the front. In supplying and equipping, the quartermasters had done wonders. Yet all these advantages could not make up for the want of a fit commander. Here, up to the present moment, the failure had been lamentable. Now a man stood in the chief place in whom his troops had no confidence — who had no confidence in himself. Burnside possessed not a particle of the field-marshal quality, and knew it. Against this defect high-mindedness and courage did not count; disaster was inevitable.

Burnside organized his army into three grand divisions, each consisting of two corps. Of his right wing he made Sumner commander; of his left wing, Franklin; while Hooker, whose impetuosity on many fields had brought him rapid promotion, held the centre. Lee made no serious attempt to oppose the crossing of the river; a few regiments, posted along the bank during the 11th, interfered somewhat with

[1] Livermore *Numbers and Losses*, 96.

the laying of the pontoons, but these yielded before a small force which was set across, and presently the right and left wings were transferred to the south bank with little loss, Hooker remaining in reserve on the north bank. The army of Lee, intrenched upon its crest above, watched narrowly the movements of their foes, but as yet no energetic blow was struck. Longstreet describes the sight as magnificent, when the morning fog at last lifted and revealed the ordered multitudes advancing in their front.[1] To any others than the men of Lee the sight might well have been appalling, for the deeds of these assailants were about to prove that men have never been braver. But among the Confederates, so sure of their leader and of themselves, there was no sinking of the heart; only impatience that the passage at arms came on slowly.

Burnside's plan for the battle appears to have been confused in his own mind, and his orders to his lieutenants were vague. Franklin was to attack on the left, and, a weak point having been found, the assaulting column was to be heavily sustained; at the same time, by incompatible orders, his corps were to be held largely in reserve for work that might be required elsewhere. When the left had made impression, or, at any rate, was well engaged, absorbing the attention of the enemy, Sumner, on the right, was to advance and carry the crest just back of the town, known at that part as Marye's

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, III., 76.

Heights. Franklin suggested an assault from his own front with a mass of at least thirty thousand men, and begged, on the evening of December 12, for a definite order to that effect. Burnside promised definiteness, but the night passed without clear instruction. Franklin waited through the sleepless watches anxious and expectant, but no word came till 7.30 of the morning of the 13th. Then there was only a partial authorization of the vigorous movement he had counselled.

Still, something was done, and bravely done.[1] The left wing was reinforced by two divisions from Hooker. From the First Corps the division of George G. Meade was selected to form the storming column, and about mid-forenoon its steady advance began. A point was detected in Jackson's line which, being swampy and overgrown with thickets apparently impenetrable, it had been thought unnecessary to cover. Through this, however, Meade made his way, fairly penetrating the lines of A. P. Hill, whose especial station it was. For a moment Meade was on the verge of a great success. Longstreet avers that a massing there of Burnside's best fighters would have given the Confederates great trouble.[2] If Franklin's suggestion had been followed, it would seem that success might have been reached. But Meade had only a few

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 31, pp. 509–513 (Report of Meade); Allan, *Army of Northern Virginia in 1862*, 475 et seq.

[2] *Battles and Leaders*, III., 85.

thousand men; what supports there were were scanty and unfortunate. Gibbon, who was struggling up, was wounded; and, on the other side, the eye and voice of Stonewall Jackson were potent as could be those of no other man to bring order out of confusion.[1] Meade's brigades fell back disheartened and sullen, feeling that their costly sacrifice had been to no purpose. On the left, serious work for that day now came to an end. The dangerous slope, crowned by its smoke-enwreathed crest, was not again attempted by Federal assailants; nor, on the other hand, was there any attempt at counter-stroke, for the Confederates saw the column they had repulsed was but a handful as compared with the force which Franklin held, ranked and ready, in the plain below.

In the early afternoon, Burnside, from his headquarters on the north bank, gave orders to Sumner to capture Marye's Hill, which was eighty or a hundred feet high, before which stretched an area of fields crossed by fences, dotted here and there by houses, but with no serious obstruction except a canal, or mill-race; this, for men struggling forward under fire, was deep and wide enough to embarrass. Sumner must advance from the town, immediately on leaving which his forces came under the artillery fire of the enemy, not only Marye's Hill, but the high ground to the right and left, being thickly set with cannon. Pressing through this, a fire of musketry

[1] Dabney, *Jackson*, II., 380; Henderson, *Jackson*, II., 391.

must presently be encountered from a Confederate outpost in a sunken road at the hill's base. Here a most formidable natural fortress had been provided, which, helped out at the ends by rifle-pits, ran for two or three hundred yards across the track that the Federals must follow. A stone wall, towards the town, made an admirable parapet, sheltering those behind and affording a rest to each rifleman as he sought a steady aim. Here, packing the road in four parallel ranks, were ranged experienced troops from the brigades of Cobb and Kershaw. These, and the brigades behind covering the top of Marye's Hill, were of the division of McLaws, and he, in turn, was under the general command of Longstreet. Meantime, Lee was posted on a height close at hand.

Such was the position, such were the defenders. Anything more desperate than the effort that day to storm Marye's Heights it would be hard to conceive. Against them, that brief and gloomy afternoon, Burnside hurled in turn seven divisions—the three constituting the Second Corps, two from the Ninth, and, at last, two from the Fifth—the result being a loss of eight thousand, through which absolutely nothing was gained. As Lee, with Longstreet beside him, looked down upon the scene, he exclaimed, the *gaudium certaminis* struggling in his breast with the spirit of humanity: "Well for us that war is so terrible, for we should love it too well!" He had, indeed, cause for exultation. With

seven thousand men, on and at the base of Marye's Hill, he had repulsed thirty thousand, with a loss to his own side, in their impregnable position, comparatively trifling. The dead of Hancock's division are said to have been found farthest in front; to him fell the highest proportion of loss—about two out of every five. But others were not far behind, and, of the seven divisions that charged, each one paid a terrible tribute. It was felt that day, and has always been felt, that the attempt on Marye's Hill was from the first insane and hopeless.

When the battle on the right was at its height, Burnside ordered Franklin to attack once again on the left; but the latter, assuming that he had some discretion, and seeing no opportunity, made no advance. After the dreadful repulse, a night closed in that was almost balmy, during which the shattered Federal army bivouacked as it could in the streets of Fredericksburg and on the river-bank. The killed and wounded lay where they had fallen. "Oh, those men, those men over there, I cannot get them out of my mind!" exclaimed the unhappy Burnside, in an agony of sorrow over the tragedy in which his unkind fate had ordained that he should be the chief mover. Yet with stubbornness at which his officers wondered he planned still another attempt on Marye's Hill, proposing to charge himself the next day, at the head of the entire Ninth Corps, his old command. This idea he was forced to drop; nor, on the other hand, did Lee attempt

any counter-stroke. Possibly he let go a fine opportunity to destroy the Army of the Potomac, as McClellan before missed a chance at Malvern Hill to destroy Lee, and as Meade possibly missed a chance at Gettysburg. Probably, however, it was wise to refrain. The success, it was supposed, would plunge the stricken North into an abyss of depression and make the triumph of the South certain. When Lee, soon after, went to Richmond to concert with Davis new operations, he was told it was quite unnecessary—that the cause was gained, European recognition certain, and the North prostrate.[1]

The losses at Fredericksburg were: Federal, 1284 killed, 9600 wounded, 1769 missing; Confederate, 595 killed, 4061 wounded, 653 missing.[2] Burnside still remained in command, and continued to plan enterprises with a feverish energy, almost as if he were beside himself. January 21, in the very depth of winter, the Army of the Potomac was again put in motion, this time for the famous "mud march." Rain fell in torrents; the clayey roads were "a sea of glue"—a score of horses could scarcely stir an army-wagon; the regiments floundered helpless. Demoralization among officers and men sapped the vigor of every organization. Resignations and desertions were everywhere numerous, and action by the president became imperative. On January 26, Burnside was removed from command. He ad-

[1] *Battles and Leaders*, III., 84.
[2] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 96.

mitted his incompetence, as he always had admitted it, and begged that he might retire to private life, a request not granted. As after Pope's failure Fitz-John Porter (shortly after Antietam) was laid aside, so now an officer and patriot of perhaps equal worth suffered injustice: W. B. Franklin, commander of the left, was believed to have come short in his duty, and put in a lower place.[1] Now, too, Edwin V. Sumner, worn out with wounds and service, lays down his command, and soon after his life, a soldier always faithful, though not always skilful.

[1] Ropes, *Story of the War*, 472.

CHAPTER XVII

HOOKER'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN

(JANUARY, 1863–MAY, 1863)

THE depression which overspread the North, as a consequence of the defeat at Fredericksburg, was to grow deeper before it was lightened. At Richmond hope and exultation abounded. In the universal dejection that now pervaded Union hearts, all men in power seemed to have forfeited the country's confidence. Generals, the cabinet, Congress, the president, were all looked upon askance; and, while the world lost faith in them, they were at discord among themselves as they had not been before.

But the government pushed on. The third session of the Thirty-seventh Congress extended from December 1, 1862, to March 4, 1863. The shadow of the reaction hung over it, but the Republican majority faced the crisis with resolution. January 6, 1863, a bill was introduced offering to Missouri $15,000,000 as compensation for her slaves, in furtherance of Lincoln's favorite idea, but was defeated by the efforts of Missouri Democrats, neither Missouri nor the other border states showing any

willingness to accept such an arrangement.[1] As to finances, the government did not quail before its tremendous responsibility. Following the bad precedent, on January 17, a further issue of $100,000,000 in paper money was authorized; Chase was empowered, also, to issue bonds to the amount of $900,000,000.[2] On February 25 was passed a fortunate law creating a system of national banks.[3] The confidence of the people at large in a favorable issue of the conflict was still so great that heavy amounts were taken of the five-twenty 6 per cent. bonds, authorized February 25, 1862, the bonds being adroitly put upon the market by Jay Cooke. March 3, 1863, an act was passed authorizing the suspension by the president of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, sanctioning what had previously been done and making lawful future action should the public welfare require it.[4] Congress passed, on the same day, an important conscription and enrolment act, which provided for a bureau of the war department under a provost-marshal-general, which should direct throughout the country the forced enlistment of troops by draft.[5] So far the demand had been for ever new and ever larger armies. On the other hand, volunteering had fallen to so low an ebb that other means of procuring men became imperative.

[1] Blaine, *Twenty Years*, I., 446.
[2] *U. S. Statutes at Large*, XII., 709.
[3] *Ibid.*, 665.
[4] *Ibid.*, 755.
[5] *Ibid.*, 731; Blaine, *Twenty Years*, I., 456 et seq.

Symptoms abounded that unless Federal success soon appeared the North itself must become the scene of war. Secret organizations came into existence, of which the "Knights of the Golden Circle" was perhaps the most alarming, the design of which was neither more nor less than to give aid and comfort to the enemy. On the other hand, Union Leagues were formed by loyal men, designed to cherish devotion to the Union cause. As the spirit of opposition rose, the administration showed an energy, feverish and sometimes harmful, in putting it down.[1] The writ of *habeas corpus* being suspended, arbitrary arrests took place by hundreds. In this work Seward and Stanton were foremost, their loyal zeal, as the case grew desperate, too often making them careless as to what justice demanded.

The Confederacy, meantime, during the winter of 1862 and spring of 1863, was full of hope and pride. Congress and cabinet played a part during the Civil War less conspicuous in the South than in the North. The able men were mostly in the field, and both legislature and administration were subordinated to Jefferson Davis, whose position approached dictatorship. His relations with Lee, whose prestige rapidly rose to the highest point, were close and most friendly. He was himself a well-educated and experienced soldier, and liked soldiers' methods. In all the public management, his word came more and more to be law; and though his popularity was

[1] Rhodes, *United States*, IV., 234.

far from being universal, his hand guided the state. In diplomacy, finance, and the designating of commanders of the armies, the will of Davis, as time went on, grew more and more absolute. In particular the conscription was difficult and unpopular. But, in the spring of 1863, all severities and irregularities seemed of little moment. The war was surely about to end in splendid success, and with so transporting a prospect all defects in the machinery that in the main was working so well could be overlooked.

The South's high hopes at this time were fully justified. To the successes of the winter, the spring added others not less signal. The Federal navy was checked in its almost uninterrupted career of victory. March 14, at Port Hudson, Farragut barely escaped defeat; he carried, to be sure, the *Hartford* and *Albatross* past the batteries, but was forced to see most of his fleet disabled and driven back, while the *Mississippi* was destroyed.[1] For a year after the defeat of the *Virginia* by the *Monitor*, the North believed that by holding a fleet of "Monitors" her naval supremacy would be invincible. For a time the belief seemed justified;[2] but in an attack on Fort Sumter, April 7, on an elaborate and expensive scale, where success was confidently expected, they failed. Beauregard, recovered from his illness, once more directed the batteries. The monitors became

[1] Mahan, *Farragut*, 205 et seq.
[2] Ammen, *Atlantic Coast*, 85 et seq.

unmanageable among the currents and shallows and were thoroughly pounded, while one was sunk. After the first day the attack could not be renewed, and no point had been gained.[1] The defeat had this unfortunate sequence: Dupont, the admiral, a meritorious officer and in no way blameworthy, disappears henceforth from the scene.

It was at the beginning of May that the North reached at last the very nadir of dejection, receiving a blow so staggering it might well seem that all was over. January 26, General Joseph Hooker succeeded Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac, the president accompanying the appointment with an admonitory letter remarkable even among the letters of Lincoln for its terse wisdom. Hooker was as to character a man quite inferior in tone to both McClellan and Burnside, who, whatever their faults, were men of high moral quality. As a soldier he had risen from a brigade to the command of a grand division, and never been found wanting. At first his acts justified completely the selection. The army was dropping to pieces through demoralization. Desertions were at the rate of two hundred daily. Fifteen hundred officers and many thousand men were absent from their duty, a dereliction at which the country seemed to connive, for carloads of citizens' clothes arrived in the camps, which, put on in place of uniforms, might make easier the escape.

[1] Ammen, *Atlantic Coast*, 104.

Hooker's good name as a soldier instantly wrought a change for the better. Desertion ceased, good *morale* was restored, absentees flocked once more to the colors. Nothing ever was more buoyant than this Army of the Potomac, dragged so often through the deepest seas, yet ever rising hopefully at any encouraging sign. Presently, under Hooker, Fredericksburg was forgotten, and the army came to a high degree of energy and determination. During April the numbers mounted to one hundred and thirty thousand men; the Eleventh and Twelfth corps returned to the main force. Opposed to these, Lee had now not more than sixty thousand, Longstreet having been assigned to operations near Suffolk, farther south, with part of his corps.

There is but one opinion as to the merit of the strategy with which Hooker opened the campaign.[1] Stoneman, with the now numerous cavalry, was to operate to the right and rear of Lee, cutting his communications and harassing him as much as possible. This diversion came to little, though there were episodes marked by great gallantry. The infantry, however, got to work even more promptly than the cavalry. Sedgwick, marching down the Rappahannock from Falmouth, made a strong feint below Fredericksburg, while Howard and Slocum, promoted to the command respectively of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, led the main army up the stream. Here, crossing successively the Rappahannock and

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 39, pp. 146–1056 (Chancellorsville).

its tributary, the Rapidan, Hooker planned to march east by the right bank, capturing as he advanced the important fords and coming upon the Confederate left; for Lee still remained quiet behind Fredericksburg, for a time uncertain of his adversary's design.

The plan and execution of the Federal march were excellent. April 30, Hooker arrived at Chancellorsville, twelve miles west of Fredericksburg, a mansion with out-buildings at the junction of several important roads. Excepting Sedgwick, who was below the town with the Sixth Corps and the cavalry, Hooker had with him his entire army, and most of them had crossed the Rappahannock, a serious obstacle well surmounted. Here, too, the new commander was at first admirably prompt. The corps were thrown forward towards the town, extricating themselves soon from the Wilderness, in the thickets of which they had been involved, and reaching high ground with a clear outlook east, from which direction Lee must approach.

Now came Hooker's first error, a faltering into which he, of all men, could have been least expected to fall. Against the counsel of his officers, and to the discouragement of the men, in high spirits over their bold initiative, the order came to fall back to Chancellorsville. The reassumed position was distinctly less favorable than the one just abandoned, but the error could not be rectified. Lee divined his adversary's plan, and, as the Federals retired, fol-

lowed hard on their heels, leaving only Early, with fifteen thousand men, to hold Fredericksburg and observe Sedgwick.

A stone to-day marks the spot, at the junction of two forest roads, where, on the night of May 1, after Hooker had thrown away all he had gained at the beginning, Lee and Stonewall Jackson, sitting on cracker-boxes left behind by the retiring Federals, contrived a memorable movement.[1] The Federal army, as now arranged, lay with its back to the river, covering the fords, its right—the Eleventh Corps, under Howard—two or three miles from the Chancellor house, the headquarters of Hooker. Some divisions of the Second Corps (Couch) faced eastward, confronting the points to which Lee had advanced. Reynolds and Meade, with the First and Fifth corps, were back near the fords. The Third Corps (Sickles) and the Twelfth Corps (Slocum) were somewhat to the south. Of all these dispositions Lee was informed through Stuart, who, directing the cavalry brigades of FitzHugh and W. H. F. Lee, nephew and son of the general-in-chief, had an eye on every ledge and bush. As in the August and September campaigns of the preceding year, so now Lee, contemptuous of his adversary, divided his army in the presence of double his numbers, sending Stonewall Jackson once more to accomplish a marvellous feat.[2]

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 39, p. 798.
[2] Henderson, *Jackson*, II., 531 et seq.

Early on May 2, Jackson, with the three divisions of Rodes, Colston, and A. P. Hill, nearly thirty thousand strong, was moving swiftly through obscure roads, with the design of reaching, by a long, roundabout march of fifteen miles, Hooker's right and rear. That once crushed, perhaps the fords might be seized and the Federals seriously struck. Through forenoon and afternoon the long column sped forward, now hidden in woods, now visible on a hill or in a clearing, as it wormed its way, the muskets bristling above the platoons. Lee, left with not more than sixteen thousand troops, made at frequent intervals noisy demonstrations against Chancellorsville, creating a false impression of vast numbers and an intention to attack in earnest without delay.

Jackson's movement was by no means a secret from the Federals: the westward-marching column was often in sight, but was interpreted to be the Army of Virginia in retreat towards Gordonsville. With this idea, Sickles, with the Third Corps, taking also from the Eleventh Corps its best brigade, under Francis C. Barlow, attacked the column fiercely, capturing prisoners and forcing its train back to a road farther south. Hooker, too, flattered himself that he had at last driven Lee to retreat, though this must always be said to the credit of his discernment: in the forenoon he sent to Howard a distinctly worded despatch, informing him of Jackson's march and of a possibility that it might be directed against the

Federal right.[1] Great vigilance was enjoined in posting pickets and holding the troops ready. Howard, commander of the Eleventh Corps, for the first time that day in high position, certainly now fell short, though afterwards on many fields gallant and clear-headed. Few were the precautions taken; what earthworks there were faced south, towards the quarter from which the foe was expected, if he came at all. A few men went out as pickets; but two regiments were formed facing west. Abundant warning was given, but Howard, and Devens also, the general of division, who was at Talley's house, on the extreme west of the line, were impervious to tidings and remonstrance. Scouts, and even officers of high rank, who sounded alarm were rebuked as taking counsel of their fears. As the day progressed, from Hooker down the infatuation deepened that Jackson's column was the Army of Virginia in retreat towards Gordonsville.[2]

As the afternoon waned an odd phenomenon startled the Eleventh Corps. While the men were listless, cooking, pitching booths, in some cases playing cards, with arms stacked or laid aside, there came upon them a sudden irruption of rabbits, birds, deer, wild creatures of the woods, fleeing from some strange danger behind; and immediately after the storm broke. Jackson's thirty thousand men,

[1] Doubleday, *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*, 22; Committee on Conduct of the War, *Report*, pt. i., 126 (1864–1865).

[2] Doubleday, *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*, 25 et seq.

in three bodies, Rodes in front, Colston second, and A. P. Hill in the rear, dashed upon the unready crowd with meteoric swiftness and force.[1] There was instant panic and rout. At the point of contact, as usual, Stonewall Jackson outnumbered largely his victims, in this case two or three times over. Moreover, the Eleventh Corps had met ill-luck, and was at that time, perhaps, the least trustworthy part of the Federal army. It had been inefficiently commanded by Frémont, and later by Sigel; the fact that it was largely composed of Germans was at the time made much of in accounting for its rout, but with great injustice. The blame should rest with the commanders, Howard and Devens, who had been blind to their danger. No troops not under arms could have stood against such a charge. Greatly outnumbered, the attack so sudden, the force superb, the leader so masterly, it was vain to think of standing. Men, however, in many cases did fight bravely. Howard, awake at last, showed plenty of courage, and was well seconded. But the Federal line withered into nothing before the advancing flame as Jackson swept eastward.

Evening was at hand when Hooker, at the Chancellor house, in the comfortable delusion that Lee was at last in retreat, and that he was about to make the Army of Northern Virginia his prey, was surprised by the sudden outburst of battle from the west,

[1] Dabney, *Jackson*, II., 455 et seq.

where till now all had been silent. The bewildered commander showed neither effective energy nor resource. There was no want of brave men close at hand to meet even such an attack; but without direction they were no better than a mob, and it began to seem possible that the assailants, pushing heavily on the flank and rear, might seize the fords, which would be irretrievable disaster. At this moment the Confederate general's own thoughtless daring brought upon his cause a misfortune not to be measured. Jackson, riding in the fore-front of his men—in advance of his line, indeed — became aware of Federal troops close by, and, with his staff, set out to return. The Confederates were in great disorder through their very victory. Darkness was gathering, and, as the group of horsemen galloped back, a volley from the rifles of their friends, who took them for Federal cavalry, was poured into them. Among the victims was Jackson himself, who received a mortal wound. As the night deepened the moon shone nearly full, and wild fighting continued. There was a brave cavalry charge by a Federal brigade under Pleasonton, retained by Hooker when Stoneman was sent away. Sickles toiled back from his fool's errand against the column supposed to be in retreat. The Federal artillery, always very formidable whenever it could be brought to bear, found its opportunity. What precisely was done that night, and to whom the credit belongs, has been a matter of much con-

troversy.[1] When dawn came, May 3, both sides felt sure of another direful day.

A moment's study of the situation will show that Lee, in spite of Jackson's success, was in a position of the utmost peril. His 60,000 men were in three bodies: 15,000 with Early, at Fredericksburg; about 16,000 with Lee himself, near Chancellorsville; and the 30,000 of Jackson, who, although the charge of the previous evening had brought them towards Lee, were yet, in their scattered and disorganized condition and bereft of their great leader, separated from Lee by powerful bodies of Federals. Of Hooker's force, however, six corps were in close touch. Only the Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, was absent, below Fredericksburg. Though the Eleventh Corps had been routed, the others had lost little either in spirit or numbers. The First, Fifth, and Sixth corps, indeed, had as yet scarcely been in action. Hooker still had more than twice Lee's number, well concentrated; but he had lost his head completely, and the result of the day's encounter was a great disaster.

On the evening of May 2, Hooker sent word to Sedgwick to attack Fredericksburg at once, and, having captured it, to advance thence westward upon Lee's rear with all speed. The faithful Sedgwick did his full duty in the case.[2] At dawn he was

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 39, pp. 384–772 (Reports of Sickles and Pleasonton).

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 557, 562 (Sedgwick's Report).

before the position of Early, no other than those terrible Marye's Heights before which, the preceding December, Burnside had made his sacrifice of eight thousand men. These lines Sedgwick now carried. It must be understood that they were not held as they had been held by Longstreet; but Early was a stubborn fighter and had a good force. Victorious here, Sedgwick, following his orders, struck out at once for Lee's rear; reaching in good time Salem church, four miles along on the road, where he entered, without shrinking, upon another heavy battle. What, meantime, was Hooker about? His course was marked neither by decision nor energy. During the forenoon he was disabled for a time by a contusion from a falling pillar in the portico of the Chancellor house, which was struck by a cannon-ball. Couch, of the Second Corps, was next in command; but Hooker soon recovered consciousness, and no transfer of authority took place. He was really now incapacitated, and the Army of the Potomac, that sad day, was practically headless. There was no vigor or concert in the fighting. Sedgwick received no help, though Lee, even out of his little handful, was able to send succor to Early. Reynolds and Meade, on the verge of the field with their splendid corps as yet almost untouched and chafing at their inaction, were not ordered in. On May 5th the beaten army got back with difficulty across the Rappahannock, which, a week before, it had crossed with hopes so high,

Sedgwick retired by Banks's Ford, eluding with skill the grasp of Lee. His operations had been well conducted, but Hooker accused him of having, by his slowness, precipitated defeat; and it was not the least of numerous blunders committed in those times that Sedgwick, who more than any officer that day showed good soldiership, was censured.[1]

At Chancellorsville, as at Antietam and the Second Manassas, the operations of Lee and Jackson were audacious in the highest degree. Military rules were outraged, and ruin ought to have been the result.[2] Yet success was great; and probably at Chancellorsville would have been overwhelming but for the disabling of Jackson. As for Hooker, he was, in that campaign, strong at the point where most anxiety had been felt for him, and strangely weak where he might have been expected to do well. His strategy was excellent, and of capacity in that kind he had before given little evidence; he utterly failed in tactics on the field, by indecision and inertia bringing about a hopeless wreck of his army. Never before and never after did "Fighting Joe Hooker" show such vacillation and lack of dash. He was suspected of having taken too much liquor, a suspicion to which his habits, unfortunately, gave some color. But Couch, Pleasonton,[3] and others,

[1] Committee on Conduct of the War, *Report*, pt. i. (1864–1865), p. xlix., also p. 129 et seq. See also Dodge, *Chancellorsville*, chap. xxxii.

[2] Dodge, *Chancellorsville*, 210.

[3] Rhodes, *United States*, IV., 264, *n*; Committee on Conduct of the War, *Report*, pt. i. (1864–1865), p. xlix., also p. 31.

who had every opportunity to know, deny this. All that can be said is that the man, experienced and able in every position up to the guidance of a corps, was now proved inadequate to large command.

To the Confederacy, the value of the victory of Chancellorsville was almost cancelled by the death of Stonewall Jackson. He was removed to Guiney's Station, a few miles distant, and at first his recovery was hoped for. His left arm had been amputated, which gave Lee occasion to say to him: "General, you have fared better than I, for you have lost only your left arm, while I have lost my right." His piety burned up into an intenser fervor as he lay prostrate. Prayer and Bible-reading were frequent, and in the intervals his talk was edifying after the sternest standards. He commended Doddridge for urging that every act should be in the spirit of the Lord. "In washing the hands, have always in mind the cleansing blood of Calvary. Bear in mind, in dressing, to be clothed in righteousness as with a garment." He referred with admiration to the champions and warfare of the Old Testament, citing them as the examples proper to be followed in modern days. It became plain that the end was near. In his delirium his spirit went back to the field. "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry rapidly to the front." There were softer moods, touching scenes with his wife and child, and at last a peace out of which came the murmur, "Let us pass over the river and rest under

the shade of the trees." [1] The end came May 10. The South will always believe that, had he lived, her cause would have been won.

[1] Dabney, *Jackson*, II., chap. xx.; Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, *Jackson*, 446 et seq.

CHAPTER XVIII

VICKSBURG

(October, 1862–July, 1863)

WHEN the defeated Federals recrossed the Rappahannock, May 5, 1863, after Chancellorsville, the fortunes of the North were at the lowest ebb. Then came the turning of the tide, and in an unexpected quarter. General Grant had shot up into fame through his capture of Fort Donelson, early in 1862, but had done little thereafter to confirm his reputation. Though in responsible command in northern Mississippi and southwestern Tennessee, the few successes there which the country could appreciate went to the credit of his subordinate, Rosecrans. The world remembered his shiftlessness before the war, and began to believe that his success had been accidental. All things considered, it is strange that Grant had been kept in place. The pressure for his removal had been great everywhere, but his superiors stood by him faithfully, though Lincoln's persistence was maintained in the midst of misgivings. McClure records vividly a long interview, during which he himself urged upon the president the necessity of displacing Grant. The presi-

dent, ill at ease, his feet much of the time resting on the mantel-piece as he rocked to and fro before the fire, at last exclaimed: "I can't spare this man: he fights." [1] To this time also belongs Lincoln's famous parry of the accusation of drunkenness brought against Grant — if he knew his brand of whiskey he would send a barrel of it to some of the other generals. To the credit of Halleck, though earlier he was unreasonable towards Grant, he now discerned his merit and sustained him with courage.

In the fall of 1862, Grant, in command of fifty thousand men, purposed to continue the advance southward through Mississippi, flanking Vicksburg, which then must certainly fall. His supplies must come over the Memphis & Charleston road and the two weak and disabled lines of railroad the Mississippi Central and the Mobile & Ohio. To guard one hundred and fifty miles of railroad in a hostile country the army must necessarily be scattered, as every bridge, culvert, and station needed a detail. From Washington came unwise interference; but he moved on with vigor. As winter approached, he pushed into Mississippi towards Jackson. If that place could be seized, Vicksburg, fifty miles west, must become untenable, and to this end Grant desired to unite his whole force. He was overruled, and the troops divided: while he marched on Jackson, Sherman, with thirty-two thousand, was to proceed down the river from Memphis. Grant's hope

[1] McClure, *Lincoln and Men of War Times*, 179.

was that he and Sherman, both near Vicksburg and supporting each other, might act in concert.

Complete failure attended this beginning. Forrest, operating in a friendly country, tore up the railroads in Grant's rear for scores of miles, capturing his detachments and working destruction. On December 20, also, Van Dorn, now a cavalry leader, surprised Holly Springs, Grant's main depot in northern Mississippi, carrying off and burning stores to the amount of $1,500,000.[1] Grant's movement southward became impossible: the army stood stripped and helpless, saving itself only by living off the country, an experience rough at the time, but out of which, later, came benefit.[2] Co-operation with Sherman could no longer be thought of. Nor could news of the disaster be sent to Sherman, who, following his orders, punctually embarked and steamed down to the mouth of the Yazoo; this he entered, and, on December 29, believing that the garrison of Vicksburg had been drawn off to meet Grant, he flung his divisions against the Confederate lines at Chickasaw Bayou, with a loss of eighteen hundred men and no compensating advantage.[3]

The difficulty and disaster in the Mississippi campaign were increased by a measure which strikingly reveals the effect in war of political pressure at the capital. At the outbreak of the war, John A.

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 24, p. 511.
[2] Grant, *Personal Memoirs*, I, 411.
[3] Sherman, *Memoirs*, I., 319.

McClernand was a member of Congress from Illinois, and later commanded a division at Donelson and Shiloh. Returning to Washington, he stood out as a War Democrat, a representative of a class whose adherence to the administration was greatly strained by the Emancipation Proclamation, and whose loyalty Lincoln felt it was almost vital to preserve. When, therefore, he laid before Lincoln a scheme[1] to raise by his own influence a large force in the West, over which he was to have military command, with the intention of taking Vicksburg, Lincoln and Stanton yielded, the sequel showing that McClernand was a soldier of little merit. To the military mind nothing is more shocking than a divided command in time of stress; but it is not strange that the administration yielded, for McClernand, if not distinguished in the field, had received the "baptism of blood and fire." At that time Sherman had not shown his surpassing quality, while Grant was so much out of the country's favor that Lincoln took risks by upholding him at all.

McClernand straightway went west, and kept his promise by mustering into the service, chiefly through his personal influence, some thirty regiments, a welcome recruitment in those dark days. With this new army McClernand appeared at the mouth of the Yazoo just at the moment when Sherman emerged from the swamps with his crestfallen divisions. McClernand assumed command, Sherman

[1] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, VII., 135.

subsiding into a subordinate place; but he had influence enough with his new superior to persuade him to proceed at once to an attack upon Arkansas Post, not far away.[1] This measure proved successful, the place capitulating January 11, 1863, with five thousand men and seventeen guns. Though the victory was due in great part to the navy, Sherman alone in the army having rendered conspicuous service, yet before the country the credit went to McClernand, nominally the commander, giving him an undeserved prestige which made the situation worse.

Grant often found Halleck very trying; but in the present exigency the superior stood stoutly by him, and probably saved to him his position. The military sense of the general-in-chief saw clearly the folly of a divided command, and he enlightened the president, who made Grant major-general in command of operations on the Mississippi, McClernand being put at the head of a corps. January 30, therefore, Grant, suppressing a scheme entertained by McClernand for a campaign in Arkansas, set to work to solve the problem of opening the great river.

Probably few generals have ever encountered a situation more difficult, or one in which military precedents helped so little. The fortress occupied a height commanding on the north and west, along the river, swampy bottom-lands, at the mo-

[1] Sherman, *Memoirs*, I., 324.

ment largely submerged or threaded with channels. These lowlands were much overgrown with canebrake and forest; roads there were almost none, the plantations established within the area being approached most conveniently by boats. But it was from the north and west, apparently, that Vicksburg must be assailed, for the region south of the city appeared quite beyond reach, since the batteries closed the river, which seemed the sole means of approach for northern forces. The surest approach to the stronghold was from the east; but there Grant had tried and failed; public sentiment would not sustain another movement from that side. There was nothing for it but to try by the north and west, and Grant grappled with the problem.

Besides the natural obstacles, he had to take account of his own forces and the strength and character of his adversary. In November, 1862, Johnston, not yet recovered from the wounds received at Fair Oaks in May, was ordered to assume command in the West, taking the troops of Kirby Smith, Bragg, and the army defending the Mississippi. The latter force, up to that time under Van Dorn, was transferred to John C. Pemberton, of an old Pennsylvania family, before and after the war a citizen of Philadelphia. Though a northerner, he had the entire confidence of both Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. His record in the old army was good; he was made lieutenant-general by the Confederacy, and received most weighty responsibili-

ties. He served bravely and faithfully the cause he had espoused; though outclassed in his campaign, he did not lack ability. Pemberton commanded some fifty thousand men, comprising not only the garrison of Vicksburg, but also that of Port Hudson, and detachments posted in northern Mississippi. On the watch at such a point as Jackson, the state capital, he could, on short notice, concentrate his scattered command to meet whatever danger might threaten.

Against this alert adversary Grant could now oppose about an equal number of men, comprised in four corps—the Thirteenth (McClernand), Fifteenth (Sherman), Sixteenth (Hurlbut), Seventeenth (McPherson). Hurlbut was of necessity retained at and near Memphis, to preserve communications and hold western Tennessee; the three other corps could take the field with about forty-three thousand. Among Grant's lieutenants, two were soldiers of the best quality — Sherman and James B. McPherson, the latter a young officer of engineers, who during the preceding months had been coming rapidly to the front.[1] Besides the army, Grant had a powerful auxiliary in the fleet, which now numbered seventy craft, large and small, manned by fifty-five hundred sailors and commanded by David D. Porter, an indefatigable chief.

Grant at the outset could, of course, have no fixed plan. Throughout February and March his

[1] Cullum, *Register of Mil. Acad.*, art., McPherson.

operations were tentative; and though the country murmured at his "inactivity," never did general or army do harder work. Might not Vicksburg perhaps be isolated on the west, and a way be found beyond the reach of its cannon to that vantage-ground south of it which seemed so inaccessible? Straightway the army tried, with spade, pick, and axe, to complete the cut-off which Williams had begun the previous summer; also to open a tortuous and embarrassed passage far round through Lake Providence and the Tensas and Washita rivers. Might not some insufficiently guarded approach be found through the Yazoo bottom[1] to Haines's Bluff, the height dominating Vicksburg from the northeast, which Sherman had sought to seize at Chickasaw Bayou? Straightway there were enterprises seldom attempted in war.[2] The levee at Yazoo Pass was cut, far up the river, so that the swollen Mississippi flooded the wide region below. Through the crevasse plunged gun-boat and transport, to engage in amphibious warfare; soldiers wading in the mire or swimming the bayous; divisions struggling to *terra firma*, only to find that Pemberton was there before them behind unassailable parapets; gun-boats wedged in ditches, unable to turn, with hostile axemen blocking both advance and retreat by felling trees across the channel; Porter sheltering himself from sharp-shooters within a section of broken

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 36, pp. 371–467.
[2] Mahan, *Gulf and Inland Waters*, 110 et seq.

smokestack and meditating the blowing-up of his boats; Sherman now paddling in a canoe, now riding bareback, now joining the men of a rescue-party in a double-quick — all in cypress forests draped with funereal moss, as if Death had made ready for a calamity that seemed certain.

April came, and nothing had been accomplished on the north or west. To try again from the east meant summary removal for the commander. Was an attack from the south, after all, out of the question, as all his lieutenants urged? Grant resolved to try; the river-bank to the west was so far dried that the passage of a column through the swamp-roads became possible. Porter was willing to attempt to run the batteries, though sure that, if once below, he could never return. The night of April 16 was one of wild excitements. The fleet was discovered as soon as it got under way, and conflagrations, blazing right and left, clearly revealed it as it swept down the stream. The Confederate fire could not be concentrated,[1] and hence the injury was small to the armored craft; and even the transports in their company, protected only by baled hay or cotton, escaped with one exception. A few days later transports and barges again passed down.[2] The column, toiling along the swampy road, was met, when at last it reached a point well below the town, by an abundance of supplies and ample means for

[1] Johnston, *Narrative*, 152.
[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 36, pp. 565 et seq.

placing it on the other bank. April 29, Grand Gulf, the southern outpost of Vicksburg, was cannonaded, with ten thousand men on transports at hand for an assault, if the chance came. High on its bluff, it defied the bombardment, as the main citadel had done. Then it was that Grant turned to his last resource.

It requires attention to comprehend how a plan so audacious as that now adopted could succeed. First, the watchful Pemberton was bewildered and misled as to the point of attack. About the time the batteries were run, Grierson, an Illinois officer, starting with seventeen hundred cavalry from La Grange, Tennessee, raided completely through Mississippi, from north to south, so skilfully creating an impression of large numbers, so effectively wrecking railroads and threatening incursion now here and now there, that the back-country was thrown into a panic, and Pemberton thought an attack in force from that direction possible. Following close upon Grierson's raid, Sherman demonstrated with such noise and parade north of the city that Pemberton sent troops to meet a possible assault there. Meantime, the Thirteenth and Seventeenth corps were ferried rapidly across the river below Grand Gulf, and, a footing on the upland having been obtained unopposed, Grant stood fairly on the left bank. He now sent word to Halleck that he felt this battle was more than half won.[1]

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 36, p. 32.

The event proved that Grant was not oversanguine. An easy victory at Port Gibson, over a brave but inferior force, gave him Grand Gulf. Joined now by Sherman, he plunged with his three corps into the interior, cutting loose from his river base, and also from his hampering connection with Washington. The previous fall he had learned to live off the country. Two more easy victories, at Raymond and Jackson, gave him the state capital, and placed him, fully concentrated, between the armies of Pemberton and Johnston. The number of his foes was swelling fast—from Port Hudson, from South Carolina, from Tennessee; but Grant did not let slip his advantage. Johnston, not yet recovered from his Fair Oaks wound, was not at his best. Pemberton, confused by an adversary who could do so unmilitary a thing as to throw away his base, vacillated and blundered. A heavy battle at Champion's Hill, May 16, in which the completeness of Grant's victory was prevented by the bad conduct of McClernand, nevertheless resulted in Pemberton's precipitate flight. Next day the Federals seized the crossing of the Big Black River, after which all the outposts of Vicksburg, from Haines's Bluff southward, fell without further fighting, and Pemberton, with the army that remained to him, was shut up within the works. The Federals held all outside, looking down from those heights, which for so long had seemed to them impregnable, upon the great river open to the north. Supplies

and reinforcements could now come unhindered, and were already pouring in. The fall of Vicksburg was certain.

A pleasant story has come down that, on May 18, Grant and Sherman, sitting on horseback near Haines's Bluff, which had just been captured, looked down upon the noble prospect before them. The generous lieutenant poured out his heart to his chief. Until the final moment he had had no faith that the campaign could succeed. Now that it was accomplished, the glory belonged alone to him whose genius had conceived it and whose energy had pushed it through: among soldierly achievements it must henceforth rank as a masterpiece, and to Grant alone belonged the honor. To all which the reticent hero, gripping in his "iron jaws" the inevitable cigar, smiled grimly, but answered nothing.

A story finer than this comes down from those same days of triumph. Grant held in his heart of hearts, as a friend, John A. Rawlins, a rough, gritty Scotch-Irishman, and a diamond. While Grant was selling leather at Galena, Illinois, Rawlins was struggling into legal practice. A plain, sturdy figure, he early entered Grant's staff, rising with his chief until he in time became a general and later a cabinet officer. He, more than any other man, was indispensable to Grant, finely serviceable in all ways, but in no way more than in reinforcing Grant's own better nature against the secret enemy with

which his struggle was constant. No one so well as his old townsmen knew of the battle the general was ever forced to wage against this traitor within himself; and here it was that Rawlins especially sustained him. On the night of June 6, before Vicksburg, Rawlins saw in front of Grant's tent a box of wine, with which, he was informed, the general proposed to celebrate his triumph whenever the fortress should fall. At midnight the friend wrote a letter of warning and remonstrance to his chief, pleading that for the sake of his country, as well as for himself, he would be on his guard. It was an appeal rugged, fervent, affectionate, unflinching, and perhaps in all the literature of the war there is no document more touching and manly. That Grant could properly estimate and maintain at his right hand such a friend, making him ever the closest neighbor to his purpose, marks as impressively as any fact that can be cited the sterling quality of his character.[1]

The siege once begun, the fortress was doomed without recourse. Pemberton, to be sure, did not lose heart, and drove back the repeated Federal assaults with skill and courage. Johnston, from the rear, mustered men as he could, tried to concert with the besieged army a project of escape, and at last advanced to attack. But within the city sup-

[1] For the letter, and also for a glimpse of the apprehensions of Grant's Galena friends, see Shaw, "Rawlins," in Loyal Legion, Minnesota Commandery, *Papers*, 3d series, 381.

plies soon failed, and outside no resources were at hand for the city's succor. Johnston's request for twenty-thousand men, lying idle in Arkansas, had been slighted:[1] there was no other source of supply. Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor attempted a diversion on the west bank of the river; and still later, at Helena, Arkansas, a desperate push was made to afford relief. It was all in vain. The North, made cheerful by long-delayed success, poured forth to Grant out of its abundance both men and means. His army was in size nearly doubled; food and munitions abounded. The starving defenders were inexorably encircled by nearly three times their number of well-supplied and triumphant foes. Grant's assaults, bold and bloody though they were, had little effect in bringing about the result; the close investment would have sufficed. On July 4 came the unconditional surrender. The Confederate losses before the surrender were fully 10,000; now 29,491 became prisoners, while in the fortress were 170 cannon and 50,000 small arms. Grant's loss during the whole campaign was 9362.[2]

To this triumph, a week later, was added the fall of Port Hudson,[3] which, with a depleted garrison, held out stubbornly for six weeks against the Federals. N. P. Banks, who after his tragical Virginia experiences succeeded, in December, 1862, Butler in

[1] Johnston, *Narrative*, 153.
[2] *War Records*, Serial No. 37, pp. 146–424.
[3] *Ibid.*, Serial No. 41, pp. 41–181 (Port Hudson).

Louisiana, was set, as in the valley, to meet a difficult situation with inadequate means. With an army of little more than thirty thousand, in part nine-months men, he was expected to hold New Orleans and such of Louisiana as had been conquered, and also to co-operate with Grant in opening the Mississippi. When his garrisons had been placed he had scarcely fifteen thousand men left for service in the field, a number exceeded at first by the Port Hudson defenders, strongly placed and well commanded. West of the river, moreover, was still another force under an old adversary in the Shenandoah country —Dick Taylor, a general well-endowed and trained in the best school. That Banks, though active, had no brilliant success, was not at all strange; yet Halleck found fault. He could not extend a hand to Grant; but, risking his communications— risking, indeed, the possession of New Orleans— he concentrated at Port Hudson, which fortress, after a six weeks' siege, marked by two spirited assaults, he brought to great distress. Its fate was sealed by the fall of Vicksburg — Gardner, the commander, on July 9, surrendering the post with more than six thousand men and fifty-one guns.

The capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson was a success such as had not been achieved before during our Civil War, and was not paralleled afterwards until Appomattox. In military history there are few achievements which equal it; and the magni-

tude of the captures of men and resources is no more remarkable than are the unfailing courage of the soldiers and the genius and vigor of the general.[1]

[1] Greene, *The Mississippi.*

CHAPTER XIX

THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN

(May, 1863–July, 1863)

THE fall of Vicksburg, though a terrible blow to the South, was not a sudden one: to all intelligent eyes it had for some weeks been impending; but that Lee could be defeated seemed a thing impossible. Because so long unconquered, it had come to be accepted that he was unconquerable.

Hooker soon recovered from the daze into which he had been thrown at Chancellorsville. His confidence in himself was not broken by his misfortune. Instead of, like Burnside, manfully shouldering most of the responsibility of his failure, Hooker vehemently accused his lieutenants of misconduct, and faced the new situation with as much resolution as if he had the prestige of a victor. The Army of the Potomac, never down in heart except for a moment, plucked up courage forthwith and girded itself for new encounters.

The South, meanwhile, was still rejoicing over Chancellorsville, for the cloud on the southwestern horizon was at first no bigger than a man's hand. Longstreet joined Lee from Suffolk with two divi-

sions, swelling the Army of Northern Virginia to eighty thousand or more. Never before had it been so numerous, so well appointed, or in such good heart. The numerical advantage which the Federals had heretofore enjoyed was at this time nearly gone, because thousands of enlistments expired which could not immediately be made good: volunteering had nearly ceased, and the new schemes for recruiting were not yet effective.

Lee took the initiative early in June,[1] full of the sense of the advantage to be gained from a campaign on northern soil. War-worn Virginia was to receive a respite; Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, as well as Washington, might be terrorized, and perhaps captured. If only the good-fortune so far enjoyed would continue, the Union's military strength might be completely wrecked, hesitating Europe won over to recognition, and the cause of the South made secure.

With these fine and not at all extravagant anticipations, Lee put in motion his three great corps under the lieutenant-generals Ewell (Jackson's successor), Longstreet, and A. P. Hill. Longstreet was ill at ease. Vicksburg, now in great danger, he thought could only be saved by reinforcing Bragg and advancing rapidly on Cincinnati, in which case Grant might be drawn north. Notwithstanding Longstreet's urgency, Lee persisted.[2] Ewell, pour-

[1] *War Records*, Serial Nos. 43 and 44, pp. 1–775 (all on Gettysburg campaign). [2] Longstreet, *Manassas to Appomattox*, 331.

ing suddenly down the Shenandoah Valley, "gobbled up," as Lincoln put it, Milroy and his whole command of some four thousand, June 13, and presently from Maryland invaded Pennsylvania. Longstreet was close behind: while the head of Ewell's column had been nearing the Potomac, A. P. Hill, who had remained at Fredericksburg to watch Hooker, as yet inactive on Stafford Heights, broke camp and followed northwestward. Ewell seized Chambersburg a few days later, then appeared at Carlisle, and even shook Harrisburg with his cannon. The North had, indeed, cause for alarm; the farmers of the invaded region were in a panic. "Emergency men," enlisted for three months, gathered from New York, Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania to the threatened points. The great coast cities were face to face with a menace hitherto unexperienced. Were they really about to be sacked? What was to be done?

There was no indecision, either at Washington or in the Army of the Potomac. Lincoln's horse-sense, sometimes tripping, but oftener adequate to deal with unparalleled burdens, homely, terse, and unerring in its expression, was at its best in these days. To Hooker, meditating movements along and across the Rappahannock, he wrote: "I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river like an ox jumped half over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs in front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other." [1] And again: "If

[1] *War Records*, Serial No. 45, p. 31.

the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg (near the Potomac), and the tail of it on the plank-road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?" "Fret him and fret him," was the president's injunction to Hooker, regarding the advance of Lee. Well-poised, good-humored, constant, Lincoln gave no counsel to Hooker in these days that was not sound.

Indeed, at this time, Hooker needed little admonition. Alert and resourceful, he no sooner detected the movement of Lee than he suggested an advance upon Richmond, which was thus left unguarded. Lee, of course, had contemplated the possibility of such a move, and, with a nod towards Washington, had joked about "swapping queens." The idea, which Hooker did not press, being disapproved, Hooker, turning towards Lee, proceeded to "fret him and fret him," his conduct comparing well with his brilliant management at the opening of the campaign of Chancellorsville. The cavalry, greatly improved by him, under Pleasonton, with divisions commanded by Buford, Duffie, and Gregg, was serviceable as never before, matching well the troopers of Stuart at Brandy Station, Aldie, and Middleburg. Screened on his left flank by his cavalry, as, on the other hand, Lee was screened by a similar body on his right, Hooker marched in columns parallel to those of his foe and farther east, yet always interposing between the enemy and Washington. As June drew

to its end the Confederate advance was near Harrisburg, but the Federals were not caught napping. Hooker stood at Frederick, in Maryland, his corps stretched on either hand to cover Washington and Baltimore, touching hands one with the other, and all confronting the foe.

We have seen with what disregard of military rules Lee could act in his campaigns thus far, a recklessness up to this time justified by good luck and the ineptitude of his adversaries. Still contemptuous of risks, he made just here an audacious move which was to result unfortunately.[1] He ordered, or perhaps suffered. Stuart, whom as he drew towards the Potomac he had held close on his right flank, to undertake with the cavalry a raid around the Federal army, after the precedents of the Peninsular and Second Bull Run campaigns. Casting loose from his chief, June 25, Stuart sallied out eastward and penetrated close to the neighborhood of Washington. He did no harm beyond making a few small captures and causing a useless scare; on the other hand, he suffered terrible fatigue, his exhausted men falling asleep almost by squadrons in their saddles. He could get no news from his friends, nor could he find Ewell's corps, which he had hoped to meet. Quite worn out with hardship, he did not become available to Lee until the late afternoon of

[1] F. H. Lee, *Robert E. Lee*, 265. For R. E. Lee's report of Gettysburg, see *War Records*, Serial No. 44, pp. 293 et seq.; Long, *Lee*, 280.

July 2. A critical battle might have had a different issue[1] had the Confederate cavalry been in its proper place. It was almost by chance, through a scout of Longstreet's, that Lee, at Chambersburg, all uncertain of the Federal movement, heard at last that his enemy was close at hand and threatening his communications. At once he withdrew Ewell southward, so that he might face the danger with his three divisions together.

Meantime, a most critical change came about in the camp of his foes. Hooker, on ill terms with Halleck, and engaged in controversy with him over Halleck's refusal to authorize the withdrawal of the garrison of Harper's Ferry, rather petulantly asked to be relieved of command, and the president complied at once. Such promptness was to be expected. Hooker had been doing well; but he had done just as well before Chancellorsville; he was generally distrusted; his best subordinates were outspoken as to his lamentable record. The unsparing critic of Burnside had now to take his own medicine. A battle with Lee could not be ventured upon under a commander who could not keep on good terms with the administration, had there been nothing else. It was perilous swapping of horses in the midst of the stream, but Lincoln was forced to do it. Some cried out for the restoration of McClellan, and

[1] But see controversy between Mosby and Robertson as to management of the Confederate cavalry, *Battles and Leaders*, III., 251.

others for that of Frémont. The appointment fell to George Gordon Meade, commander of the Fifth Corps, who, with soldierly dignity, obeyed orders, assuming the burden June 28, with a pledge to do his best.

Meade, a West-Pointer of 1835,[1] was a man of ripe experience, thoroughly trained in war. He had first risen leading a brigade of the Pennsylvania reserves at Mechanicsville, just a year earlier. The good name then won he confirmed at Antietam, and still more at Fredericksburg. He was tall and spare, with an eagle face which no one that saw it can forget, a perfect horseman, and, though irascible, possessed of strong and manly character. In that momentous hour the best men were doubtful on what footing they stood. When Lincoln's messenger, with a solemn countenance, handed to Meade the appointment, he took it to be an order for his arrest. Placed in command, he hesitated not a moment, building his strategy upon the foundation laid by his predecessor.

Meade had with him in the field seven corps of infantry: the First, commanded temporarily by Doubleday; the Second, by Hancock, recently promoted; the Third, by Sickles; the Fifth, his own corps, now turned over to Sykes; the Sixth, Sedgwick, fortunately not displaced, though so unjustly censured for his noble work on May 3; the Eleventh, Howard; and the Twelfth, Slocum. The excellent

[1] Cullum, *Register of Mil. Acad.*, art., Meade.

cavalry divisions were under Buford, Kilpatrick, and Gregg; and in the lower places capable young officers—Custer, Merritt, Farnsworth, Devin, Gamble—were pushing into notice. Of field-guns there were 340. It was a fault of the Union organization that corps, divisions, and brigades were too small, bringing about, among other evils, too large a number of general and staff officers.[1] The Confederates here were wiser. Lee faced Meade's seven corps with but three, and 293 guns; but each Confederate corps was nearly or quite twice as large as a Union corps; divisions and brigades were in the same relative proportion. The Army of the Potomac numbered 88,289 effectives; the Army of Northern Virginia, 75,000.[2]

Meade at once chose and caused to be surveyed a position on Pipe Creek, just south of the Maryland line, as a field suitable to be held should the enemy come that way. He marched, however, northwestward cautiously, his corps in touch but spread wide apart, ready for battle and protecting as ever the capital and cities of the coast.[3] His especial reliance in this hour of need was John F. Reynolds, hand in hand with whom he had proceeded in his career from the day when, as fellow-brigadiers, they repulsed A. P. Hill at Beaver Dam Creek. This man he trusted completely and loved much. He warmly

[1] Hunt, in *Battles and Leaders*, III., 258.
[2] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 102.
[3] *War Records*, Serial No. 43, pp. 104–119 (Report of Meade).

approved Hooker's action in committing to Reynolds the left wing nearest the enemy, made up of the First, Third, and Eleventh corps. This made Reynolds second in command. Meade, commander-in-chief, retained the centre and right. So the armies hovered, each uncertain of the other's exact whereabouts during the last days of June.

On July 1, though Stuart for the moment was out of the campaign, the Federal cavalry was on hand. Buford's division, thrown out from the Federal left, moved well forward north of the town of Gettysburg, and were met by Heth's division of Hill's corps, marching forward, it is said, with no more hostile purpose at the time than that of getting shoes.[1] Buford held his line valiantly, being presently joined by Reynolds. The two, from the cupola of the seminary near by, studied the prospect hurriedly. A stand must be made then and there, and the First Corps, close at hand, was presently in support of the bold horsemen, who, dismounted, were with their carbines blocking the advance of the hostile infantry.

The most irreparable and lamentable loss of the entire battle now occurred at the very outset. Reynolds fell dead at the front, leaving the left divisions without a leader in the most critical hour. Heth's advance was roughly handled; one brigade was mostly captured, Doubleday nodding, with a pleasant "Good-morning, I am glad to see you," to

[1] F. H. Lee, *Robert E. Lee*, 270.

its commander, his old West Point chum, Archer, as the latter was passed to the rear among the prisoners.[1] There were still other captures and much fighting; but Ewell was fast arriving by the roads from the north; and although Howard, with the Eleventh Corps, came up from the south at the same time, the heavier Confederate battalions could not be held. Barlow, thrown out far forward into Ewell's path, was at once badly wounded, whereupon his division was repulsed. The Eleventh Corps in general gave way before Ewell's rush, rolling back disordered through the town, where large numbers were captured. Fortunately, on the high crest of Cemetery Hill, Howard had stationed in reserve the division of Steinwehr. What broken brigades and regiments, fleeing through the town, could reach this point were forthwith rallied and reorganized. Thus, at mid-day of July 1, things were hopeful for Lee. The First Corps, its flank exposed by the retirement of the Eleventh Corps, fell back fighting through Gettysburg to Cemetery Hill during the afternoon. Lee swept the Federals from the town and the fields and ridges beyond. Had Ewell stormed Cemetery Hill at once, Lee might have won a great success.

One of the first marks of a capacity for leadership is the power to choose men, and Meade now showed this conspicuously. He had lost Reynolds, his main dependence, a loss that no doubt affected greatly

[1] Doubleday, *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*, 132.

the fortunes of the first day's battle; he replaced Reynolds with a young officer whom it was necessary to push over the heads of several seniors; but a better selection could not have been made. Of the splendid captains whom the long agony of the Army of the Potomac was slowly evolving, probably the best as an all-round soldier was Winfield Scott Hancock. Since his West Point training, finished in 1844,[1] he had had wide and thorough military experience, climbing laboriously from colonel to corps commander, winning out from each grade to the next higher through faithful and able service. He could deal with figures; was diligent over papers and office drudgery; he was a patient drill-master—all these, and at the same time so dashing and magnetic in the field that he early earned the title "The Superb." [2] His vigor, moreover, was tempered by judgment.

Hancock it was whom Meade now sent forward from Taneytown, thirteen miles away, when he was anxiously gathering in his host, to lead the hard-pressed left wing; he was to judge whether the position should be held, as Reynolds had thought, or a retirement attempted towards the surveyed lines of Pipe Creek. The apparition on Cemetery Hill, just before four o'clock, July 1, of Hancock upon his sweating charger, was equal to a reinforcement by

[1] Cullum, *Register of Mil. Acad.*, art., Hancock.

[2] Walker, *Hancock*, in Mass. Mil. Hist. Soc., *Papers*, "Some Federal and Confederate Commanders," 49.

an army corps. Fugitives halted; fragments of formations were welded into proper battle-lines. In the respite given by Ewell, so ill-timed for Lee, the shattered First and Eleventh corps found breathing-space and plucked up heart. At six o'clock they were joined by the Twelfth Corps, that of the steadfast Slocum. Hancock, now feeling that there were troops enough for the present, and resolute leaders, galloped back to report to his chief. Upon his report Meade concentrated everything towards Cemetery Hill, the troops steadily plodding through the moonlit night. Meade himself reached the field an hour past midnight, gaunt and hollow-eyed through want of sleep,[1] but clear in mind and stout of heart. At dawn of July 2 the Second Corps, at the head of which Gibbon had taken Hancock's place, and the Third Corps, Sickles, were at hand. At noon arrived the Fifth, and soon after the Sixth, Sedgwick having marched his men thirty-four miles in eighteen hours.

Two parallel ridges, their crests separated by an interval of not quite a mile, extend at Gettysburg north and south. The more westerly of these, called, from the Lutheran College there, Seminary Ridge, was the scene of the first attack on July 1, but on the second day became the main Confederate position. The eastern ridge, terminated at its northern end by the town cemetery, close to which Howard so fortunately stationed Steinwehr on the

[1] Doubleday, *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*, 156.

first day, became the Federal stronghold. Cemetery Ridge was really shaped like a fish-hook, its line curving eastward to the abrupt and wooded Culp's Hill, the barb of the hook. At the curve the ridge was steep and rough with ledges and bowlders; as it ran southward its height diminished until, after a mile or so, it rose again into two marked elevations — Round Top, six hundred feet high, with a spur, Little Round Top just north.

On the morning of July 2 the Federals lay along this ridge in order as follows: at the extreme right, on Culp's Hill (the fish-hook's barb), the Twelfth Corps, Slocum; at the bend, near the cemetery, the Eleventh Corps, Howard, reinforced from other bodies; on their left the First, now under Newton, and the Second, Gibbon. The First and Second corps formed, as it were, the shank of the hook, which the Third, Sickles, was expected to prolong. The Fifth, on arriving, took place behind the third; and the Sixth, when it appeared from the east, helped to make secure the trains and sent aid elsewhere. The convex formation presently proved to be of incalculable value, enabling Meade to strengthen rapidly any threatened point. Fronting their foe, the Confederates lay in a parallel concave line, Ewell close at the curve and in the town, and A. P. Hill on Seminary Ridge; this line Longstreet prolonged southward, his right flank opposed to Round Top. The concave formation was an embarrassment to Lee—no

reinforcements could reach threatened points without making a wide circuit.

When Meade, supposing that Sickles had prolonged with the Third Corps the southward-stretching line, reviewed the field, he found the Third Corps thrown out far in advance, to the Emmittsburg road, which here passed along a dominating ridge; the break in the continuity of his line filled the general with alarm, but it was too late to change. Whether or not Sickles blundered will not be argued here. Meade condemned; other good authorities have approved, among them Sheridan, who regarded as just Sickles's claim that the line marked out by Meade was untenable.[1] What happened here will presently be told.

Lee, too, was out of harmony with Longstreet, his well-tried second; and the first matter in dispute was the expediency of fighting at all at Gettysburg. When Longstreet, coming from Chambersburg, took in the situation, he urged upon Lee, bent upon his battle, a turning of the Federal left as better strategy, by which the Confederates might interpose between Meade and Washington and compel Meade to make the attack. Longstreet held Lee to be perfect in defensive warfare; on the offensive, however, he thought him "over-combative" and liable to rashness.[2] Lee rejected the advice with a touch of irritation; and when Longstreet, acquiescing, made a second suggestion—namely, for a tactical turning

[1] A tradition at Gettysburg.

[2] Mrs. Longstreet, *Lee and Longstreet at High Tide*, 83, 84.

of the Federal left instead of a direct assault—Lee pronounced for the assault in a manner so peremptory that Longstreet could say no more. From first to last at Gettysburg, Longstreet was ill at ease, in spite of which his blows fell like those from the hammer of a war-god. The friends of Lee have denounced him for a sluggishness and insubordination that, as they claim, lost for them the battle.[1] His defence of himself is earnest and pathetic, of great weight as coming from one of the most able and manful figures on either side in the Civil War.

Of Longstreet's three divisions, only one, that of McLaws, was on hand with all its brigades on the forenoon of July 2. At noon arrived Law, completing Hood's division. Pickett's division was still behind; but in mid-afternoon, without waiting for him, Longstreet attacked—Hood, with all possible energy, striking Sickles in his far-advanced position and working dangerously around his flank towards the Round Tops. Longstreet's generals, Hood and afterwards Law (Hood falling wounded in the first attack), though men of courage and dash, assaulted only after having filed written protests, feeling sure that the position could be easily turned and gained with little fighting. But Lee had been peremptory, and no choice was left.[2]

[1] For criticisms by the friends of Lee, see Davis, *Rise and Fall of the Confed. Govt.*, II., 447; F. H. Lee, *Robert E. Lee*, 299; William Allan, in *Battles and Leaders*, III., 355. Able and impartial is G. F. R. Henderson, *Science of War*, 280 et seq.

[2] Hood, *Advance and Retreat*, 57 et seq.

Gouverneur K. Warren, then chief-engineer of the Army of the Potomac, despatched by Meade to the left during the afternoon, found the Round Tops undefended. They were plainly the key to the Federal position, offering points which, if seized by the enemy, would make possible an enfilading of the Federal line. Troops of the Twelfth Corps, at first stationed there, had been withdrawn and their places not supplied. There was not a moment to lose. Even as he stood, Warren beheld in the opposite woods the gleam of arms from Longstreet's swift advance. Leaping down from ledge to ledge, he met a brigade of the Fifth Corps, just arrived and marching to the aid of Sickles. These he diverted to the eyrie he had so lately left; a battery, too, was dragged up over the rocks, and none too soon. At that very moment the men of Hood charged out of the valley, and the height was held only by the most obstinate combat.

From the valley, meantime, came up a tumult of arms which, as the sun threw its rays aslant, spread wider and louder. Longstreet and A. P. Hill threw in upon the Third Corps every man available; while, on the other hand, Meade poured in to its support division after division from the Fifth, and at last from the Second and Twelfth.[1] About six o'clock Sickles fell wounded; by sunset his line was everywhere forced back, though not in rout. By dusk

[1] For Meade's good judgment and activity, see Walker, in *Battles and Leaders*, III., 406.

the Confederates had mastered all resistance in the valley. But the line once reached which Meade had originally designed, running north from Little Round Top to Cemetery Ridge, retreat went no farther. That line was not crossed by foot of foe. When night fell the Round Tops were held firmly, while troops from the Sixth Corps guarded the Union left. Nearer the centre stood the Third and Fifth, much shattered but still defiant. In a way, what had happened was but a rectification of Meade's line: the Confederates, indeed, had won ground, but the losses they had inflicted were no more appalling than those they had received.

Meantime, fighting no less determined and sanguinary had taken place at the cemetery and Culp's Hill. Lee's plan contemplated a simultaneous attack at the north and south; but Ewell, at the north, was late in his advance, and the intended effect of distracting the Federals was wellnigh lost. The Louisiana brigade dashed itself in vain against the height just above the town. The Stonewall division fared better; for, the Federal defenders being for the most part withdrawn, they seized intrenchments on Culp's Hill, penetrating far—for Meade a most critical advance, since they came within thirty rods of the Baltimore turnpike where lay his trains and reserve ammunition. The South has always believed that, had Stonewall Jackson been there, the Federal rear would have been reached, and rout and capture made certain.

For both sides it had been a day of terrible experiences, and for the Federals the outlook was perhaps more gloomy than for their foes. On each flank the Confederates had gained an advantage, and Lee probably felt a hopefulness which the circumstances did not really justify. Meade gathered his generals at midnight in council. It was in a little room, but ten or twelve feet square, a group dust-covered and sweat-stained, the strong faces sternly earnest. Some sat on the bed; some stood; Warren, wounded, stretched out on the floor, was overcome by sleep. There was no vote but to fight it out on the morrow. In this Meade acquiesced, carefully planning for a retreat, however, should the need arise. To Gibbon, commanding the Second Corps, placed between the wings, he said: "Your turn will come to-morrow. To-day he has struck the flanks: next, it will be the centre." [1]

Lee was drawn on by the success of the first day to fight again on the second; his success on the second induced him to try for the third time; but he had exhausted his good-fortune. At earliest dawn of July 3, 1863, began a wrestle for the possession of Culp's Hill, Ewell heavily reinforcing the Stonewall division which had won footing there the night before, and the Twelfth Corps as stubbornly struggling for the ground it had lost. It was a fight of six hours, in which the extreme northern wings of the two armies only were con-

[1] Gibbon, in *Battles and Leaders*, III., 313.

cerned. The Federals won, at a heavy sacrifice of life.

Elsewhere the armies rested, an ominous silence at last reigning on the trampled and bloody field under the mid-day sun. Meade and his soldiers knew that it portended danger, and with a sure intuition the army chief was watching with especial care the centre, as yet unassailed. On the Confederate side, the unhappy Longstreet, at odds with his chief as to the wisdom of the campaign from the start, and disapproving both its strategy and tactics, was now in deeper gloom than ever. Lee had determined to assault the Federal centre, and by a cruel turn of fate the blow must be struck by the reluctant Longstreet. Of the three great Confederate corps, it was only in Longstreet's that a force remained as yet unwrung by the fearful agonies of the last two days. Pickett's division, solidly Virginian, and in the eyes of Lee a Tenth Legion in its valor, as yet had done nothing, and was to bear the brunt of the attack. "What troops do you design for the assault?" Longstreet had asked. Lee, having indicated Pickett's division of five thousand, with auxiliary divisions, making an entire number in the charging column of fifteen thousand, the Georgian burst out: "I have been a soldier from the ground up. I have been with soldiers engaged in fights by couples,—by squads, companies, regiments, armies,—and should know as well as any one what soldiers can do. It is my opinion that no

fifteen thousand men ever arrayed for battle can take that position." [1]

But Lee was unmoved. Confident of success, he despatched Stuart, arrived at last after his raid, so long and futile, around beyond the Federal right. When the Union centre should be broken and Meade thrown into retreat, Stuart was to seize its only practicable route for retreat, the Baltimore pike, and make the defeat decisive.

Meade, meantime, had managed warily and well. At his centre stood Hancock, his best lieutenant. There were massed the First and Second corps, with reserve troops at hand ready to pour in at the word, with batteries bearing upon front and flank, every approach guarded, every man and horse on the alert. The provost-guards, and in the rear of all a regiment of cavalry, formed in line behind, had orders to shoot any faint hearts who, in the crisis, should turn from the foe to flee.[2] At one o'clock two signal-guns were heard on Seminary Ridge, upon which followed a terrible cannonade, appalling but only slightly harmful, for the waiting ranks found cover from the missiles. Feeling sure that this was a prelude to something more serious, the Federal chief relaxed his fire to spare his ammunition. It was understood on the other side that the Federal guns were silenced; and that moment having been appointed as the time for the onset, Pickett inquired

[1] Mrs. Longstreet, *Lee and Longstreet at High Tide*, 48.
[2] Pennypacker, *Meade*, 194.

of Longstreet if he should go forward. Longstreet, convinced that the charge must fail, made no reply, though the question was repeated. "I shall go forward," said Pickett, to which his general bowed his head. Instantly was heard the footbeat of the fifteen thousand, and the heavy-hearted Longstreet, mounting his horse, rode out to behold the sacrifice. He has recorded that the column passed him down the slope high-hearted, buoyant, hopeful, Pickett riding gracefully, like a holiday soldier, with cap set jauntily on his long, auburn locks.[1]

The silence of the Federal guns had been for a purpose. As Pickett's men appeared there was a sudden reopening of their tumult; a deadly sequence from round-shot to canister, and thence to the Minié-balls of the infantry. The defenders now saw before them, as they peered through the battle-smoke from their shelter, a solid wedge of men, the division of Pickett, flanked by masses on the right and left commanded by Pettigrew and Wilcox, The column approached, and visibly melted away. Of Pickett's commanders of brigades every one went down, and their men lay literally in heaps beside them.

> "A thousand fell where Kemper led;
> A thousand died where Garnett bled;
> In blinding flame and strangling smoke
> The remnant through the batteries broke,
> And crossed the line with Armistead."

[1] Longstreet, *Manassas to Appomattox*, 385 et seq.

A hundred or so, led by Armistead, his cap held aloft on his sword-point, actually penetrated the Federal line and reached the "clump of trees" just beyond, holding for a few moments a battery. Pettigrew and Trimble, just north, struggled also for a footing. But the foothold was only for a moment: on front and flank the Federals converged and the tide rolled slowly and heavily rearward. For the South all hope of victory was gone.

As the broken and diminished multitude fell back to Seminary Ridge, Lee rode out to meet them. He was alone, his staff being all absent, in that supreme moment, on desperate errands. His face was calm and resolute, his voice confident but sympathetic as he exclaimed: "It was all my fault: now help me to do what I can to save what is left." It casts a light on his character, that even in that hour he chided a young officer near for chastising his horse: "Don't whip him, Captain. I've got just such another foolish horse myself, and whipping does no good." [1] Longstreet declares Lee said again that night, about the bivouac-fire: "It was all my fault. You ought not to have made that last attack"; and that still again Lee wrote to him at a later time: "If I had only taken your advice, even on the 3rd, and moved around the Federal left, how different all might have been!" [2]

[1] Fremantle, *Three Months in the Southern States*, 274 et seq. Confirmed to the writer by General E. P. Alexander, who heard the rebuke.

[2] *Battles and Leaders*, III., 349.

Longstreet also records that he fully expected a counter-stroke at once, and looked to his batteries, only to find the ammunition exhausted; but they were his only reliance for defence. The Federal cavalry, at that moment attacking his right, occupied troops who might otherwise have been brought to the centre.

Should there have been a counter-stroke? Hancock, lying wounded almost to death in an ambulance, reasoned that, because he had been struck by a tenpenny nail, the Confederate ammunition must be exhausted; he had strength to dictate an approval if the charge should be ordered.[1] Lincoln always felt that it should have been made, and lamented that he did not go to Gettysburg himself and push matters on the field, as the crisis required.[2] We can surmise what Grant would have done had he instead of Meade, as the sun lowered, looked across the valley from Cemetery Ridge. But the case may be put strongly for Meade: with his best lieutenants dead or wounded, worn out himself, whom else could he trust? And, in the disorder of his line, how could he tell how far his own army had been shattered in the desperate fights, or what was Lee's condition? It was only prudent to let well enough alone. Nevertheless, a little of such imprudence as his adversary was constantly showing

[1] Committee on Conduct of the War, *Report*, pt. i. (1864–1865), 408 et seq.

[2] Nicolay and Hay, *Abraham Lincoln*, VII., 278.

might perhaps have led to Lee's complete destruction.[1] During the three fearful days the Federals had lost 3155 killed, 14,529 wounded, 5365 missing —a total of about 23,000; the Confederates, 3903 killed, 18,735 wounded, 5425 missing — a total of about 28,000.[2]

As it was, Lee stood defiantly on Seminary Ridge full twenty-four hours longer. Then, gathering his army about him, calling in the cavalry which, during Pickett's charge, was receiving severe punishment on its own account at the hands of Gregg and his division, he slowly withdrew. Practically undisturbed, he crossed the Potomac, followed with great deliberation by the army that had conquered but failed to crush.

Lincoln's disappointment was never greater than over the lame outcome of Gettysburg. "We had them within our grasp," he cried. "We had only to stretch forth our hands and they were ours, and nothing I could say or do could make the army move. Our army held the War in the hollow of their hand and they would not close it." The honor that fell to Meade for his splendid service was deserved. While the criticism was violent, he asked to be relieved. But the better nature of the North made itself evident at last, and he was re-

[1] For a minute discussion of Meade's management, and much testimony, see Committee on Conduct of the War, *Report*, pt. i. (1864–1865), 295–524.

[2] Livermore, *Numbers and Losses*, 102.

tained. It was felt that he had served his country most nobly, and, though possibly falling short of the highest, deserved to be forever cherished among the immortals.

CHAPTER XX

FOREIGN RELATIONS
(1861–1863)

WHILE soldier and sailor were marching or sailing, besieging or blockading and fiercely fighting, the civilians at their desks were also organizing and directing, marshalling military forces, and contending in the subtle game of diplomacy, which involved both contestants and most of the foreign nations. As to the attitude of Great Britain to the United States during the Civil War, Goldwin Smith, almost the sole survivor of the brilliant company of intellectual Englishmen whose fortune it was to guide and express by tongue and pen the sentiment of their country during the time of our Civil War, has, after the lapse of forty years, calmly reviewed what was then said and written, and holds that it was neither unreasonable nor discreditable.[1]

That the ruling aristocratic classes should have felt no particular sorrow at the prospect of the disruption of the great republic, an incarnation of the democracy which threatened to devour them and what they held dear, was only to be expected.

[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, LXXXIX., 303 (March, 1902).

As to the great body of the nation, the main reason for sympathy with the North rather than the South was that the South insisted on slave-holding. But when the friends of the North made this point they were met with reports of stout denials from Lincoln and Seward that any purpose to destroy slavery was behind the struggle: these declared that the war was simply and solely for the maintenance of the Union. In this confusion, naturally, even the masses in England were in doubt till the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation in 1862 gave them indisputable reason for taking sides with the North. Yet before as well as after that great event, Goldwin Smith, a warm friend of the North, sees little to blame in the conduct of his nation and much to commend; while as regards the great Liberal leaders, John Bright, Richard Cobden, and W. E. Forster, there has been nothing wiser or more magnanimous in the whole history of English statesmanship than their steadfast friendship for the Union. Perhaps such a view as this runs counter to preconceptions, and requires more precise statement.

The early occasions for rupture with Great Britain have already been considered. The *Trent* affair, in which our own imprudence came near bringing on war; and Butler's "woman order," misunderstood to be formal military authority for intolerable license.[1] During 1862, while the con-

[1] See above, p. 119.

flict went on with its alternations of success and defeat, the chief danger was of the recognition of the Confederacy by England, which action would have been followed by France and the rest of Europe. In favor of recognition, says the biographer of our ministry, C. F. Adams, was all in England most in evidence — birth, position, the professions, Lombard Street — in fine, the privileged classes, with all whom they could influence.[1] Aristocratic England, indifferent to or made happy by the troubles of the great democracy, saw no reason why it should incur suffering from any sentiment of forbearance. Against recognition stood the great middle class, a class in which conscience ruled—a class bewildered for the moment, but still recognizing that the cause of the North was that of freedom and civilization, and therefore standing firm in the midst of great difficulties.

This steadfastness of middle-class, non-conformist England, which in many a crisis of the past has brought the country out gloriously when her kings and nobles would have plunged her into disgrace, found during our Civil War a memorable manifestation. Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy felt sure that cotton was king—that the demand for it would be irresistible, and within six months would compel such an interference from abroad as would secure to them their objects. Nor was this a wild anticipation: the cotton crop of 1860, the largest on

[1] Adams, *C. F. Adams*, chap. xiv.

record, was all exported before the outbreak of the war; then came the blockade, which speedily brought on a cotton famine in England and France. In May, 1861, England had a stock of 1,500,000 bales of cotton; in May, 1862, of only 500,000; the price rose from seven pence to thirteen pence a pound, the immediate result of what the Confederates called a "paper pretense of blockade." Spinning could no longer go forward, and such distress fell upon the manufacturing districts that many thousands came upon the parish:[1] to alleviate the misery nearly six hundred thousand pounds was sent in private contributions from all parts of the British empire. In France the case was still worse, the population of an entire department being forced to beggary.

To the dismay of the Confederacy, all was borne with patience, and one may search long in history to find anything more creditable. Not until the close of 1862 did cotton become cheaper: importations then began to come in from elsewhere, and quantities that had been in hiding came to light. Conscience won in the fight with cotton. The representatives of cotton-spinning England, mouthpieces of the districts most distressed, were leaders in the fight against a policy that would have brought relief, because they thought the cause of the North was right.

Nevertheless, the fight was a bitter one. All

[1] For particulars, see Adams, *C. F. Adams*, 267 et seq.

through the summer of 1862, while McClellan was failing in the Peninsula and Pope near Washington, France was pressing England towards recognition. Not to speak of less noteworthy champions, Gladstone, chancellor of the exchequer, in those days well on his way to his high position as "the most illustrious of living Englishmen," exclaimed at Newcastle, October 7, that "Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making it appears a navy; and they have made what is more than either, they have made a nation. We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States so far as regards their separation from the North. I cannot but believe that that event is as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be." [1]

Even Lord John Russell, secretary for foreign affairs, a just and good man, much liked by Adams, whom indeed he resembled in character, agreed that the time had come for a "tender of good offices," and a date in the fall was appointed when it should be considered in the cabinet. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, however, secretary of war, opposed; as did also the thoughtful and accomplished Duke of Argyll, who was a pronounced "American." During those autumn weeks the matter hung in the balance. Adams inquired of Seward what he should do in case of a tender of good offices. The

[1] Adams, *C. F. Adams*, 280; for an account of the occasion and circumstances, see Morley, *Gladstone*, II., 76–78.

reply illustrates the inflexible dignity with which the secretary of state bore himself in his high place.

"If the British Government shall in any way approach you, directly or indirectly, with propositions which assume or contemplate an appeal to the President on the subject of our internal affairs, whether it seems to imply a purpose to dictate, or to mediate, or to advise, or even to solicit, or to persuade, you will answer that you are forbidden to debate, to hear, or in any way receive, entertain, or transmit, any communication of the kind. . . . If the British Government, either alone, or in combination with any other government, should acknowledge the insurgents, . . . you will immediately suspend the exercise of your functions. . . . We approach . . . the danger of a war with Great Britain and other States with a caution which great reluctance has inspired. But I trust that you will also have perceived that the crisis has not appalled us." [1]

The margin was as narrow as possible, but the crisis was safely passed. The ministry waited, not wishing to encounter a break in the cabinet; and presently in France, Dayton was informed by the secretary of Napoleon III., that if England and Russia declined to interfere France would not act alone. The danger now averted, never again be-

[1] August 2, 1862, MS. in department of state at Washington.

came so threatening, for the Emancipation Proclamation put a new face upon the situation.[1]

The first response to the great Proclamation was no more favorable in England than it had been in America. The newspapers friendly to the North treated it rather as a measure to be apologized for than highly commended, while the unfriendly journals, led by the *Times*, received it with denunciation. The horrors of the Sepoy mutiny and of the slave uprising in Santo Domingo, it was prophesied, would recur. The Yankees were portrayed in the darkest tints; and in all the lurid picturing the orators on the platform vied with the writers of the press. The sober second thought of the nation was heard from John Bright in St. James's Hall, in what Goldwin Smith regards as "The best speech I ever heard." [2] About the same time John Bright declared in a letter: "I applaud the Proclamation. For the United States to emerge from the contest leaving the slave still a slave will expose it to the contempt of the civilized world." [3]

It would be hard to speak in too high terms of the virtues or abilities of John Bright. He was at this time at the acme of his career as a wise and humane statesman, and never showed greater purity and courage than in his course as regards

[1] Adams, *C. F. Adams*, 292 et seq.; for a Confederate account, see Bulloch, *Secret Service of the Confed. States*, I., 51 et seq.

[2] *Atlantic Monthly*, LXXXIX., 309 (March, 1902).

[3] For details as to John Bright's attitude and utterances, see Smith, *John Bright*, II., chap. iii.

America. Linked with him in the leadership of the English middle class was Richard Cobden, whose advocacy of the cause of the North was equally bold and unselfish. Representing respectively Rochdale and Birmingham, constituencies which a European recognition of the South would certainly benefit, they nevertheless opposed that recognition because it was right to do so. Cobden was not estranged, though advice that he gave against blockading, which he held to be a barbarous expedient, was rejected. A worthy associate of these great men was W. E. Forster, just elected for Bradford, still another manufacturing constituency sure to suffer if the North were upheld. So able and devoted was Forster, indeed, that Adams came to regard him as chief among the friends of the North.[1] To the call of these statesmen, the English people gave noble response.

In the body of the English people a strong sentiment for the North became manifest. Workingmen met and resolved; Adams began to receive many approving addresses;[2] the non-conformists gave voice to approval which, as the fall of 1862 passed into winter, swelled ever louder. In Exeter Hall, January 29, 1863, was held a vast meeting, which although decried by aristocratic England as a disgrace to civilization and Christianity, had a powerful effect in bringing the nation into a better

[1] Adams, *C. F. Adams*, 263.
[2] *Dipl. Corresp.*, 1863, pt. i., 81.

attitude. Especially encouraging to the often depressed spirit of the faithful and able representative of the Union in England, was the report of Mr. Adams's "messenger" from the great auditorium where Spurgeon was addressing the multitude. Sitting among the congregation, rising tier above tier, he heard Spurgeon utter this impassioned prayer: "Now, O God, we turn our thoughts across the sea to the dreadful conflict of which we knew not what to say; but now the voice of freedom shows where is right. We pray Thee give success to this glorious proclamation of liberty which connects us from across the waters. We had feared our brothers were not in earnest, and would not come to this. Bondage and the lash can claim no sympathy from us. God bless and strengthen the North; give victory to their arms!"

As the sentiment of the prayer became plain, among deep murmurs of emotion came the response, Amen and Amen.[1] This was in London. In Lancashire the power of conscience was even more impressively shown, for intervention in favor of the South would bring prosperity at once to a district now full of suffering. But Lincoln had made it clear that the success of the North would bring freedom. Let the war go forward, with a God-speed from us, was the decision.

During those very days, at the end of July, 1862, when Lincoln was discussing the Proclamation with

[1] *Dipl. Corresp.*, 1863, pt. i., 80.

his cabinet, and waiting for the long-deferred hour of victory in which it might properly be issued, a craft was slipping out of an English harbor to prey upon the American merchant marine. Captain J. D. Bulloch, of the old navy, now acting for the Confederacy, arrived in Liverpool, June 4, 1861, and forthwith entered upon a secret service of immense advantage to his cause; besides sending to the Confederacy munitions and supplies of various kinds, he bought or built and despatched a succession of cruisers, whose career was world famous.[1] The *Florida*, known at first as the *Oreto*, was built at once, under the pretence that she was to be an Italian trader, and started, March 22, 1862, on her career as a commerce-destroyer.[2] Meanwhile, Bulloch contracted for the more famous *Alabama*, the character of which was no secret to the friends of the North. She was carefully watched by Dudley, the vigilant consul at Liverpool. An English statute forbade the construction and equipment in British ports of foreign men-of-war. Adams constantly pressed this upon the government, and poured in day by day testimony as to the ship's true character; but the lawyers found loop-holes by which the law might be evaded. The *Alabama* was ready to sail, and as yet the government found no sufficient cause to interfere. July 26, Adams fur-

[1] Bulloch, *Secret Service of Confed. States*, I., chap. ii.

[2] See account of Geneva Arbitration conveniently summarized in *Am. Annual Cyclop.*, 1872, p. 239 et seq.

nished proof so conclusive that there could be no further evasion. The ministry seemed to have no choice but to act; but as a last preliminary the papers went before Sir John Harding, queen's counsel. As chance would have it, Harding just then went insane, and in the embarrassment of the moment the papers were allowed to lie three days without attention.[1] Of this delay the *Alabama*, fully warned, made good use. Her temporary equipment was soon managed, and on July 28 she sailed on a "trial trip," from which she never returned.[2] On the 31st she was reported off the north coast of Ireland, beginning her career "headed seaward in heavy weather." Two nations will always think of heavy weather in connection with the *Alabama*. A few days later, in accordance with a plan already laid, she met at the Azores her armament and crew, and was duly commissioned as a ship-of-war of the Confederate States of America, thence entering upon her work of destruction.

During the latter half of 1863, while the *Alabama* was capturing numerous ships and driving many more to the protection of a foreign flag, Adams began his famous correspondence respecting the "*Alabama* claims," insisting on the culpability of the British government and demanding damages. Russell admitted that the government had been to

[1] Adams, *C. F. Adams*, 314.

[2] Semmes, *Service Afloat*, chaps. xxxi.–liv.; also *Am. Annual Cyclop.*, 1872, p. 239 et seq.

blame; and similar trouble now threatening again in the case of the "Laird rams," he announced his determination to steer clear of it. Nevertheless, the anxiety was great in America. The navy was alarmed by the two mysterious and powerful craft which Bulloch was constructing in the ship-yard of the Lairds; Washington was anxious. Seward's instructions to Adams in the case were rasping and peremptory; and much to the annoyance of our hard-pressed negotiator, whose conduct was "well-nigh faultless," [1] various secret agents were employed, some of them far from wise, who only imperilled the situation.

In these days Slidell, the Confederate agent in France, manifested great astuteness. Laboring to bring about recognition and the breaking of the blockade, he tried to have the rams transferred to French agents acting ostensibly for the pasha of Egypt, which agents, handsomely paid, were expected in due time to turn them over to the Confederacy. In this scheme even the Lairds were imposed upon. Concurrently he used Napoleon III. and his ministers as tools in an effort to drive out of power Russell, who had repulsed the Confederate solicitors; he even undertook to intrigue at Washington against Adams, inducing Napoleon to express pointedly to Seward his displeasure at our minister's course. Slidell's colleague, Mason, meantime showed himself far less adroit. Announcing

[1] Rhodes, *United States*, IV., 387.

as by authority that Lee was already in Washington, he was tripped up by the tidings of Vicksburg and Gettysburg, which were received in London July 19. Now things were changed, and the diplomatic webs of Slidell ensnared no victims.[1] When early in September one of the rams was ready to sail, the government, assured that she was designed for Confederate use, took the responsibility of stopping her, and eventually purchased both vessels. Adams's quiet hint, "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that this is war," came after orders had been issued for the detention, but was a hint which could not be mistaken, and thenceforth the English ship-yards ceased to trouble the peace of the Union.

The detention of the rams was of immense benefit to the North, depressing the Confederate loan then on the market more than even the victories of Grant and Meade. Mason and Slidell were powerless to do harm, and Adams entered upon a happy time. His biographer declares that, like Grant, he had now "got his head," his victories raising him to a plane beyond interference. Seward was no longer dictatorial; nor was the minister longer annoyed by secret agents: it was left to his own discretion to pursue the wise course. Meantime, in England, by dignity, moderation, and wisdom, he had come to enjoy high consideration; and chief

[1] For the work of Mason and Slidell, see Callahan, *Diplomatic History of the Southern Confederacy*, passim.

among his friends was the minister with whom he had so often disputed, Earl Russell, who, during all the perplexities, though sometimes doubtful and hesitating, was manly and well-intentioned.[1]

While England suffered some mortifications, and eventually was compelled by the Geneva arbitration to make heavy payments to the United States, France became more deeply involved in the American conflict. In 1861, France, Spain, and England, to enforce unfulfilled obligations, sent a military expedition to Mexico. England and Spain soon withdrew, leaving France to prosecute the claims alone.[2] The American Civil War being now at full tide, Napoleon III. thought he saw his opportunity to regain for France her hold upon the western continent, which she had lost a century before. The United States for the moment had other work in hand than to maintain the Monroe Doctrine. If the Union could be disrupted, France might easily lay hands on distracted, halt-civilized Mexico without interference; and quite possibly, since the Louisiana creoles still cherished with love and pride the memory of the mother-land, France might again plant herself within the valley of the Mississippi. While Seward and Adams politely but firmly expressed disapprobation of the emperor's invasion of a sister republic, Slidell indicated, no

[1] Adams, *C. F. Adams*, chap. viii.

[2] C. F. Adams, *MS. Diary*, November 15, cited in Rhodes, *United States*, IV., 346.

doubt too rashly, that the Richmond government would not oppose. Napoleon III. tried in October, 1862, to concert with England and Russia a scheme for intervention. As we have seen, when those powers declined, he did not think it wise to engage in the project alone. Some months later, however, he did propose mediation, the Union having been, as he supposed, effectually disposed of at Fredericksburg; but the tender of good offices was at once refused by Seward, courteously, but with his usual firmness.[1]

The emperor, nevertheless, went forward in Mexico. An army of thirty-five thousand men under General Forey seized the capital and held much of the country. The church party sided with the French. The favorable *plebiscite* which Napoleon desired could not be engineered; but an assembly of "notables" was convened, which despatched a commission, August 17, 1863, to invite the Archduke Maximilian of Austria to mount a throne to be supported upon French bayonets. Of all this Seward took careful cognizance, and his diplomacy was never more polite, wary, and vigilant than in this exigency.[2] Maximilian came, brave, amiable, incapable. The failure which befell France therefrom, the sorrows and death of the

[1] Seward, *Works*, V., 376.

[2] Bancroft, *Seward*, II., 425. For specimens of Seward's letters, see *Dipl. Corresp.*, 1863, III., pt. ii., 709, 726 (September 26, October 23).

unhappy prince, belong to a story to be told later.[1]

After England and France, the European power most important in the eyes of the American combatants was Russia. Whether Russia, so lately worsted in the Crimean struggle, was disposed to take the side opposite that to which her late adversaries inclined; whether, always employed as she was in quelling insurrections, she naturally sympathized with the North; or whether she was influenced by a traditional good-will towards the United States—for whatever reason, Russia was from the beginning distinctly friendly to the Union, as the other great powers were not. Stoeckl, Russian minister at Washington, whose intimacy with Slidell, Benjamin, and other southern senators had been close, did his best to avert secession; and Gortschakoff, speaking for the Czar, hastened, before he was called upon, to give unequivocal assurance of Russia's good-will to the Union. At the firing upon Sumter the intimacy between Stoeckl and the southern senators came to an abrupt end.[2] Russia's action towards Napoleon's scheme for intervention was a distinct declaration in favor of the North.[3] In September, 1863, a Russian fleet paid a friendly visit to New York, during which the *en-*

[1] Dunning, *Reconstruction* (*Am. Nation*, XXII.).

[2] Assistant Secretary F. W. Seward, in Bancroft, *Seward*, II., 135.

[3] Rhodes, *United States*, IV., 347.

tente cordiale was strengthened by reciprocal attentions. It was believed that if France or England had tried to break the blockade, the North would have had an active ally.

CHAPTER XXI

CRITICAL ESSAY ON AUTHORITIES

THIS chapter is preliminary to a fuller chapter on authorities which will conclude the second volume of this account of the Civil War. Secondary works covering the whole period of the war, and special works on the first two years, are here specified.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AIDS

Lists of works relating to the Civil War are contained in the card catalogues of every public library. Of lists in book form, not classified or annotated, J. R. Bartlett, *The Literature of the Rebellion* (1866), gives 6073 titles of books and documents, appearing for the most part before the war was over. Of lists of Civil War literature classified but not annotated, to be recommended are Edward Channing and A. B. Hart, *Guide to American History* (1896), chap. xxiii.; J. G. Nicolay and J. C. Schwab, in *Cambridge Modern History*, VII., 811–818 (1903).

Of a kind more elaborate is the bibliography of the Civil War in J. N. Larned, *Literature of American History* (1902), edited and in a large measure prepared by Major-General Jacob D. Cox. In this work and a supplement about three hundred of the more important titles of Civil War literature up to 1902 are considered. It is in a high degree authoritative, Cox possessing, as an eminent soldier, scholar, and writer, an unequalled equipment for such a task.

Of Civil War bibliographies relating to special topics, very useful for the beginnings are the Critical Essays on Author-

ities in T. C. Smith, *Parties and Slavery*, and F. E. Chadwick, *Causes of the Civil War* (*Am. Nation*, XVIII., XIX.); for the effects, W. A. Dunning, *Reconstruction, Political and Economic*, and E. E. Sparks, *National Development* (*Am. Nation*, XXII., XXIII.); for the southern side, Hugh A. Morrison, *C. S. A. Documents of the General and State Governments, and Books Printed in the Confederacy* (Library of Congress, in preparation); also a list of works, financial and industrial, relating to the Confederacy, in J. C. Schwab, *Confederate States of America* (1901), 313–323; A. W. Greeley, *Military Literature in the War Department Library relating to the Participation of the Individual States in the War for the Union* (1899); Daniel Fish, *Lincoln Literature* (1900); W. R. Whittlesey, *Music of the South, 1860–1869* (Library of Congress, in preparation) comprising more than eight hundred titles.

The following works are lavishly provided with footnotes and lists which let the reader deeply into the Civil War literature: J. N. Larned, *History for Ready Reference*, V., 3529–3675 (1901); James F. Rhodes, *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850* (7 vols. published to 1906); James Schouler, *History of the United States of America under the Constitution* (6 vols., rev. ed., 1899), VI.; Horace Greeley, *The American Conflict* (1866), II.; J. G. Nicolay and John Hay, *Abraham Lincoln, a History* (10 vols., 1890); Woodrow Wilson, *A History of the American People* (5 vols., 1902), IV., 262–312.

An easy guide to the thousands of articles on the Civil War contained in magazines will be found in W. F. Poole, *Index to Periodical Literature* (several editions).

SECONDARY AUTHORITIES

Out of the extensive literature on the subject, the following secondary works have been selected; they cover the field both of this volume and of the following volume of the series, James K. Hosmer, *Outcome of the Civil War*.

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and General (1887), the account of a career that closed early after great disappointments; Hazard Stevens, *Isaac Ingalls Stevens* (2 vols., 1900), the story of a man noted as an explorer and surveyor, who fell at the front of his division at Chantilly, September 1, 1862.

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